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THE PHILO. MIRROR

FALL TERM 1881

PUBLISHED BY THE
PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY
PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.

EDITORS

P B STEWART
F I PARADISE
F P VAN VALKENBURGH

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Vol. XXVIII No. 1

SCIRE EST REGERE

THE
PHILO MIRROR

DECEMBER 1881

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Andover
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY

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THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXVIII.—DEC., 1881.—NO. I.

AFTERGLOW.

WHEN o'er all nature's drowsy children
  Softly falls the evening gloom,
When fades the light from out the day.
  And quiet shadows fill the room;

When labor and study are ended,
  And tasks are rounded and done,
When birds have ceased from their singing,
  And the stars shine out one by one;

I often sit by my window,
  That looks out toward the western sky,
And watch where the fading splendors
  In their solemn beauty lie.

I am happy when the sunlight
  Gleams and brightens through the trees,
Dancing in living mosaic
  As the branches are waved by the breeze.

I joy in the early daybreak,
  In the noontide's dazzling glare,
I wonder at the gorgeous glory
  Of the sunset's beauty rare.

But my soul goes out from me
  At the twilight's solemn burning,
Drawn by the quiet and beauty
  Into patient but prophetic yearning.

And I look off to the hillsides,
  Then to the mist-filled valleys below ;
But my eyes turn back as attracted
  By the power of the afterglow.

The glow that seems so tender,
  Yet so strong and rich and grand,
Like a poem of majestic calmness
  From some master poet's hand.

Then I hardly think with reason,
  Only dream and wonder and long ;
But who can tell those dreamings
  That linger like an echo-caught song.

The mind is too finite to think then,
  And stumbles and blindly gropes,
But the soul still reaches and reaches
  Out into the region of hopes.

Not vain hopes nor idle longings,
  But into the land of the ideal,
Where a feeling comes pure and strong,
  Doubt not, for all shall be real.

C. H. P.

THE STUDENT AS A REFORMER.

The choice of Wendell Phillips as the centennial orator of the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard last June is an epoch in the history of that society. The extreme position which Mr. Phillips has always held on reform questions long ago broke every bond of sympathy between himself and the conservative, respectable alumni of our foremost university. It was therefore a day full of significance to him when he stood before them, their chosen orator, but still the representative of those ideas of social life which he has always lived by and fought for. It was a long-deferred but triumphal return to his Alma Mater, to receive from his brethren their tardy acknowledgment of his long life-service.

As Mr. Phillips stood before his audience many a mind must have run back over the story of his eventful life and recalled the stirring time in which he played so prominent a part. Some would remember him as their classmate, — a gay, handsome undergraduate, with wealth, family, friends, — all that a young man values, to give promise to a brilliant and conservative career. Many might recall his first appearance in Faneuil Hall, then little more than a boy, where he pleaded with his irresistible, passionate eloquence that justice might be visited on the murderers of Lovejoy. They could see him again standing in Faneuil Hall before a hooting mob, with folded arms and smiling face, waiting until its rage should be spent. They could see again his calm face as he was followed through Boston Streets by a mob. They might remember him an outcast from his college, from society, from all the pleasures of life; often in personal danger, hooted at, egged, despised, and yet never losing for a moment his serene faith in the people, and governed always by the strength of his conviction of the equality of man.

In the strength of that record he stood before them on this occasion to plead the cause of reform. The victory was complete. The power of his eloquence was so irresistible that men applauded, as they listened, what it made them shudder to read the report of.

Mr. Phillips's plea, "The Scholar in a Republic," is one of peculiar interest to us who are approaching the responsibilities of citizenship. Already we have seen from our quiet retreat somewhat of the bitter strife with which men approach the great questions of the day. We have seen already one great faction, cold, selfish, unsympathetic, and indifferent to all suffering which does not harm them; and another faction of intense, short-sighted, fanatical reformers, who would change this world and turn all suffering and pain into ease and joy by destroying the present state of things, whether good or bad.

If our school and college training does anything for us which we cannot well obtain without it, it is that it opens our eyes to the value of every factor which is of aid in uncovering the dark places of earth that the bright sunlight of our free and intelligent age may enter there, or which is of aid in breaking every chain by which tyrants bind the divine rights of man. Can there be a generous scholar to-day who loves the truth he is learning and the happiness it is bringing him, who does not joyfully welcome any reform which will elevate the condition of a people? One *cannot* be an open-minded scholar and not be eager to give all the light and all the liberty he enjoys to every people from whom it is shut out. The scholar looks over the pages of his history, and sees the great strides the world has taken when men have risen against the tyranny of priests or kings and proclaimed the pre-eminence of the natural rights of man over the laws of man. The Reformation, the English, the French, and the American Revolution, our own slavery agitation and the resulting war, all tell the story of the inborn belief of the people that liberty, in its every form, is a natural right.

As the student reads the record of those stirring times and the glowing accounts of the brave men who, by heroic self-sacrifice, led the movement of the people, his heart swells with the noble ambition to live such a glorious life for his fellows; to aid in every reform movement whose motto is Liberty.

But hardly has the young student entered the world, his mind filled with these high ideas, before he is thrown upon a class of men who are the boasted champions of reform. He finds them men of impure, unholy lives; of fierce, narrow, unbalanced minds; men who have lost all reverence for the past and who have no conception of responsibility to God or man. We know, from our own experience, that there is a growing class in this country of men who champion the so-called reform movements of the day,—the movements which keep the poorer classes in a state of restlessness and dissatisfaction,—who have no idea of high personal honor or of noble, self-denying purpose. They lead the mob, but they cannot lead it into a new, higher life. The prevalence of this class in the socialistic movements of Europe, and especially in the extreme Nihilistic party of Russia, is something frightful. Can a student join with such reforms? Can we trust our safety to such hands? No! A thousand times, no!

What is reform? Sir Robert Peel's definition is, "Marshalling the conscience of a nation to mould its laws." Here, then, is the work of the student. He will meet on every hand questions, agitating and making restless the lives of men, which appeal not to their conscience, but to their greed. He will meet reform movements aimed at the very core of all social life,—the family, the government, inheritance, individual honor, the church. He will meet on all sides loud-mouthed men, and men who attack every institution which was bought for us at the cost of our father's blood, and which has made our country a free and happy nation; who sneer at every form of intellectual cultivation and broad scholarship.

The proper attitude of the patriot-student toward this class is very clear. The country is looking to us as the conservators of the government; as the defenders of its laws and institutions; and as its champion against every form of error.

The tendency of scholarship ought always to be to enlarge the sympathies, broaden the outlook, deepen the faith and elevate the moral tone of men. But the result is often quite the opposite, and even those who gain the breadth of outlook and the strength of character are often made exclusive in their tastes and sympathies. The scholarship we need to-day is a working scholarship which nestles close in its sympathies to the poor man's cot and which recognizes all men as brothers.

We cannot hope for the best life for our nation until its college-bred men stand in the front rank of every reform which appeals to the *conscience* of the people, until they lose their skepticism and timidity and exclusiveness, and learn to trust the instinct of the people, while using every means their position offers to help elevate and enlarge that instinct. For the foundation of government is obedience; but there can be no true obedience when there is no trust. The basis of trust is confidence; the basis of confidence is integrity; the assurance of integrity an alert conscience. Hence, after all, by the eternal principles of right must every government be justified and guaranteed, and that, too, whether the form of the government be of divine ordaining, as in primitive, patriarchal times, or of the will of the majority, as in our time. We thus see the needfulness of sanctified scholarship, to make and keep men's consciences *alert*, and thus to secure and maintain those conditions of government which alone constitute it *government* indeed.

Knowledge has no value except so far as it can be used for men; and so the appeal which comes to the student from the world is, to learn, with all the college has to give, the great human lessson,—

"The use of wisdom to make *others* wise,
The use of riches to make *others* blest."

Faith, patience, unswerving honor, heroism, are the demands of the world on the educated men of to-day. Faith in the people as God's children and our brothers, and in God as the Ruler of all; patience to wait through many a long year, if need be, until the people have learned the right; honor, that the world may have no gifts great enough to win us from loyalty to truth; heroism, that ease, fortune, position, riches, may be but dust in comparison with the pure, glorious reward of a consciousness of having made the world brighter and freer from having lived in it.

> "Let us then be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate;
> Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor and to wait."

F. I. P.

TO ——— ———, WITH A ROSE.

I ASKED my heart to speak to me,
What fit rhyme would fittest be,
With a rose, to offer thee.

Quickly, thereat, then arose
This, the fittest rhyme it knows:
Accept — a rose, unto a rose.

Ye Editors three
In utmost glee
Ye Philo Mirror for to
make,

Did set them out
Without a doubt,
With ne'er a tremble and ne'er a quake.

So out one went
On duty intent
Ye Advertisement for to get;

For this the fun
Of cribbed pun
His equilibrium near upset.

For this a grind
I cannot find
So let him pass without a thought.

But on them all
Allow to fall
Your favor in abundance
brought.

YOUNG AMERICA IN POLITICS.

Perhaps there is no more vital question in regard to the future prosperity of this nation, than that of what attitude the coming man will take towards politics and how he will regard the important political questions that undoubtedly will present themselves for his decision. On his vote depends the prosperity of this country, and by his legislation will be settled many of the vexing questions that agitate the political circles of the present day.

That the ballot box may look forward for its purification to a time when the future voter, now being educated in our schools and colleges, comes of age, has often been said. But to the more acute observers it would seem that, in comparison to the increase of knowledge, the interest taken in the political questions at issue is decreasing. For instance, it is doubtful whether more than one-third of the students of Phillips Academy have a knowledge of local or general politics to be compared with that possessed by the poorest bootblack on the streets of Boston; or whether his ambition to attain a place of political distinction may be compared with that of some poor errand-boy or horny-handed farmer.

It has well been said, that among the innate desires of the truly American boy, the wish for political power should rank with the first, and that any tendency towards this, if noticed by his parents, should be stimulated and not suppressed.

Woman cries for the right of suffrage and is ever planning some way to obtain it. But she should pause and consider what control she now exerts over the polls before she asks for more. How much part the future voter will take in the political arena, and how well he will take it, depends almost entirely upon his early training. If his parents, as many parents do, suppress all interest he may exhibit in regard to the deep questions of national welfare, impress on his mind the idea that all political characters are dishonest, and express their opinion that to meddle with politics is almost as bad as stealing; pray what may we expect from the future voters? In fact, our mothers, the mothers of the rising generation, control the future ballot with as much power as the pilot at the helm of a fleet-winged ship, and the ship they control is not one of individual, but of national interest. It is the Ship of State. On them depends everything. Let them use their power with discretion, and interest themselves in this rather than in any scheme which will destroy their home influence.

We all know how much depends on the educated voter. He has enemies on every side. Communism, nihilism, atheism, face on every side, and every aid he has at hand he will need. It is not right that the man of the present day should leave this great task of meeting all these evils to the coming voter and not prepare him for it; that they should neglect to strengthen him and encourage him for the battles to come. Still for all practical purposes he graduates from school entirely ignorant of what is expected of him. He is allowed to read *all* the newspapers from childhood up, but no attempt is made to correct the wrong impressions created by them. He is taught to despise all things political. Such men as Tweed and Brady are his typical politicians, and he is taught that Washington, Lincoln, or Garfield are exceptions.

Again, in school he is taught Greek and Latin; seldom, very seldom, does he study Political Economy or the Constitution. Indeed, when he can read Latin or Greek at sight he is very apt to "flunk" if asked what the question of state sovereignty was, or what the true causes of the rebellion were.

This seems very wrong. An interest in politics should be nourished. We do not want the government to become more corrupt than it is now. Nevertheless we make no attempt to assist it. The more educated and refined portion of our population stand aloft from politics and cry them down; at the same time they deplore the present condition of the nation, and talk very loudly about "rings" and "star routes" and such like affairs. They should interest themselves in the question and give their support to the right cause, but if they cannot do this they should have enough generosity for posterity not to restrain the coming generation from using their birthright to the advantage of the people.

To make politics what they should be, the educated must take hold and work. It may be dirty work at first, but let them remember that while the foundation is in the mud the towers reach towards heaven and towards the Ideal Government.

THE FEM-SEM.

GENTLE Jenny was as good as pie,
  To her parents and friends she never did lie;
She never made eyes at Academy boys,
Or in Old South, the slightest noise,
  Or went a gadding up the street
The up-hill boy a purpose to meet,
  Or stop the baker for candy and cake,
Or ever in anger her room-mate shake;
  And when she grew up to love and beauty,
To be a teacher she thought her duty.

THE 'CAD.

AGGRAVATING Arthur was an awful boy,
To tease his friends he did enjoy;
He liked to smoke upon the street,
Or go out late some friend to meet,
Or pass the time in Findley's shop,
Eating cake and drinking pop,
Or go down town to make a "mash,"
Or attempt some deed about as rash;
The consequence was, demerits he got,
And a six weeks' vacation fell his lot.

EXCESS IN NOVEL READING.

It was but natural that, with the nineteenth century's advance in all matters of invention and mechanical conveniences, the old régime of publishing and consequently of writing and reading novels should have been completely upturned. The crude and antiquated old presses with which the works of the earlier authors were printed have been superceded by machines which with steam as their motor, work with a thousand times the rapidity, and at a greatly reduced cost. Civilization and luxury, hand in hand, have advanced with mighty strides.

"Seaside Libraries," and "Franklin Square Libraries," have sprung up, which issue books at merely nominal prices. The changes in the methods of printing which rendered it possible to do what the two companies named are doing, have, doubtless, inaugurated a new epoch in the history of fictional literatures. Although, hitherto, there may have been a tendency on the part of many to favor light reading, the expense of books had prevented its cultivation and so it had remained dwarfed, but now the last barrier has been swept away. No sooner did the press, revelling in its new power, begin to throw out in rapid succession book after book in this skeleton style, than the quickening influence communicated itself to all lovers of reading. To many, whose means had not before allowed them to supply themselves with reading matter, this golden opportunity for indulging an honest desire to become acquainted with literary works, and to acquire knowledge, was, indeed, a great boon; but by many, and these far more numerous than the former class, the change was hailed with delight, because now light literature was, in a large measure, freed from expense, and access had been gained to an unlimited number of story books. It is among this latter class that we find the illustrations of our theme. We can readily understand the fascination which works of fiction exert over the human mind.

The skilful portrayal of the story of love in never-ending variety, the romance, even the tale of rugged frontier life or "dime novel," all appeal directly to the emotions and so touch a chord in every man's heart which vibrates with sympathy. But does the advantage derived from an indiscriminate intercourse with such works compensate for the time and energy of mind expended? Can we afford to spend, in the aggregate, months in the perusal of books which for the moment exhilarate, but leave no lasting good? For practical use in meeting and controlling the perplexing problems which will repeatedly offer themselves in the future, whatever the vocation chosen, nothing can be of more importance than facts, and the most effective way of using them. To acquire the former we should not, assuredly, turn to the novel stand, and in striving for the latter with what care do we select our models.

Of nothing is it more true than the mind that we are creatures of habit. Whoever knowingly or not allows himself to become thoroughly fixed in one line of mental action, when it becomes necessary to alter the course, finds in his mind but a dull and rusted tool. It is especially to avoid this one-sidedness in the development of our minds that the varied work of school and college life is deemed so important. If, then, this be so, can we wonder that children, fed continually on nothing but story books and these frequently of a poor class, should develop no taste for more profitable reading? Is it strange if, having depraved their taste with the indolent excitement of such books, these novel inebriates should be utterly unable to appreciate a work where honest thought is required? Lastly, novel reading, as carried on by very many of our young men and women, is a sure sign of luxurious and voluptuous living. The Spartans knew nothing of luxury, yet their arms were unconquerable. The pilgrim fathers knew nothing of luxury, yet theirs is the staunchest stock America boasts. Garfield knew nothing of luxury, yet at the age of fifty he was seated on the highest pinnacle of human fame. Luxury ate Rome's life away, mighty as she was.

PERITIORI EST VICTORIA, NON MAJORI — Q.

NOV, 12 1881

ASSASSINATION.

As soon as man comes into this world, he commences a struggle for his very existence which only ends with death. One of the passions developed by this struggle is that of ambition, stimulating a man to raise himself as much as possible above the masses, so that he may become an object of admiration and a model of sterling manhood for future generations. But nature, as if to compensate for this honor, at the same time imposes more duties and risks upon that fortunate individual. Not only do the cares of life bear more heavily upon him, but his very existence becomes more or less likely to be taken away by the hands of an assassin.

In his daily round of duties he exercises more powers than most men, and, by this means, draws some closer to his friendship; and, on the other hand, drives others away from his side in bitter enmity, since he may have obtained a place which another has devoured with greedy eyes, or invaded some political or religious scruple against the desire of others. No matter how good or noble a man may be, and no matter how faithfully he may strive to do justice to all, he cannot help making enemies in one or the other of these ways; and enemies so made will try to detract from his character, influence, and power, and some even to snatch away life itself.

He may be protected by numerous friends and attendants, but, at some time or other, he must find himself exposed to hostile attacks, which, balked perhaps for a season, burst upon him with redoubled fury, and perchance result in his destruction. As a certain well-known author says: "He must indeed be an insignificant person who, as an enemy, should not be feared."

Instances might he cited, how by simple acts, the justice of some of which could hardly be disputed, men have sacrificed their lives. Had not Cæsar by his generosity permitted his enemies who supported his rival Pompey to return to Rome, he might have died a natural death.

It is scarcely necessary to mention any one of those prominent men who have lost their lives on account of their religious belief, yet, if any should be mentioned, surely the name of Admiral Coligny, who fell before the storm which burst like a whirlwind upon the devoted Huguenots on the eve of St. Bartholomew, deserves to stand among the foremost.

In support of the statement that the dagger has been used to remove rivals from power, any one who has read Shakespeare recollects that the plot of "King John" turns upon the murder of Prince Arthur; and who reads English literature without shuddering at the murder of the princes by their unnatural uncle Richard III.?—a deed which has been rendered famous even in the nursery under the guise of the pitiful story of "The Babes in the Wood."

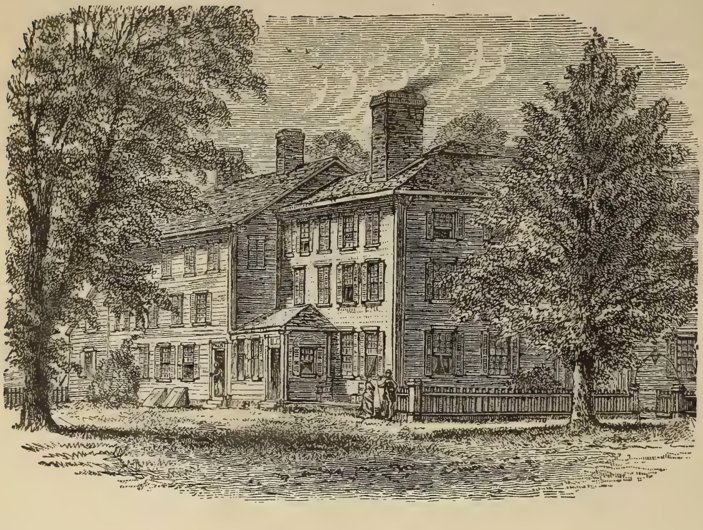
But as civilization has advanced, the result has been to remove these motives for a crime so heinous, partly because the chances of escaping the consequences have been lessened, and partly because the age has advanced to such a degree of religious toleration that it can endure the most absurd and injurious ideas, provided they are covered by the cloak of religion, of which fact Mormonism is a prominent example. But, on the other hand, as if to compensate for this, the attempts at assassination on account of politicel views have increased.

In looking over the daily paper almost the first thing that attracts the attention of the reader is a paragraph headed, "The latest attempt to kill the Czar." So perilous has the situation of the chief magistrate of one of the greatest empires of the world become, that his life is rendered a burden under the precautions which he must take in order to preserve it. Nor is he the only reigning sovereign of Europe whose life has been attempted. Not even the life of England's ruler, perhaps the most popular she has ever seen, has remained secure from the attempt of the murderer; and, in fact, for the past century the history of hardly any nation of that continent does not record an attempt upon the life of its king.

Nor, perhaps, is it necessary to seek the cause of this very far. The success which the two leading republics of the day, France and the United States, have met with, has encouraged some men, who reside in those countries where the power is vested in the hands of one man, to desire to change that form of government into a republic, and thus we have the societies of Socialists and Nihilists, which contain men who are willing to die in order to attain this end.

Yet what real good can come of these attempts is difficult to see. When the death of Philip of Macedon was announced at Athens, there was great rejoicing, until some one asked whether they had not better find out whether he had a son. So it is in our time. No *real* good ever came to the Nihilists by the killing of Alexander III., for, like Philip, he had a son; and some person will always be found who will, for the sake of power, grasp the reins of government when they fall from the hands of another.

In concluding, it might be well to state another reason why public men have their lives more exposed than other men, and that is, because, being more open to public criticism, they may give offence to some strolling maniac, and there are many such. Nothing exceeds the cunning of a lunatic; and we have a sad example of this fact in the case of our late President, who was watched by Guiteau for days before the memorable second of July. And so, although the proverb that murder will out may be true, still, as long as this world exists men will be found who, on account of some of these reasons just mentioned, will take their lives in their hands in order to make way with some influential citizen. C. S. T.



THE MANSION HOUSE.

When the Phillips family left the old house, now used by the Shawsheen Club, shortly after the formation of the Academy in 1778, they occupied for awhile the red house, a quarter of a mile south from here. In this dwelling they were even more cramped than before; and the demands which Judge Phillips's public position made upon him to entertain, and his desire to hold the trustees of the new Academy as his guests at the annual meetings, were reasons urging him to adopt a style of living better suited to his means and position.

Having secured the land upon which the Mansion House now stands, he laid his plans of building on a larger scale than the quiet, plain little village had ever witnessed before. The great oak timbers were brought from his New Hampshire lands; with these the four sides of the house were framed upon the grounds, and at a set day the people from all the country round came together to raise the great sections into place. The crowd was hushed and still as the pastor of the Old South

Church offered prayer; then, by the force of muscle, one side was raised into position and then another, and the sides fastened together by wooden pins. The raising of the Mansion House was an epoch in the early history of the town. Can you, as you pass it, see in your imagination the crowd of strong men in their quaint costumes who once stood on that very spot you pass over and raised the walls which look at you, as they have looked at generations of Academy boys for nearly a hundred years?

When standing in front of the treasury building, the old turnpike can be easily traced by the rows of elms. It ran diagonally to the present road, through Prof. Park's yard, and over Dr. Bancroft's cellar, so that the new mansion stood back from the road and separated from it by a triangular grass plot.

Opposite the mansion was a large common or training field, and farther north—the present Seminary lawn — was a swamp filled with alders, bushes and briars, into which Josiah Quincy says he has often sunk up to his waist. The only turnpike was what is now School Street, and the tract between the swamp and the Old South Church (through which Main Street runs) was woodland.

Judge Phillips was now able — after the completion of the mansion in 1785 — to adopt a mode of living suitable to his position and to exercise his hospitality without stint; and during the remaining years of his life he entertained the most distinguished men of the country as well as those from other lands beyond the sea. Of these visits that of Gen. Washington is the most noticeable. He had ridden from Haverhill early in the morning, stopping to breakfast at Isaac Abbott's tavern (now Mr. Locke's house.) The story is told of Dea. Abbott's little daughter, having received a kiss from the great man for mending his riding gloves, refusing to allow her face to be washed for a week afterwards. Leaving here in company with Mr. Phillips and others, Washington rode around by the South Church and up what we call School Street (but little change until it reaches the top of the hill) to the Mansion House. He was entertained for half an hour here by the family and friends in the south-east parlor, and afterwards sat on his horse on the common (now Prof. Smyth's garden) for the benefit of the people. The chair in which he sat while in the house is now in the library.

Thomas Houghton, an English Quaker who was Mr. Phillips' partner in the paper manufactory, has given in his letters pleasing insights into the family life and customs of the time. He writes: "Here is very little subordination. All hold themselves equal in nature, and to call a man or woman servant is deemed a very great affront. Even Judge Phillips addresses his servant men by the appellation of Mr. 'Such-a-one,' and 'pray Mr. Such-a-one, do so and so,' or 'don't you think it best to do so and so?' The reply in general is 'Yes sir, I conceive it.' You must remove y^{r} Hatt to every one you meet, and take them by the hand and ask how they do, also enquire after the family. Women are addressed in a style pretty equal to men." He mentions that of the five out-doors and sixty-two windows of the Mansion House, none were barred except by a wooden catch.

The family which was once gathered in this house was one of peculiar refinement. After the manner of the time, there was a stateliness of speech and action which would seem strangely out of place to-day; but the inborn grace and dignity, the tender sympathy, the refined and cultivated mind, are qualities which have the same charm whatever the circumstances of the life they fill and glorify may be. Indeed, by the stateliness of their manners the family were the better able to preserve that strength of personality which keeps the family life ever fresh and strong. The Academy boys who boarded in the house were required to observe the strictest decorum in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips. They never entered or left the room without receiving and returning the recognition of those present; the style of address was most deferential; and yet it all could not hide, but rather set forth, the warm heart and high spirit of Mrs. Phillips.

After the death of Judge Phillips, in 1802, his wife continued to reside in the Mansion House until about 1810, when it passed into the hands of the trustees of the Academy. During that time the Theological Seminary was formed through the efforts of Madam Phillips, her son, and others, and in the northeast parlor the little company who were earnest in the work were accustomed to meet. The result of those meetings has perhaps done more to influence the religious community in our own and in other lands than any other one circumstance which has happened in our country.

The old clock now in No. 5 formerly stood in the hall of the mansion and measured to those other generations the passing time.

From this period the history of the Mansion House is full of varied interest. Not long after it passed into the hands of the trustees it was converted into a tavern; and what is so full of interest as a tavern?

We hardly know in these days, when railroad and telegraph give us constant communication and familiarity with every quarter of the globe, the place the village tavern held seventy-five years ago. The old stage which whirled up to the door brought almost the only communication with the world outside; the passengers who descended from it seemed to the village children like people of another race, and the driver (the immortal Tony Weller), with his stories of adventures and knowledge of the world and acquaintance with noted men, was an oracle to the village folk. About the inn the idle always gathered, because they were sure to learn there the latest news, to meet new faces, and to enjoy the excitement which the arrival of the coach occasioned.

Andover had such an inn and coach, and around both of them there gathers more of the romance of those early days — as we look back upon them — than around any other objects. At six o'clock in the morning during the summer, and at seven in the winter, the fat driver mounted the box, gathered up the reins of the four or six horses, and started towards Boston. It must have been a beautiful ride in the pleasant summer mornings, stopping once or twice to change horses, and always sure to meet some incidents to enliven the journey. A few miles out of town the coach stopped before a little house, which has since gone, and refreshments of some kind — such as milk and cake, fruit, etc.— were brought to the passengers. After a run of three hours the coach drew up before the stand on Elm Street, Boston, and at three o'clock in the afternoon started on the home trip. Prof. Park well remembers the old coach upon which he often rode when a student in the Seminary. He tells of the way an old driver of his acquaintance spoke of the conversation "I once had with Mr. Webster," of a remark "Mr. Wilson once made to me," which shows upon what easy terms the driver was with all his passengers.

The Mansion House has sheltered many eminent men in every department of life, — Presidents Jackson, Van Buren and Pierce, Marquis de La Fayette, and a host of other historic names.

Dumb witness of the past, the Mansion House stands, a relic of other days and scenes; the home of the great man we owe so much to; it has also witnessed the constant ebb and flow of humanity which is characteristic of tavern life. A patriarch among houses, it has been associated with the history of our school through nearly a hundred years, and the histories of lives whose voices once echoed through the halls. Ah! who can tell them? As Longfellow sings of the old clock:

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood.

F. I. P.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

THE sorrow which came to the world by President Garfield's death is none the less our own personal sorrow because it is also the world's.

There was a peculiar magnetism in his person which so impressed itself upon the nation that millions of people who have never seen him, even, mourn over his death as over that of a personal friend. This is especially true of students. The story of his early life is a type of the lives of fellows we see about us daily. It was representative of the best type of American college men. His constant sympathies with the life we are living and the work we are doing, and his own high attainments in scholarship, made his death seem to us, as a community, like the loss of a master and friend.

Three months have not lessened the sense of that loss. The dull, heavy pain which oppressed our hearts when we heard the tolling bells has been crowded out, to be sure, in our busy, every-day life, but we cannot even now stop the returning feeling of sorrow when we let our minds run back to those memorable September days.

The affections of the civilized world were with the sufferer during his heroic struggle for life ; while in England and America the absorbing topic was the condition of the President.

The influence which came from that sick room was marvellous. In the presence of the common sorrow men forgot their strife and their greed, and over the land there came a hush as the mighty nation bowed in prayer for his recovery, such as we have never before witnessed.

The school, upon his death, passed the following resolutions, and draped the Academy under the direction of Perry, Schauffler and Hinkle :

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst James A. Garfield, the beloved President of these United States, and, whereas, the people of our nation are bowed down with grief before the great calamity: Therefore, we, the students of Phillips Academy at Andover, in a special meeting assembled, do hereby, as an expression of our sorrow and our sense of personal loss, adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved: That we give public utterance to the horror which filled our minds at the news of the attempted assassination, and to the intense interest with which we watched at the bed-side of the sufferer, and to the profound sorrow which saddened our hearts at the announcement of the fatal result.

Resolved: That, recognizing the many difficulties attending his career, and especially his heroic struggle for life during these last weeks, we cherish and revere the memory of his noble youth and peerless manhood.

Resolved: That as students we gratefully remember his attitude toward the educational institutions of our land.

Resolved: That we express our deepest sympathy with his afflicted family and aged mother, and that we assure them that the influence left by the life of the son, the husband and the father is not lost to the young men of America.

Resolved: That as a public token of our grief we drape our school building and wear a badge of mourning for a fitting time.

Resolved: That we send a written copy of these resolutions to the sorrowing family, and a copy to the press for publication.

E. J. Phelps,
C. Helliwell,
F. I. Paradise,
Committee.

Messrs. Edward J. Phelps, Charles Helliwell, Frank I. Paradise, Andover, Mass., Committee of Phillips Academy.

Gentlemen:

I am directed by Mrs. Garfield to sincerely thank you for her family and herself for the Resolutions of your

Committee received through Dr. Hawkes. Please convey the same to the members of the Academy.

Very truly yours,
C. O. Rockwell.

Still westward through the night in silence sweeping,
Wife of a hero watching by thy dead,
On through a nation, silent, round thee weeping,
Thou weepest *not* until thy task be sped!

They meet thee still in city after city,
To honor and to mourn their dead and thine,
With bared head, kneeling, hushed in awe and pity,
For crime inhuman met with grace divine.

Saluting always, with restrained emotion,
One bier, and on it laid one funeral wreath
Borne from the Mother-land beyond the ocean,
The hand of Love above the hand of Death.

All hearts thus owning, as with one pulse beating,
Goodness and truth, the eternal and unseen,
The hearts of two great kindred nations meeting
Through the true heart of one true, widowed Queen.

O Queen, 'tis not thy crown of empire only,--
Thy crown of sorrow hallows thee to this!
And thou, last stricken, fear not to be lonely,
Since of such woe is born earth's saving bliss.

Once more "the veil grows thin," the heavens effacing,
One triumph more through paths in anguish trod,
Two nations, through two women's hearts, embracing,
One people bowing low before one God.

Sept. 24, 1881. —*Author Schönberg Cotta Family.*

FRANK WILSON ALLEN.

Died Oct. 16, 1881.

Allen was the leading man in P. A. '82, and was to have entered Harvard next year.

He will be remembered among us as the quiet, faithful fellow, whose ability and steady work gave him so prominent a place in his class.

The "Missionary Herald" tells a story of his-death bed. He had earned some money by tutoring, and when he reached home six dollars of it were left. His dying request was that the money be given to the Foreign Missionary Society to aid in its work.

THOMAS JEFFERSON HUGHES.

Died Nov. 8, 1881.

Hughes was the Vice-President of Philo a year ago, and always one of its prominent members. He was major of the campaign battalion last fall, and during his Junior year represented his class in the Draper Prize speaking. He was also an editor of the "Phillipian."

"Their very memory is fair and bright."

HAZING.

Hazing has pretty much gone out of fashion in our colleges; but Bowdoin is distinguished in that it still clings to a remnant of the old-time, barbarous custom. An unfortunate result of the practice has recently occurred, which is attracting some attention both in the college world and outside.

Six weeks ago a Freshman, named Strout, was standing in his bedroom about ten o'clock in the evening, and hearing a noise outside was attracted to the window. As he stood before it, a large piece of coal was thrown through the casement striking him in the left eye. The blow was forcible enough to lay him prostrate, and during the night he suffered intense pain from the injury. In the morning, by the doctor's order, he returned to his home in Portland, and has since been constantly treated by two oculists. Whether he will lose the eye or not is still a question of doubt. It is sincerely hoped that the doctors may be able to save it, since the injury has received prompt and very severe treatment.

The father of Strout, who is a prominent lawyer, dissatisfied with the action of the faculty, has brought a case against seven fellows, arrested as authors of the trick, for $10,000 damages, with the aim of making an example of this case which will be felt in the college world. In this action he has received the support of many of the presidents of our colleges and schools.

This is an extreme case, but it shows well the utter barbarity of a custom which makes such a case possible. We wish Mr. Strout success with all our heart and hope he will strike the death-blow to college hazing.

"I SHOULD SMILE."

A drawing-room.— The dentist's.

Dead issues.— Old newspapers.

Jonah was the first conundrum.— The whale gave him up.

It's easy for the hotel clerk to keep warm, for he's always hanging over the register.

Is there anything against striking an attitude.

Woman's sphere.— That she will never get married. — *Snook.*

A facetious and probably untruthful burglar, who had broken into an editor's house, said that the only thing he struck was a match.

A young lady, not accustomed to waltzing, at the earnest solicitation of a friend made the attempt. When the music ceased, another friend approached and said: "Well, I see you have got through all right?" "Yes," was the reply, "but it was a tight squeeze."

ATHLETICS.

As we review the history of our fall work on the campus we have every reason to be satisfied. In our match games we have been very successful, and the school, as a whole, has manifested an encouraging reaction in the matter of out-door exercises. The idle and usually very uncomfortable crowd, who of old were wont to stand and watch the foot-ball games, have to a large extent been drawn into exercising themselves by the introduction of La Crosse. Tennis has also had its reprsentatives at various boarding-houses. Foot-ball, however, has been the sport in which there was most interest. When, in the early part of the term, the raw material from which our eleven was to come made its appearance in the practice games, a feeling of discouragement ran through the school, so small and untrained did the men appear. But it soon became evident that, though small, we had a bountiful supply of very tough and active muscle. We have not space to deal at length with all the games. Lawrence High School and a picked eleven from Boston gave us good practice. On October 28th the Harvard Freshman team met us. The teams were very evenly matched, and Harvard was victorious by one goal. Next came the game with Adams. We beat. In speaking of the result we need only say that all the glory we gained was in conquering a record which for seven years they had been making; in which time we did not win a game. The score was fifteen or twenty touch-downs to nothing. Our eleven was now in perfect condition for the 12th of November, Exeter *vs.* Andover. We eagerly awaited a rainy day. At length one came. This we knew to be the 12th. Well, suffice it to say, we left the field with a score of one goal, one touch-down, to P. E. A. nothing. Thus the season ended. In the spring, too, let the cry be, P–H–I–L–L–I–P–S, — Victory. The La Crosse club was started early in the term, and ere cold weather put a stop to practice many were much interested in it. The beauties of the game are numerous, and its advantages very decided. For once we have seen the grave and dignified persons who do not enjoy base-ball or foot-ball race around the campus in a most exhilarating manner. In this the main advantage of La Crosse lies. It is a game in which all can mingle, and which affords every one room for exercise and physical improvement. Mr. McGregor, a Canadian expert, came up from Boston several times to aid and to give us instruction. He gave us credit for having good material. May the spring see it revive, and become one of the popular games of the school. The lawn in front of the academy has also been the scene of some activity during the term. An excellent tennis-court has been made there, which was the scene of some interesting games. It is a pleasant and exciting game, affording much interest to lookers-on. Exeter has tennis-clubs, also. Why not arrange tournaments between the two schools?

Died in the Fall of '81.

Phillips Academy Athletic Association. Cause, lack of attention.

Born, in the Fall of '81.

Phillips Academy La Crosse Association.

A blunt Blunt-house young man,
A devil-may-care young man,
Who goes to Lawrence, in spite of his parents,
And stays there as long as he can.

A Carter-house young man,
As-sly-as-a-mouse young man,
Who carries his brain on the end of his cane —
A Nix-com-perouse young man.—*A La Patience.*

EDITORS' REVIEW.

PHILIP BATTELL STEWART, '82,
FRANK ILSLEY PARADISE, '84,
FRANK PRATT VAN VOLKENBURGH, '83, } BOARD OF EDITORS.

THE MIRROR again greets you. To some who were wont to see it in its old form it will doubtless seem like a total stranger. From all, we hope, it will receive a cordial and substantial support.

Conscious that something was wanting in the general contour of the old MIRROR, with much trepidation the present board of Editors have ventured to make some changes. The trepidation first felt deepened into absolute awe when the magnitude of the undertaking was appreciated. Nevertheless, with the very kind assistance of the faculty (to Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Coy we would especially extend our thanks), the alterations have at length been effected, and the results are offered to you as here seen. If we have proved unworthy the task we would plead our inexperience. If in your charitable judgment the changes have some merit, we are amply repaid for the labor.

The fall term of the 56th year of Philo's history draws near its close, a history which chronicles the usual successes and defeats. The effect of the loss of many old and experienced members, and the unsettled condition of affairs for the first few weeks over, it became evident that there was new strength for that lost, and soon the meetings assumed their wonted excellence. "Cuts" have been infrequent, few parts have showed a lack of honest effort, the attendance has been good, and good order has prevailed. The society can especially congratulate itself on the able and successful management of its presiding officer.

We should like to say a few words concerning the custom, which has become established, of choosing the editors of the MIRROR. At present three men are selected from the society who, as is almost sure to be the case, have had no experience whatever in the compiling and publishing of even a programme. Of the amount of work, the time required, way to begin, and of the many little things concerning its publication, they are entirely ignorant. The result is, things are apt to be left until the last moment, when the rush of work prevents proper care and attention. We would therefore suggest that in some way a man shall each term be an editor who has before served in that capacity, and so understands what is required. A fourth man might be chosen to act as editor-in-chief, and who should have the general supervision of the work.

The reports which come to us concerning the health of Mr. Merrill are exceedingly painful. Since returning the second time to Colorado, he has not made that improvement which was expected, and during the last few weeks the disease has progressed in an alarming manner. At the present time he is spending a few days in Colorado Springs, and the last report is that he has made some improvement. Our earnest wish is that the improvement may be permanent.

As a testimony of the respect with which all who know him regard him, and as an expression of the sympathy we feel for him in this anxious hour, the school has raised the sum of $200 to be forwarded as a Christmas remembrance. How strong and sincere these feelings are is shown by the generosity of the subscriptions and by the common interest felt in the work.

We interpret the feeling of the school rightly in saying that every dollar given carries with it the earnest wish of the giver that Mr. Merrill may yet recover.

At the end of the last term, by the vote of the school, the number of editors on the *Phillipian* were reduced from ten to six. This move met with the approval of every one, as it had been seen that the former number of editors was too large, and that, in order to prosper, some change must be made. The change embodied, also, another method of choosing half of the board, which was, that articles should be written by candidates from the two lower classes and presented to the old board, who should select the three best written, and that the writers of these articles should be editors for the ensuing year. The board for '81–'82 was chosen in this way, and as they have published nearly one-half of their year's work, perhaps it would not be out of place to see what improvement has been made, if any. The sentiment of the paper has been anti-grumbling and pro-"Fem. Sem." Many of the articles have been very good, some very poor; but on the whole we see improvement, and would call the experiment a suceess. The editors talk of a change in form, and we would advise them to follow our example as soon as possible, for we think that at present the only drawback to their paper is its old-fashioned and somewhat stingy appearance.

A change of time for the Means and Draper prize speaking was announced at the beginning of the term. The Draper speaking will take place in the winter term, and the Means contest has has been postponed until the spring term. The purpose of postponing the Means speaking was to allow all who wish to compete abundant time for the preparation of their essays, and we may expect to see the best talent of the school represented.

Owing to the unusual mildness of the season thus far we have had little opportunity to make use of our skates. The dam, however, which the enterprising rink committee have had built, holds a large body of water on the meadow, and when Jack Frost lends a helping hand we shall doubtless have some fine skating.

On returning to school this fall, we missed the genial countenances of our Chinese school-mates. They were summoned home in the latter part of the summer by their government, together with all others whom the Chinese government had sent to this country to be educated in our institutions. Most of them had been in the country seven or eight years, the last lot arriving in 1875. All had acquired our language, so that there was but little foreign accent. They were pleasant, gentlemanly fellows, and had become pretty well naturalized. May they carry with them in their future work pleasant remembrances of old Phillips, and never regret the lot that sent them here!

In the line of amusements for the past term, Andover has been very unfortunate. Only two really first-class entertainments have been had, Mr. Riddle and J. B. Gough. The usual lecture course was among the missing, and no first-class performance of any other kind was given. In the line of fairs the Band Fair was a great success, and those who attended it felt amply repaid even if they did not get out scot-free, and many useful things now adorn the room of some of our fellows which, had it not been for the persuasion of the fair ones behind the stands, would have wasted away and died under the hammer of the auctioneer. The reading by Mr. Riddle was very fine, and we are happy to state that Andover will probably hear more from him some time in the winter term.

Mr. Gough's lecture was, like all of his, a master-piece of wit and oratory, and, to those who had heard him before, seemed to surpass all of his other attempts. We were very sorry not to have the regular lecture course. Smith Family, and Spaulding's Bell Ringers made the village a visit which, with the addition of "Cinderella," are all that we have had.

The fire engine has been tried twice this term. A fire alarm, on Dec. 1st, brought a few enthusiasts to the rescue, but after hauling the engine through mud, pure and unadulterated, down to the post-office, it was found that the alarm was groundless. On Dec. 8th, however, the services of the engine were brought into use. About 3.30 A. M. the sleepy "cads" were aroused with the cry of fire. This time all were much surprised to find that there was a fire. The third story of the building north of the post-office proved to be in flames. The fire was finally brought under control with the loss of the roof only.

Though but few fellows were on hand, their efforts accomplished much, by reason of the advantageous place they had for throwing water up under the roof.

The following are the competitors selected for the Draper Prize Speaking: Phelps, Smith, Safford, Cashman, Peck, Perry, Beers, Van Valkenburgh, Patterson, and Paradise.

PERSONALS.

F. R. Fuller, P. S. '83, is at home in Chicago.

Codding, P. A. '83, Baltz, P. S. '83, and Chapman, P. S. 83, are at Williston Academy.

R. W. Carleton, P. A. '83, is at home in Rockport.

C. O. Howard, P. A. '83, has taken the examinations for West Point.

H. Ames, P. S. '8 —, is continuing his discontinued studies at Keene, and expects to enter an advanced class at Yale next fall.

Pillsbury, P. A. '83, has entered the Freshman Class at Dartmouth.

W. Atherton is in the Freshman Class at the Lawrence Scientific School. One-fourth of the members of this class are Andover men.

F. Manning, P. A. '82, is in Colorado, owing to poor health.

J. M. Clarke, P. S. '83, is studying law at Cincinnati.

Galbraith, P. S., '82, is president of the Freshman Class at Sheffield.

C. S. Patteson, P. S. '82, is connected with one of the Boston papers.

Wilkinson, P. S. '82, has taken unto himself a better half.

"Duke" Fuller is tutoring at Keene.

Abell, P. A. '82, is captain of the Freshman eleven at Oberlin.

Ford, P. A. '82, is in a music store at St. Paul, Minn.

G. R. Johnson, P. A. '82, is at Williams.

White, P. A. '82, is at work in Boston.

Boyd, P. A. '83, is at school in Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Bayless, P. A. '81, is superintendent of a manufactory in Binghampton, N.Y.

Symons, P. A. '81, takes a prominent stand in the Freshman Class at Amherst.

Thayer, P. A. '81, took the Lee prize for sight-reading of English at Harvard.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Many a young fop imagines that a girl takes an interest in his welfare, when in truth she is only eager for his farewell.

A plumber who was about to die said, "My only regret at dying is because where I am going water-pipes never freeze up."

A little boy recently came to his mother and said, "Mamma, I should think if I was of dust I would get muddy inside whenever I drink."

Why should not an absconding debtor be called a swindler? Because he is a *non est* man?

In boarding-school parlance, "A stitch in time saves nine," is now rendered, "The first impression of a needle upon a rent obviates a ninefold introduction."

There's some things as old as the hills anyhow," said old Uncle Reuben.

"What are they?" asked his niece.

"They're valleys between 'em, child," solemnly answered the old man."

"You appear to have a constitutional antipathy to water," said an unspotted humanitarian to a rum-rosy tramp. "No," returned the latter, "it isn't constitutional, it's accidental." "Strange! How did you come to have such an aversion to water?" "Easy enough; I had two sons drowned in it."

In Arkansas, when a couple of 10-year old boys are not home for supper, their mother looks troubled, and observes, "Now where in the world are them children? If they're out robbing trains again I'll take the hide off o' them when they come home, consarn them."

Pride's fall: "Yes," said Clara, "your Maltese kitty is pretty enough, but he can never come up to my bird." That was all she knew about it. The kitty did come up to her bird that very day, and it was all day with the bird.

"Tommy," said a mother to her 7-year old boy, "you must not interrupt me when I am talking with ladies. You must wait till we stop, and then you can talk." "But you never stop," retorted the boy.

"Darling, this potato is only half done." "Then eat the done half, love."

What kind of robbery is not dangerous? A safe robbery, of course.

Money isn't exactly tight, but it is perhaps a little exhilarated.

Every harness-maker leaves traces of his work behind.

A boarding-house keeper's tree—'ash.

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clinch your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. Most excellent advice; but what if she screams.—*Echo.*

"We must agitate," exclaimed an earnest political speaker, "we must agitate, or we shall perish." And then he agitated it gently with a spoon, and pretty soon it perished, all but the sugar.—*Ex.*

'Twas Harry who the silence broke:
"Miss Kate, why are you like a tree?"
"Because — because I'm board," said she.
"Oh, no; because you're woo'd," said he.

"If, in a state of conflagration
You find the College burning down,
The prex a-skipping in consternation
To take a horse-car out of town;
That is the time for disappearing:
Just seize a Babcock from its rack;
Then, when no tutor's interfering,
Then, when no tutor's interfering,
Squirt them serenely, squirt them serenely,
Squirt them serenely — down his back."—*Ex.*

ADVICE TO DEBATERS.

Begin low,
Go on slow,
Rise higher,
And take fire.
When most impressed
Be self-possessed.
In the end wax warm,
And sit down in a storm.

POETICAL SMILES.

2 lovers sat beneath the shade,
And 1 un 2 the other said:
"How 14 8 that you be 9
Have smiled upon this suit of mine.
If 5 a heart, it palps 4 you,—
My voice is mu6 melody.
'Tis 7 to be thy loved 1, 2 —
Say 0y nymph, wilt marry me?"
Then lisped she soft, "Why 13 ly!"

THE PHILLIPS POT-POURRI.

Literary Societies.

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

"Scire est Regere."

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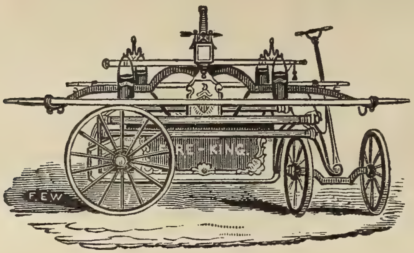

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THE PHILO. MIRROR

+ WINTER TERM 1882 +

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EDITORS

Charles Hall Perry

William Gray Schauffler

Charles Sproull Thompson

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Vol. XXVIII No. 2

SCIRE EST REGERE

THE

PHILO MIRROR

MARCH 1882

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία

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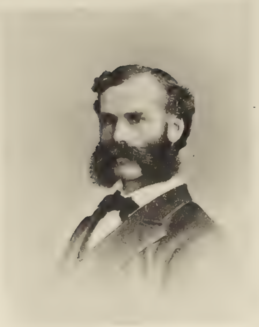

THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXVIII.—March, 1882.—No. 2.

ALMA NATURA.

Would you know the forest's moan,
Sense the ocean's cadenced tone?
Would you read the sunlight's gleam,
And reveal each song bird's theme?

Know this first, thou child of man,
Wisdom's train is under ban;
Sage and seer in vain unroll
Nature's mystic written scroll.

Green clad demons scoff and jeer,
When deep learning, coming near,
Wakes the dryad's oak-bound maze
With its question-pointed gaze.

Faun and nymph derisive rail;
Man's proud ego here must fail.
Naught can lore of books attain;
Chemists analyze in vain.

Skill may plumb the ocean deeps,
Delve and pry in Pluto's keeps,
But the door of nature's heart
Never for an instant start.

Seeking knowledge, beauty, graves,
Thus go scholars, artists, slaves.

Naught demanding, filled with need,
To the hills and waters speed,
Open eyes, with heart believe,
Of her ample store receive.

Go, a man, with soul athirst,
Where the hidden currents burst,
Which from nature's life to thine
Send a strength that's nigh divine.

Cleave your lips to hers and kiss,
There you'll find the sun-god's bliss;
Through them draw their secret joy,
Rest not, never fear to cloy.

Press your face upon her breast
Cradling all to perfect rest,
As the breathing comes and goes
She will calm the deepest woes.

And your ear thus near her heart,
Banish learning, stifle art;
List the strong throbs deep within,
They will teach you how to win.

Pain grows patient, sorrow calm,
Bursts the soul in thankful psalm.
Æons march in union clear,
God's eternal plans appear.

Strife is conquest, purpose reigns,
Life a nobler tenor gains.

C. H. P.

THE PLEA OF INSANITY.

In the trial of Hadfield for the attempted assassination of George the Third of England, Erskine successfully employed the theory that the defendant was insane when the deed was attempted. This was the first time that this plea was ever made in the defence of a criminal, and, after being successfully used in two or three important criminal trials of that day, it was speedily imported into our own land, where it soon took a firm root and has flourished to such an extent, that, in murder trials especially, when the case has been clearly proven against the prisoner, the defence has almost always urged as an excuse for the motive of the action, the plea of insanity. In this way criminals have eluded the demands of Justice, and in so doing have tempted others to crime by showing that there is an easy way of escape from the results of their action.

The great trouble which Justice meets in these trials is the incapacity of its officers to draw the dividing line between a perfectly sound and a diseased mind. As there are all grades of men in physical health, from the consumptive with one foot in the grave to the huge giant who is the foremost in athletic sports, so there are all grades of those in mental health; and, if it is hard to distinguish those in absolute physical health (and when found, how few they are), so much the harder is it to distinguish the perfectly sound in mind, as the workings of that part of the machinery of the human frame still remains, and probably ever will remain, closed to mortal understanding. So it being difficult to draw the line, the laws of the country leave the jury to decide whether the culprit was in full possession of his mental faculties at the time of the commission of the crime. Indeed in most states all that is required is that a *reasonable* doubt shall arise in the minds of the jury as to the sanity of the prisoner at the bar. A reasonable doubt — if one man in twelve has a doubt, which he chooses to term reasonable, the whole trial comes to naught, no matter what the other eleven may do or think. Thus you see what a premium is set upon crime by offering to the offender such chances to escape even when brought to the very bar of Justice.

Now before going farther let us divide those who make the plea of insanity the ground-work of their defence into two classes, — those who by popular opinion were considered to be insane long before the crime was committed, and those who make the plea that they were so for the first time on that day. Of the first class, the number of those who are brought before the judicial tribunals is comparatively small, but the dimensions of the other class are large and constantly increasing. Indeed in some of the later criminal trials the plea has been successful when only a weakness of memory was proved. Hardly a rich man dies without having his will contested by half a dozen claimants on the ground that he had some peculiar hobby. Affairs have reached such a pass that something must be done to check this growing evil, and let us look about us to see if some plan cannot be devised to remedy it. We will not go as far as a certain writer on this subject does, and say that in case of trial for murder the criminal, sane or insane, if found guilty of the deed, should be hanged, giving as his reason that the law was made for the protection of society against a man-killer, and that society, holding the doctrine that what a man has done once he will do again, should dispose of him without delay.

This doctrine, although it is based on the common-sense principle that society has the same right to preserve itself by taking the felon's life as the man has who, in order to save himself, shoots down the man, sane or insane, who threatens his well-being, is nevertheless far too radical for this nineteenth century of ours. Let us then instead change the requirements of the law a little. In place of having the statute book read that only a reasonable doubt of the prisoner's sanity is required for acquittal, let it be required that insanity should be proved as the law requires the guilt of the prisoner be proved ; that is, without a shadow of a doubt.

If then there is no doubt about the insanity of the culprit at the moment when the deed was committed what shall be done with him? It is now the practice of our courts to set the man at liberty without more ado. This practice bears the stamp of foolhardiness upon its very face. The insane criminal does just as much harm to society as the sane one, and to turn him loose to repeat his acts is surely worse than folly. Society does not hang a sane murderer out of revenge or as a punishment for the moral wrong committed, but to prevent him from repeating his acts, holding, as we have said before, that what he has done once he will do again. In crimes of lesser magnitude it attempts the reformation of the criminal before setting him free again.

So much for the sane murderer. Now if we refuse to permit him to move again as a free man among all classes of society is it natural that we should let the insane man do so? It runs against our humanity to dispose of him as one disposes of a mad dog; so would not isolation from mankind for the rest of his natural life, as some of the states to-day do in case of sane murderers, be the best course to be pursued? Perhaps some one will say that in trials of the Guiteau stamp the criminal was insane just for the moment in which the act was committed. In the first place it does not stand to reason that the attack during which the crime was committed was the first one to which the patient was subject. He must have been subject to them for some time before. Now if we say that the man was crazy for that moment only, and never will be again, we must rank ourselves as fools, believing as we do that what has happened once can happen again.

It may be said that it is outrageous for a state to immure one of its citizens in an insane hospital just because in a momentary fit of insanity he killed a man. But as lepers are cut off from all communication with the world, and, although all pity them, yet feel nevertheless that it is best for the rest of mankind that they should be so treated; so the criminal who has had these attacks of mental leprosy, for, mind you, he must be shown to be insane *without* a reasonable doubt, if he had the good of society as a whole at heart, would in his lucid moments rather be shut up for life than again risk the well-being of a fellow creature.

But the plea of insanity is not only used in trials for murder. Cases of all kinds come up in the courts in which this plea is employed. In such cases also the defendants should be treated in the same fashion as the insane assassin, only permitting them to regain their freedom in case that they should totally recover without having had a relapse for a very long interval of time. There should be a building erected by the state for the reception of such unfortunates, and there they should be kept under labor suited to their capabilities and strength; murderers to the end of their days, those convicted of lesser crimes until, after long and careful watching, the superintendent is fully convinced that the patient has entirely recovered.

In this way one of the greatest coming evils of American jurisprudence would be avoided, an evil which threatens to subvert the very sources from which the stream of justice flows.

C. S. T.

ISAAC STANLEY MATTISON.

Died Jan. 7, 1882.

Mattison at the time of his death had been connected with our school longer than any other student then here, having entered the Junior English class in the fall of '77. But owing to repeated and severe illnesses he had been slow in his advance, yet at the time of his death was a member of the Middle Classical class. He remained conscious to the very end, and requested that he should be remembered to his schoolmates at Andover.

AYESHA.

THERE is told a charming legend,
In the pleasant Eastern language,
Of Mohammed towards the evening
Of his life of toil and sorrow.
While a youth he had been chosen
By Kadija, a rich widow,
As the steward of her moneys,
As the leader of her ventures.
She had found him shrewd in counsel,
True as steel and to be trusted.
So she loved him, and, as time sped,
They were married there in Mecca.
Long years after, says the legend,
When Kadija's life was over,
Mahomet sat one dewy twilight
With his favorite wife, Ayesha.
Round his neck white arms entwining,
Soft she whispered as the night wind
When it ripples o'er the waters :
" Surely now you love me better
Than Kadija, old and ugly.
I have youth and bloom and beauty ;
A widow she, and gray and homely."
" No, by Allah ! " came the answer,
And the stars that stud the heavens
Bent their listening ears in silence.
" No, by Allah ! For she loved me
When I had no friend beside her.
And though all despised and taunted,
Yet she first of all believed me.
I was poor and she enriched me.
Allah cannot give a better.

She was peerless, had no rival.
For when I could scarce endure it,
That they would not hear my message,
That they scoffed my revelation,
She alone of all this wide world
Understood, believed, and trusted.
Never can my heart forget it.
I will therefore love her wholly.
Old she may have been or ugly,
Still her heart was ever youthful."
So he answered, and Ayesha,
Fairest of Arabia's daughters,
Clinging to his breast was silent.
With his simple Arab's costume,
Honest face and beaming black eyes,
Swelling vein upon his forehead,
Thus my fancy paints Mohammed.
And I fancy in the twilight
That the muezzin's silvery prayer-call
Strikes my ear across the ocean,
That I see him in the distance.
Not as in the Moslem legends,
Followed by protecting angels,
Do I see him dimly outlined;
Nor with arms and prancing war-steed
As he seized and took Khaïbar;
But amidst the darkening shadows,
Standing by sweet-faced Ayesha,
With his grave eyes turning upward
Where the myriad stars are glittering,
Stars which all the Arabs reverence.

G. R. C.

GERMAN SCHOOLS *VS.* AMERICAN.

How often nowadays we hear people comparing our own schools and systems with those of Germany, and usually our own suffer from the comparison. But let us take a look on both sides of the ocean, as far as is within our power, and then draw our own conclusions.

Let us first compare a German Gymnasium with an American Academy like our own. In both cases the study of Latin is commenced the first year and extends through the entire course. The length of the course in the Gymnasium, however, is double that in the Academy, eight years in all. Greek is not taken up till the third year, while we commence it the second. Mathematics receive comparatively little consideration, far less than in our schools. Other branches, such as Physics, Geography, History, Grammar and the like, form a part of the regular course. After an eight-years course in this school a young man may, by passing the requisite examinations, enter any University and take a course in Theology, Medicine, Law, or whatever branch he may choose. With us a young man may take an Academy and College course, the latter reaching far higher than the corresponding four years in the Gymnasium, and then be fitted for his professional school. Thus in point of time neither side seems to have the advantage.

If we now turn to the way in which instruction is imparted and received, we may find some points of difference. A German, all through his eight-years course, goes to school at eight o'clock in the morning, and stays *in the class room* three and often four hours, without any recess or let up except as the teachers change every hour. In the afternoon school lasts from two till four or five o'clock. Beside all this time spent in the school-room, a man's entire studying is done at home. Place side by side with this our way, and let each judge for himself which is preferable.

We spend three hours a day in reciting to their five, and, consequently, have more time to put on preparation than they.

Here the objection might be raised that they accomplish more than we do; but, as far as we are able to discover, at the end of eight years we have gone over more ground and attained a much more liberal education than our German brothers.

Another point in which we differ is the manner in which examinations are carried on. Both require entrance examinations, but in Germany these are the only ones until the close of the whole course, when the work of the entire eight years is reviewed, and candidates for admission to the Universities must be able to produce testimonials of having passed these examinations satisfactorily. Our system follows the plan of having examinations every little while, with the intent of fixing more deeply in our minds the ground gone over. In comparing these two methods it is hard to tell which is preferable. Our own seems the more thorough, while the German may seem more easy. *May seem*, we say, but in reality the so-called "Maturitäts" examination at the end of the course is a far greater strain than would appear on first thought.

So much for study. Now looking at both sides from another point of view, we find a striking dissimilarity. In these days we hear much about our college and school athletics. Every one advocates more bodily exercise. We hear quoted, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and our outdoor and indoor sports show clearly that we, as a people, believe in taking exercise and plenty of it, sometimes perhaps too much for the good of our studies. But be this last as it may, is it not far better than the way our German cousins do? As we have already seen, owing to the amount of time necessarily spent in study and recitation, the student finds little time, and generally has little inclination, to develop his physical nature properly. Such things as foot-ball and base-ball are entirely unknown. More than this, in one part at least of Germany, and very likely it is not a single case, there is a clause in the school law expressly forbidding ball playing in the city among the scholars. This same school law forbids also the gathering together of young persons in any large numbers for any purpose whatsoever, thus excluding any possibility of forming debating societies or anything of like nature. This seems to us a very strong argument in favor of our system, for not only does ours tolerate societies, but also encourages and helps them on.

Hitherto we have only compared a Gymnasium with one of our Academies. We hardly dare go further and set our own professional schools side by side with such ancient and venerable institutions as the University of Leipzig or of Prague. One point we would, nevertheless, in passing like to touch on, namely, German student life. What we read in books like Mark Twain's, and others, would lead us to think that students did nothing but smoke, drink, and fight duels. In such a light as this they would indeed compare unfavorably with our own men. But this is not the case. Men in German Universities have to pay for being there by a corresponding expenditure of time and strength.

Yet this does not in the least hinder us from favorably comparing our schools as a whole with German ones. In fact, taking all things into consideration, we find that in the same amount of time we here receive an education far broader and more comprehensive, besides enjoying privileges in the shape of literary and athletic facilities which Germans never dream of. Such being the case, we maintain that our schools do not only compare favorably with German ones, but in many respects surpass them altogether.

W. G. S.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.*

As we approach the first anniversary of his death, it will be perhaps not inappropriate to take a short glance at the wonderful career of this truly great man. Born of a despised and persecuted race, he yet rose to be the head of the haughtiest nation on the face of the globe; and the voice of the mourning of that mighty nation, mourning for its fallen leader, has scarcely died upon the air as we write. He rose to this proud position solely by the strength of his own right arm; he was not shoved into public life by a wealthy duke, like his rival, Gladstone, but entered the fight alone and unaided; and the history of his life is full of noble and inspiring lessons for those who, like ourselves, are just entering "the world's wide field of battle."

Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, was born in London on the 21st of December, 1804. He was the eldest son of the well-known author, Isaac Disraeli, and belonged to an ancient Jewish family which traced its descent from the early kings of Israel. He was carefully educated, and admitted at an early age to the most brilliant society of the capital, where he soon became a general favorite on account of his wit, his beauty, and his remarkable conversational powers. But the proud spirit of the young man was not satisfied with these trivial distinctions, and he aspired to be something more than the lion of a London season. And yet he seemed, by his birth, to be precluded from all nobler ambition. That prejudice against the Jews, which is so strong even to this day and in this country, was very bitter in England sixty years ago. They were excluded from Parliament, from the universities, and from all offices of emolument and honor; and the young Disraeli, although himself a Christian, was regarded as a Jew on account of his birth. Yet in spite of this obstacle he determined while yet a boy that he would overcome all impediments, and leave to his country a name it would not willingly let die.

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* First Mirror Prize Essay.

This resolution once formed, he adhered to it with that dauntless perseverance which was his most prominent characteristic. In 1826 he published his first novel, "Vivian Gray." It created a greater sensation than any book that had appeared since the publication of Scott's "Waverly," and its author was acknowledged to be one of the foremost living authors, while yet but twenty-one years of age. During the next ten years he continued to publish a brilliant series of novels, and increased the great reputation he had already won. He now attempted to enter Parliament, but at first his efforts were in vain, and he was defeated year after year. His literary fame did not help him, and he was everywhere reproached as a foreigner and an upstart. His Jewish origin was constantly cast in his teeth, and it is to his honor that he never tried to conceal this fact. He always boasted of his birth, and was an earnest advocate of his oppressed people. At one time Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish agitator, said he was the lineal descendant and representative of the impenitent thief that died upon the tree; and had not the police interfered a duel would have been the result. But Disraeli's genius, courage and perseverance overcame this senseless prejudice of the English people, and at length, after many fruitless attempts, he was elected in 1837.

He had now won more than half the fight, and the way seemed clear before him; but there was still a strong prejudice against him, and his first speech in the Commons was a complete failure. Most young men would have been utterly crushed by so terrible a "flunk," but Disraeli's courage never once failed him, and as he sat down amid the jeers and laughter of the House he uttered those prophetic words, "I have several times attempted many things and have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you WILL hear me." That prophecy was soon fulfilled, and within a few years Disraeli became one of the first men in English politics. In 1846 he became the leader of the Conservative party, and from that time his history is that of his country. Three times was he Chancellor of the Exchequer and twice Prime Minister. He was raised to the House of Lords, under the title of Earl of Beaconsfield, on the 10th of August, 1875. He resigned the office of Premier on the 19th of April, 1880, and died at Hughenden just one year after.

There is only one point in his public life that we care here to notice, and that is his constant friendship for America. During our Civil War he was almost the only prominent Englishman that dared to stand up for the North. Mr. Gladstone loudly praised Jefferson Davis and did all in his power to injure the North, while Mr. Disraeli, by the vigorous stand he took, was probably the means of preventing England from recognizing the Confederate States. Public opinion was strongly in favor of the South, and by this measure he lost all the confidence he had been slowly gaining, and for four years was the most unpopular man in England; but future events showed him to have been right, while the humiliating Geneva Arbitration was the direct result of Mr. Gladstone's mad and reckless policy.

Of Lord Beaconsfield's Eastern policy it is as yet too soon to speak. It has been savagely assailed by his enemies, and time alone can decide upon its merits. But this at least may be safely said, that he raised England from the position of a third-class power to be the arbiter of Europe, and that when the countless hordes of the north were again in motion, and Europe seemed threatened with another inundation of barbarism, when Russian men-of-war guarded the Bosphorus and the Russian standard fretted the skies of Byzantium, this weak old man was the only person in Europe who dared to withstand the conquering hosts; to say, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," and to drive the invaders back to their hyperborean homes.

It is not of these things that we wish to speak, but of his early life. There is not a scholar in America who has not a better chance of success in this free country than had the young Jew Disraeli in aristocratic England. Yet through long and weary years did he climb, alone and unaided, the steep and rocky road of his high ambition, till he reached the summit and stood like a god before the eyes of admiring nations. His character has always been a favorite one with the young, and history does not present a grander example of what may be accomplished, against overwhelming obstacles, by the high heart and dauntless courage of an ardent and ambitious youth. It fires the blood like the sound of martial music to read of his exploits, and his whole life was an illustration of those noble lines of Bulwer's,—

> "In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
> For a bright manhood, THERE IS NO SUCH WORD
> AS FAIL."

H. G. BRUCE.

A HINT.

WHO borrows my pencils,
My cigarettes smokes,
Who eats up my goodies,
My temper provokes?
The sponger.

Who wastes my time
With his idle conversing,
My money, my books,
My patience dispersing?
The sponger.

WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE.*

There are some characters in history whose very names thrill us with admiration or move us even to awe. The name of a noble, true-hearted man rings down through the ages, bearing messages of consolation and inspiration; the influence of an untarnished name can never cease to be a power for good. And so we know men by different names as our conceptions of their characters vary.

All Europe stood amazed at the indomitable courage of the man, who, with a few hundred square miles of marsh wrested from the tenacious grasp of the German Ocean, dared to defy the Monarch of Spain, into whose coffer flowed the glittering wealth of the Americas and the Indies. They spoke of him with a shake of the head as William of Nassau.

The Netherlanders mourned with passionate tenderness over the bier of their martyred leader, and as they turned their thoughts backward over the long years of war through which he had guided them with a firm hand and unfaltering step, broke forth into weeping for their "Father William."

We read his life; we look upon the prosperity of the Republic which he created; we see that he started trains of influence that awoke England from its lethargy, and passing beyond the seas laid the foundations of a mighty republic in the fresher soil of a new world. Our pulses beat faster at the thought of the odds against which he fought, and we give him his truest name, William the Silent.

William the Silent! That is the key to much of his character. He had a great, pure, silent soul. He was not taciturn, never gloomy, always cheerful even in the most trying emergencies. The soubriquet of "the Silent" was won by the wonderful self-control which he exhibited while but a youth in dealing with

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* Second Mirror Prize Essay.

Henry II. of France. By a terrible blunder the King had disclosed to him the plot he had formed for aiding Philip in ridding the Netherlands of Protestants by one general massacre. Not by word or look did he give expression to the horror that froze his heart. From that hour, however, his determination was taken. The ancient liberties of his country must be preserved, and the Inquisition excluded at all hazards. Unfalteringly, with a faith as sublime as his constancy, he accepted the trust which the Almighty had laid upon him. The rise of the Netherlands is but the biography of William of Orange. He was a prince by birth, possessed of enormous wealth and of revenues almost regal. Yet he poured it out like water in the service of his country. For her sake he went through life with a price upon his head; for her sake he endured the ban of the church, the loss of family and friends, of wealth and station. At duty's stern call he left his luxurious life of ease and took up the burden of a nation's wars, never to be laid down until the fatal bullet released him from his life service. The last words upon his lips were even then, "God pity my poor people."

Noble, silent heart. Not a syllable about a mission from on high, not a word of enthusiatic vagary and fanaticism ever passed his lips. He stood in utter loneliness and fell as he stood.

It was 1519 when Spain attempted the Inquisition in Holland. The nobles remonstrated. William joined them. The people rose in rebellion and Spain sent an army of veterans. Men had been burned at the stake, torn apart upon the rack, had suffered a thousand hideous tortures on the mere suspicion of having held heretical opinions.

The Spaniards pillaged, burned, massacred. The Hollanders were no match for the infantry of Spain, but they defended their towns to the last drop of blood, and often called in the resistless force of the ocean to overflow and put to flight the proud invader.

Treaties were made and annulled by the treacherous king. The unequal conflict was still going on, and the patriots gaining new strength day by day, though distracted by civil foments.

The results of this heroic conflict were hardly disclosing themselves when William was struck down by the hand of a Spanish fanatic and lived but a few hours. His earthly work was finished. It had been a life of disappointment to him. The goal was ever just before him. Misinterpreted in his actions, misunderstood in his plans, he had nevertheless hastened on with resolute endeavor. Just as the union of the provinces and the establishment of a fitting form of a republic was within his grasp, the hand of Providence removed him. The provinces struggled on, and in due time accomplished their aim ; but their prophet, their leader, had been taken away, and they were left as sheep without a shepherd.

He was, in truth, a reader of men's hearts. He possessed to a remarkable degree the art of reading the purposes of others and concealing his own. Deeply skilled in all the subtleties of Italian statesmanship, he was enabled to meet Philip on his own ground and to completely outwit him.

His piety was no less conspicuous than his mental acquirements. "God," he said, "will maintain my innocence during my life and future generations. As to my fortunes and life, I have dedicated them both long since to His service. He will do with them what pleases Him for His glory and my salvation."

Resolute constancy, firmness for the right, was stamped upon his every action as well as on his seal, whereon the motto ran, "*I will maintain.*" His friends often and significantly spoke of him as, "*Saevis tranquillus in undis.*"

"He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrow upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier, who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying 'to his great captain, Christ.' As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets."

G. R. CARPENTER.

"THAT SLEIGH RIDE."

WRITTEN FOR THE MIRROR BY A MEMBER OF ABBOTT ACADEMY.

'T WAS one night in winter,
Long, long ago,
When the moon shone in splend
On the houses below.

The "Phillipians" on sleighing
Their minds having bent,
Were anxiously waiting
Prof. Bancroft's consent.

At last it was granted,
And off then they went,
Blessing the man
For his ready consent.

They rode off in delight,
And to Lowell did roam.
When the moon rose high
They started for home.

Did they think *we* would enjoy it?
How mistaken they were;
For I *never* heard such noises,
Never in my life before.

Did they call it singing?
I am very grateful then
That our dear old "P. D."
Heard not the awful din.

We were quietly sleeping,
  In our beds so warm,
Without thought of care or sorrow,
  Or of any boys' alarm.

Suddenly starting from my slumbers,
  Hearing something loud and long,
"Cads!" I shouted without waiting;
  And indeed I was not wrong.

In the midst of their fine singing,
  The —— old sleigh gave way;
The boys were all "left" in the snow,
  Like needles in the hay.

After hours (?) of great trouble,
  After hours (?) of delay,
They were found and put together
  In a most "æsthetic way."

When the sun began to rise,
  Showing that soon cometh day,
They had taken their sleigh, "like the Arabs,
  And as silently stolen away."

Who was in that brilliant company,
  Who they were I cannot say,
But I hope the next time they go sleighing,
  From our grounds they'll keep away.

FEM. SEM., Feb. 9, 1882.

THE SHAWSHEEN.

The ugly things in nature are hard to find, unless one looks at her through a taste distorted by a love of landscape gardening. When nicely rolled turf, gravelled walks and pebbled ponds become one's idea of out-door beauty, then I can understand his carelessness of rambling nature.

To mention the Shawsheen River, except in ridicule, is to depart from the rule and line of Andover conversation and opinion: yet I am going to be audacious enough in the face of this old orthodox decree of Andover's prim goodies, who need Switzerland's mountains and Grecian ruins to awaken the least spark of enthusiasm,— in spite of this decree, I am going to write in defence of the Shawsheen's beauty. I do not claim for it the majesty of the Mississippi nor the picturesqueness of the Rhine, but I do claim that in and about this little simple stream, flowing through a small portion of our New England hills and meadows, there are beauties enough of their quiet, simple kind to make one love its banks, and cause every student who has a seeking for nature's sights and sounds to remember long and pleasantly its waters and shores.

That same conventional mind that cherishes its rare flowers because they are garden flowers and imported, despising dandelions, golden rod and wild asters because they are weeds, is the one that fails to see any beauty about its own fields and woods. Be true in your love of nature, seek her for herself, for her intrinsic beauty, and do not be drawn into this false show of refinement, that loves nothing that they so scornfully call commonplace, or, as the French say, *connu*.

Flowing down to the Merrimac from the town of Lincoln, through quiet New England valleys and rugged New England hills, runs this little river. In no place, unless dammed, more than a few rods wide, yet nowhere throughout its length from the source to where it flows by the Andover mills, a distance of twenty miles or more, is it devoid of some simple beauty. After passing the mills, it becomes impure and turbid from the refuse that they empty into it.

I have many times stood on the bridge by the railroad and watched the river flowing beneath, swift and dark in the spring, or gentle and bright in the dryer summer. It runs with many an eddy and whirl down under the over-drooping willows, bends sharply to the left, and passing under the arching railroad culvert, turns again to the right. Then it winds with curve and turn through the low-lying meadow, while above and around stand the wood-fringed hills.

Looking up stream from the old bridge on some April day, when the spring freshets have swollen the little stream, we see the "Great Meadow" overflowed. The clouds and sky are reflected in the pools of water, dotting the dark-brown colors of the meadow grass and loam with bright touches. Looking directly up the river, the water comes down with a gurgle and swish as it rounds some rock or submerged tree-trunk. Birches and alders lean gracefully over the fast-flowing river, and their white and dark branches, strongly drawn on the gleaming sky, the greenish brown tints of the meadow tones, the still, dark depths of the quiet pools, and the bright glinting of the sun mirrored from their surface, unite with the smooth but strong-flowing stream, reflecting deep sienna tints from the bottom, to make a picture full of poetry and of pleasure.

As the river hurries along one can almost feel its anxiety to to reach the ocean, whence a few weeks ago it came. How apt a picture it is of our lives, when obeying their laws, as the river does gravitation, we go on with gladness like the water to that eternal sea, whence we set forth. As the river reaches its mouth, and with one on-pressing swell buries itself in the mighty deep, joyous even at losing its own separate being if it is taken into the being of its ocean; so, coming to the end of life, ought men to go, not amid sorrow, but surrounded by rejoicing, to their enfolding sea; not like the river to lose our peculiar identities, but to be always broadening, filling and making nobler the very distinctiveness in us, and yet never wishing to escape a oneness with the tide that surrounds us.

The Shawsheen. Drawn by J. Appleton Brown.

Walking along on the road between the river and Indian Ridge, one looks down from above on the river widened to a little lake by the dam below. Sheltered by the hills around, the water lies on summer days calm, quiet and shining. Across the lake are tall, dark trees growing even down to the water's edge, and the mirror-like surface reflects them with their thousand shimmering lights and deep broken shadows. Behind these trees Zion's Hill slopes upward green and bright, and over all hangs the blue arch of the sky. Sitting upon the ridge by the road, one can see the streaks and ripples on the water chase each other as the gusts of wind blow up through the valley. Now all is smooth and calm, and the surface is like glass; then in a moment the leaves and branches wave gently to the coming breeze which, skimming over the water's surface, breaks it into a thousand glittering sparkles as the lights and darks play in and out. If New England skies are less blue than Italy's, and our mountain peaks less dazzling white; if we lose that brightness and color that is seen in clearer atmospheres, yet we can afford to lose all that brightness of color when we gain so much of the truer harmony in neutral tints, and the quieter beauty of shade in our russets and greys. If others have grander cataracts, we have near us always the varying beauties of these water-ripples when the wind comes down between the hills.

We look upon Niagara and feel awed; we stand by the western canyons and feel our littleness; but walking through New England fields and by her simple little rivers, we gain from the sober, quiet, simple beauty a feeling of peace and repose, of strength to live and purpose to do. New England makes men natural, pure, whole-souled; and because in a great measure her out-door life is calming and has a tendency to turn one's thoughts inward, she rouses in them their noblest and best.

From such influences have come Emerson, Longfellow, Byrant, Whittier, Sumner and Wilson, men who have breathed in the life and spirit of our unpretending nature, and it has made them, like herself, calm, quiet, and great-hearted.

C. H. P.

THE FACULTY OF PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.

As a new feature of this term's MIRROR we offer to our readers as frontispiece a picture of the teachers in the Academy. We have thought it might be acceptable to all present and former members of the Academy to have in their possession their teachers in a group. We also give a few facts relating to them which will be of interest.

CECIL F. P. BANCROFT, PH. D., PRINCIPAL, on the Peter Smith Byers Memorial Foundation. Born Nov. 25, 1839, at New Ipswich, N.H. Fitted for college at the New Ipswich Appleton Academy, where he graduated in the class of '56. From there he went to Dartmouth College, where he graduated in '60. From '60 to '64 he taught in the Appleton Academy, Mt. Vernon, N.H. In 1867 he graduated from the Andover Theological Seminary. From '67 to '72 was spent in teaching at Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Then followed a year of study in Germany, at the University at Halle, after which he was called to Andover, and since has held the position of Principal of Phillips Academy.

EDWARD G. COY, M.A., Instructor in Greek, was born in Ithaca, N.Y., in 1844. He fitted for college at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, and graduated with the class of '64. He graduated from Yale in '69. After graduating he taught for a year at the Chickering Institute, Cincinnati, O.; from '71 to '72 at Williston Seminary; from '72 to '73 as tutor at Yale; and in the fall of '73 he came to Andover.

WILLIAM B. GRAVES, M.A., Instructor in the Natural Sciences, on the George Peabody Foundation, was born in West Fairlee, Vt., in 1834. Fitted for college at Groton, Mass., and graduated there in '58. At Amherst College he graduated with the class of '62, after which he remained in Amherst until '65 as Walker Instructor of Mathematics. From '66 to '70 he taught in Phillips, from '70 to '74 in Marietta College, O., from '74 to '81 he was Professor of Physics and Civil Engineering in the Mass. Agricultural College, Amherst. In the fall of '81 he came to Andover again.

MATTHEW S. MCCURDY, M.A., Instructor in Mathematics, was born at Dunbarton, N.H., in 1849. He graduated from the St. Johnsbury Academy in '69 and from Dartmouth in '73. In the fall of '73 he came to Andover.

DAVID Y. COMSTOCK, M.A., Instructor in Latin, on the John C. Phillips Foundation, was born in Danbury, Conn., in 1852. He graduated from the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, N.Y., in '69, and Amherst College '73. He taught from '73 to '74 in the High School, Lonsdale, R.I., and in '74 came to Phillips.

S. WILLARD CLARY, M.A., Instructor in Mathematics and Modern Languages, was born at Thetford, Vt., in 1855. Fitted for college at Phillips and graduated in '73. He graduated from Harvard in the class of '77, and came to Andover as teacher in '80.

GEORGE T. EATON, M.A., Instructor in Chemistry and Rhetoric, was born in Andover in 1856. Graduated from Phillips Academy in '73, Amherst College, '78. Taught from '78 to '80 in the Monson Academy, Monson, Mass., and in '80 came to Phillips.

LITERARY WORK IN OUR SCHOOLS.

More than at any previous time in the history of our age, society demands that her leaders shall be men of broad views and wide-reaching culture. The mere scholar, in the limited use of the term, or the bookworm, cannot satisfy the requirements of our time. Ability in some branch of literary work is becoming a most important qualification in the rising generation of scholars. Any one who doubts this statement need only look out upon the world and see who are the men to whom the eyes of the people are turned, and upon whom falls the work of influencing the masses, and his doubts will at once be satisfied that such is indeed the fact. In our Colleges and Academies of a high grade also, where it is the aim of those in charge and of those under instruction to do solid and lasting work, the influence of which shall be felt, and to keep abreast of the times, we find this same principle acknowledged. In such institutions literary work is regarded as almost an essential part of school discipline, although it may not be to any great extent incorporated into its course of study. The reasons for this are obvious. There is a certain kind of discipline in this branch of labor which tends to enlarge and strengthen the mind as nothing else will.

As a means when rightly employed of acquiring fluency and force in expression, and a manly command of one's self and one's words in the presence of others, nothing can take the place of a debating assembly. It is also true that for gaining the power, no less important than the foregoing, of committing one's thoughts in a pleasing, forcible style to paper, there is no way more certain than is afforded in the preparation for some of the parts which go to make up our literary societies. We would therefore urge upon any, who have as yet kept aloof from this kind of work, which is also a means of self-gratification, the desirability of taking hold of some branch of literary labor.

That it is possible for nearly every one so to do, in connection with his regular school work, seems to me to be easily proven. Of course there are cases in which class obligations will detain a person from joining a society or doing any outside work at the outset; as, for example, the man behind his class would be wronging instead of benefiting himself if he should slight his extra work in studies for outside labor. Such hinderances, however, do not last always, and most any one can find time by diligent application while over his studies, and by a judicious division of time not so spent, for more or less work in the lines of which we speak. There are few teachers who would indorse more than seven hours' active study outside of recitations a day. Now allowing three hours *per diem* for recitations, the whole time spent on the lessons would be ten hours out of the twenty-four. Of the fourteen remaining, not many persons will require more than twelve for sleep, exercise, etc. It is now evident that two hours a day are at the disposal of the person, and how shall they be spent is the question which should be carefully answered. Shall they be passed in aimless idling, more wearing than actual work, or shall they be devoted to a resting yet ennobling pursuit, such as is found in preparation for society work or that which is of kindred nature?

Time regularly applied to some such end as we have just mentioned, short though that time be, will in the aggregate amount to much, and if well employed will give a person powers of speaking and writing which he will find of constant practicability and usefulness through life.

It seems to us, therefore, a great mistake for any young man enjoying such opportunities as are offered in this line to go through Academy and College devoting himself *exclusively* to his lessons, falling behind the times as respects its literature, and failing to gain or to strengthen the most practical talents and powers one can possess. To be sure, the person who fails to appreciate this portion of our preparatory work, and who devotes his whole time to his studies, may come out of school with his brain packed with a knowledge of Mathematics and Greek roots; but when the real struggles of life burst over him, he will find himself lacking — we speak to those who will probably enter some of the professions — one of the most necessary qualifications for success.

The result of such a situation would be, that, instead of going straight on in his chosen profession with comparative ease and success, the person must spend valuable time, which he cannot then afford to spend, in the cultivation of the faculties which he failed to cultivate in earlier life. If only the time spent by so many fellows in reading worthless trash would be devoted to reading substantial and classic writings, and to the cultivation of their own literary powers, there would in time be laid a strong foundation for useful work. So, although faithful attention to our school course is first and foremost in importance, still it is a most short-sighted policy to act as if this is all a person needs to prepare him for active life. We must, therefore, to avoid this course of action, take broad views of life and its responsibilities, and fit ourselves for telling service; and this we can do only by taking advantage of all our opportunities, of which the benefits to be derived from work in some literary line are, as we have attempted to show, not by any means the least important.

H. F. P.

There is a boundless love, an all-careful care,
That watches man his griefs to share;
And when the heavy load with its grievous weight,
Bows down the head and opes the tears' flood-gate,
Gives strength and grace that finds no measure
In abundance poured from out God's treasure.

C. H. P.

ATHLETICS.

In the last number of the Mirror we find these touching words: "Died, in the fall of '81, the Phillips Academy Athletic Association. Cause, lack of attention." We are happy to say to our readers that this was a false alarm. The Association was not dead but dormant, waiting only for a chance and the right time to wake up again and go on its way. This came with the commencement of the winter term, and now the Association is all right again. In our estimation the cause of the seeming neglect is owing to the fact that our attention was occupied to such an extent in other directions that we had no time for any special work in this line. With the close of the foot-ball season, however, a new interest arose in general athletics, and during this whole term the Gym. has been the scene of faithful work on the part of not a few fellows, the results of which have made themselves visible in the Tournament which took place Wednesday, March 15th. The programme was very much after the usual run, our Gym. not affording facilities for some sports enjoyed elsewhere. One new feature, however, was fencing. We are glad to see this accomplishment make its appearance, and hope it will continue. The tug of war also is something that has not been practiced here for quite a while. The prizes this year consisted of cups in place of the usual medals. Our prospects for the coming spring are good. We have excellent material on hand for our nine. We are glad to say that the fellows this year have recognized the fact that training is worth everything in base-ball, as well as other things, and to this end have been working in the Gym.

Mr. Carter, who was chosen instructor at the commencement of the term, has done much in every way to raise the style of work done, and has helped especially the men practicing for the nine. As a matter of course, La Crosse, this term, has been laid aside, but we have noticed many of the fellows who play, at work getting up their wind and muscle already for the spring. We hear that La Crosse is becoming more and more liked, and during the coming season will take a prominent place in athletics among the different colleges and academies. We have an advantage over many, in already having some knowledge of the game itself, and likewise considerable practice. Let us be ready to meet any one this season, and, having met them, to come off victorious. Although the snow and weather have prevented tennis players from enjoying their sport out of doors, they have had a court marked out in the Academy Hall, and have kept their hand at it. We anticipate some fine playing this spring.

Before closing we would like to call the attention of our readers to a matter which has recently come to our notice. The inquiry was set on foot, why it would not be a good plan to get up tournaments between our own school and Exeter. They excel in many points and so do we, and the competition mi ht prove beneficial to the general athletic interests of both schools. As proof of the statement that we as a school excel in many points we would indicate the fact that our men are filling prominent positions in the various colleges in competing for the several teams, crews and the like. We can be proud of our school in the matter of athletics as well as everything else.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

Charles Hall Perry, '83,
William Gray Schauffler, '82, } Board of Editors.
Charles Sproull Thompson, '83,

The Philo Mirror, during its nearly thirty years' existence, has passed from the hands of many editorial boards to the public, and always has met a pleasant reception and a fair criticism. The present board ask no more for its Mirror than that. We have striven to make the issue worthy of Philo's character as a literary society with a high standard. We cannot neglect to compliment the last board of editors upon the great improvement they made in the Mirror's appearance.

Again old Philo draws near the close of a term's work. The attendance at the meetings has been particularly large, and the work done has had much merit; some of it has been much above the usual quality. There cannot be a man, however many societies he may have passed through in college and elsewhere, but what will look back with pleasure and pride at his having been a member of Philo, especially if he has done aught to make her standard higher and her work better.

On January 29th, at two o'clock in the afternoon, an alarm of fire was sounded, and the boys, turning out in full force, immediately ran for the engine. When they reached Love Lane they found that the fire was already out; so in order not to have all their work for nothing, it was decided to take the engine home by way of the Fem. Sem., probably with the idea in mind that the longest way round is the shortest way home. Most of the young ladies were at recitation, so that much of the effect of the varied costumes assumed for the occasion was lost. The engine was housed and everything over by recitation time. *No Cuts.*

Owing to the kindness of the Theologues several opportunities have been afforded to the "Cads" this term for hearing eminent speakers, among others Edward Everett Hale. His theme was charity. [Note.—The Fem. Sems. attended this lecture.] During the term there have been also lectures by Messrs. Seldon and Burdett on Church Music. Mr. Seldon has been spending the time since his graduation last Spring in studying up his subject in England and the Continent. He gave a brief history of church music from the earliest times, and gave practical illustrations by means of a quartette.

Before we leave the subject of the Seminary we would like to recall one little incident connected with the last election of officers for the "Porter Rhet." The gentleman who desired to be elected President made known before the election that in case he were elected he would treat the society to peanuts. What would the founders of that venerable society say were they to hear of such doings, and to learn that the bribe was powerful enough to elect him?

The day of prayer for Colleges was held on the 26th of January. The school attended chapel in the afternoon. Several gentlemen from the Seminary spoke, and after them Prof. Park and Rev. Dr. Tucker made addresses. The memorable feature of the meeting was Prof. Park's address. It is very seldom nowadays that any one has a chance to hear him speak in public, and all will remember this occasion with a great deal of pleasure. The Phillipian published an extra containing the address, to satisfy the demand of those who wished to preserve the speech. In the evening Mr. Wishard, the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., addressed the fellows in Society Hall, and aroused quite an interest in the work of the Society in the colleges of the country.

P.A. '83, with her accustomed enterprise, determined to have a class ride, although this was something unique for the Middle class to do. So Saturday, February 11th, was selected for the day, and as it chanced no better one could have been chosen. At three o'clock precisely the barges, containing thirty-three students, left the space in front of the Academy and rapidly passed down School Street towards the depot. After a ride of an hour and a half the two barges entered the outskirts of Lowell, the interval being passed very pleasantly in telling stories and cracking jokes. At four o'clock the party was "landed" before Nichols & Hutchins' restaurant, where supper was served at six. After supper came the toasts, which were particularly successful in bringing out the humorous side of all present. At half past nine the boys assembled in high spirits for the homeward ride, which was commenced with a hearty Phillips cheer and the accompanying noise of tin horns.

Andover was reached at half past eleven, and then, as the way was dark and dreary, the "cads" amused themselves by setting off Roman candles A slight mishap to the pole of the hinder barge just as it reached the foot of Zion's Hill was the only accident which marred the day, and all voted that they had such a jolly time that they did not think they could have a better one until next year.

There have been several musical treats this term. The first concert in the regular course at the Fem. Sem. was given by Mr. Authur Foote and Miss Gage. The same artists were here last spring, and gave pleasure to all who heard them. This time their selections were even better than before, and the singing especially was very enjoyable. The second concert came off February 11th, and was given by Prof. Carl Baerman of Munich, Germany. We cannot say anything in his praise that has not been said over and over again. He is one of the greatest living pianists. His reception here was flattering indeed. He gave a concert the day before at Bradford, and every one there wondered at his playing. His execution is perfectly marvellous and his expression true and impressive. To turn now from the sublime to the ridiculous. The "Zeta Quartette" from Dartmouth College sang here in January. They gave a collection of college songs and were well received by the fellows who constituted the greater part of the audience.

On account of the rumor that bobbing on School Street was going to be forbidden a school meeting was held January 25th, in which it was voted to send Messrs. Fullerton, Watson and Schauffler to confer with the town authorities on the subject. Mr. George L. Abbot, the first selectman, being found, said that if there were no cause for complaint the boys could coast all they wanted to.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, February 8th, the Middle English class took a ride to Lowell, probably being tempted by the good sleighing.

They left Andover at half past three, and after a pleasant drive of an hour and a half were safely landed in that city of spindles. Supper was served at six, after which toasts of various kinds were in order. The theatre, a ball-room and a charitable fair then attracted the boys, who thus enjoyed themselves until half past ten, when they started for Zion's Hill, arriving there at half past twelve. According to the teachers the class was not in a very bright condition the next day.

Mr. Coy has again started the Senior Literary Club with a good membership, and the fellows who have joined are taking hold of the work in earnest and will feel the benefit of it. Such literary work is just what is needed by most of our students, and those who have this advantage can congratulate themselves. The beneficial effects of this club were plainly visible in the excellent quality of the commencement essays for last year. The club meets for two hours every Saturday evening, the work being the delivery of prepared essays, select readings, and conversation on the evening's topics.

The editors of the MIRROR for this term offered prizes for essays and cuts. While no cuts were handed in we received quite a number of essays of excellent merit, showing that the prizes, and the honor of having one's essay chosen for publication in the MIRROR, was just the incentive needed to draw out latent talent, and thereby give a more varied character of style and thought to our contents. The present board strongly recommend a continuance of these prizes. Let them be established as regular competitions, and known as the "Mirror Prizes." The present board selected as their judges Prof. W. J. Tucker, D.D., Mr. Wm. W. Eaton and Rev. Herbert W. Lathe. They awarded the prizes as follows: first, to the essay on "Lord Beaconsfield," by H. G. Bruce; second, to the article entitled "William, Prince of Orange," by G. R. Carpenter. The third position was held by the essay entitled, "Literary Work in our Schools," by H. F. Perkins, which we also publish.

The Senior Classical Class had their class ride and supper the evening of the 28th of February. The supper was served at Haverhill, and was a very enjoyable affair. The toasts, after supper, will long be remembered by all present as affording perhaps the pleasantest time ever enjoyed while here at school, excepting, of course, the next few hours, which, at the kind invitation of Miss Johnson, were spent in the parlors of Bradford Academy. Miss Johnson, with several teachers and the young ladies of the two upper classes, received the class with Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Coy. On the way home the remark was made several times that it was a new and peculiar feature in school life for once to be treated by outsiders as gentlemen and not as a lot of heathen. All but three members of the class went.

The sixteenth annual speaking of selected declamations for the Draper Prizes took place on Monday evening, March 6th, before a larger audience than usually gathers to hear them. The programme was a particularly good one, and the quality of the whole speaking was better than usual. Flowers were bestowed on the speakers in great abundance, together with hearty applause. The prizes were awarded to William Morton Fullerton, Edward Johnson Phelps and Frank Ilsley Paradise.

Next comes the Means, and every fellow should take a subject, and go to work on it this vacation. No matter if you stand no chance of even hoping for a prize, no one can afford to lose the training in oratory, nor the chance to appear before an audience. The first benefits every one of us in speaking, in conversation and in reading, and the confidence gained by once addressing a large audience is shown ever afterward in a fellow's manner in private and public.

On March 9th the Andover Choral Union gave a concert in the Town Hall, assisted by fine soloists. The programme consisted of choruses, solos, quartettes by the singers, and solos by town talent upon the violin and piano. The fine quality of the concert surprised every one, considering for how short a time they have been organized. The "Inflammatus" from the "Stabat Mater," Soderman's "Peasant Wedding March," and Mendelssohn's "Farewell to the Forest" were among their selections. We shall await with expectation the announcement of another concert. The Choral Union is a success.

PERSONALS.

'26. Rev. Dr. J. F. Stearns, D. D., P. A. '26, one of the founders of "Philo," has resigned his pastorate in Newark, N.J., and his people give him a life annuity of $2500.

'47. Rev. J. G. Vose, D.D., P.A. '47, has been giving lectures on English Literature at the Fem. Sem. The lectures are selected from those given at Amherst where he was Professor of Rhetoric from 1859 to 1865.

'52. Prof. J. H. Gilmore, P.A. '52, of Rochester University has just published an "Intermediate Speaker," the second of a Series. His "Art of Expression" has been used in the Academy.

'54. W. T. Harris, LL.D., P.A. '54, read a paper before the Congregational ministers' meeting, February 13, on the Spiritual Significance of the Newspaper.

'58. A very good picture of Richard C. Morse, Secretary of the International Y.M.C.A., is in the January Harper.

'59. Newman Smyth, D.D., P.A. '59, of Quincy, Ill., has been elected Abbott Professor of Christian Theology in the Theological Seminary. He graduated from Bowdoin in '63, and from the Seminary in '67. He is author of several theological books which have been well received in this country and abroad, and recently declined the Professorship of Metaphysics in Bowdoin. He is the son of late Prof. William Smyth, D.D., a brother of Prof. E. C. Symth, and was named after Prof. Newman, a graduate of Phillips and son of Principal Newman.

'64. Prof. M. S. Phelps, P.A. '64, of Smith College, is back from a trip to Cuba in improved health.

'68. George E. Church, P.A. '68, is President of the Barnard club, a teachers' association in Providence.

'71. Walker Blaine, P.A. '71, is said to have declined his appointment as minister to Chili.

'76. George. M. Lovejoy, P.A. '76, is orator of the class of '82 Tufts College.

'78. Henry Fairbanks, P.A. '78, took the two hundred dollar Walker prize in Mathematics at Amherst.

Park Valentine, whose tragic death on the H. R. R. R. is familiar to all of us, was here in '75 and '76.

'81. L. M. Porter, P.S. '81, spent a short time here recently celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of his nativity.

'81. G. C. Woodruff, ("Thing") P.A. '81, Yale '85, is reported engaged to Miss Julia Sanford, Bradford Academy '81.

'81. H. L. Doggett, P.A. '81, has been elected President of Gamma Nu at Yale.

'82. R. E. Smith, P.A. '82, has been obliged to leave school on account of his health. For two years he intends to work in a machine shop, then hopes to take up studying again at Lehigh University, Penn.

'83. F. E. Parkhurst, P.A. '83, left school the end of last term to go into business. He was one of the losers in the Haverhill fire.

Rev. Dr. C. A. Stoddard, one of the editors of the Observer, narrowly escaped the great fire in the Potter Building, New York, by creeping along the sign outside the building.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Vassar girls, (perhaps Fem Sems too), sing the Gloria to the words, —

As it was in the beginning,
Is now and ever shall be,
World without men,
Ah! me!! Ah!!! me!!!!

When you see a man reading a letter always look over his shoulder and read it too. A person always likes you to do that, as it shows that you take an interest in his affairs; and as soon as he has hunted up a club that he can depend on, he will reward you liberally.

Boarding house brilliancy: —

"Sweets to the sweet," said the funny Cad as he handed the young lady a bouquet. "Beets to the beat," returned the girl as she passed him a plate of vegetables.

A man named George Wood has been sentenced by a Philadelphia court to one year in prison for "embracery." As the public is liable to be misled by the sound, we will say that embracery is an attempt to influence a jury or court improperly. We looked the word up in the dictionary.

Among the gifts of a newly married couple, there was a broom sent to the lady with this message: —

This trifling gift accept from me;
Its use I would commend —
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end.

Dat class of men who am allus shootin' off de mouf am no wus dan de class who sot an' sot an' look as wise as owls, but hev nuffin' to say. De one talks bekase he doan' know how to keep still. De odder keeps still bekase he doan' know nuffin' to say. What I sarch fur am de happy middle ground. Dat is, fur a man who knows when to talk an' when to keep his head shet; when I find him I hitch right to him wid chain an' padlock.

"Never wipe your fingers on the table cloth, nor clean them in your mouth," — use the carpet; it won't show.

"So you have married old Fennyfeathers' eldest?" said a friend. "Yes," said the young hopeful, "I have." "Good match?" asked the friend. "I guess so," sighed the bridegroom, wearily, "heaps of brimstone to it."

The origin of the school of æsthetics is mentioned in the Bible where it is written that Balaam smote his ass, and made him to utter.

"Is snow warming?" asks one Cad of another. "Egad: Yes: you get a good snow ball tucked into your ear and you'll think that it is on fire for the next two hours."

"Pa, why do they call them high schools?" "Because we pay so much for them."

A member of our faculty is said to have found out a new fact in history, namely, that Alexander the Great was the son of Darius. Don't believe everything you hear, you poor innocents of '84.

A philosopher says, "You require in marriage precisely the same quality that you would in eating sausage — absolute confidence."

If a man replies to you with a grunt, put him down as a lower order of animal, accidently mounted on his hind-legs.

A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy.

"Not a spark of romance in him." A young lady who had been married a little over a year, wrote to her matter-of-fact old father, saying: "We have the dearest little cottage in the world, ornamented with the most charming little creepers you ever saw." The old man read the letter and exclaimed: "Twins, by thunder!"

A man in Pawtucket made application for insurance on a building situated in a village where there was no fire engine. He was asked, "What are the means in your village for extinguishing fires?" "Well, it rains sometimes," he replied.

A western belle, attending a theatre, complained in one of the scenes that the light was too dim to show the acting properly. "Won't you try this glass?" asked her escort, handing her his opera glass. Hastily covering the suspicious looking object with her handkerchief, she placed it to her lips, took a long pull, and then handed it back in great disgust, saying: "Why, there ain't a drop in it."

A Yankee who had never paid more than twenty-five cents to see an exhibition, went to a New York theatre one night to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him seventy-five cents for a ticket. Passing the pasteboard back he quietly remarked: "Keep it, mister; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he walked.

A little fellow being told by a young man to get off his knee, that he was too heavy to hold in that way, made quite a sensation among the persons present, by yelling back, "Too heavy, hey? Sister Sal weighs a hundred pounds more than I, and you held her on your knee for four hours last night."

At a dinner given recently in New York, an orator paid this compliment to the early settlers and their descendants: "The Dutchmen, when they landed in New York, did not, like those who landed on Plymouth Rock, wrest the soil from the hands of its owners. They paid twenty-four dollars for Manhattan Island, like honest men, and then played pitch-penny on the Battery with the Indians and won it back. These principles have been handed down to us."

"Captain," said a cheeky youth, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine that compass too closely?" And the stern mariner promptly replied, "No, sir; brass has no effect whatever."

HER ANNOUNCEMENT.

Well, Kate, my pilgrimage through life
With Arthur has begun;
In short, no doubt you'll be surprised,
To learn that we are one. LOU.

My own and Harry Blount's regards
To-self and Arthur, Lou;
And, darling, while you 2 are 1,
Believe me, we're 1—2. KATE.

When two gushing young women make a great display of bidding each other good-by, it may be called "Much adieu about nothing."

The man who bought his son a boy's chest of tools at Christmas has a fine assortment of three-legged chairs in his house by this time.

"If I thought I was going to become gray, I know I should die!" said Miss Springle. When she turned gray, she did dye, sure enough.

"Laura, my dear," said an anxious mother to her daughter, "don't let the young gentlemen who come to call sit so close to you." "Why, mamma," she replied, "Charles and I always have one chair between us."

"See here," said a fault-finding husband, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know where everything is kept." "With all my heart," she sweetly answered, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love; I should dearly like to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual.

A ROMANCE.

A winter night,
A pretty face,
A dress of marvelous construction,
A white cravat,
A black dress suit,
A friend who makes the introduction.

A parting late,
A winning smile,
"I hope that you will come and see me;"
A faded flower,
Held in his hand,
Which makes him look extremely dreary.

A summer camp
Of birch bark white,
Pitched on a lofty, lovely mountain;
They took long walks,
They read long books
Together by the springlet's fountain.

At home again,
But tell me, fates,
What makes our hero look so wilted?
The truth is sad,
And hard to tell,
He's wooed the maid and has been jilted.—*Ex.*

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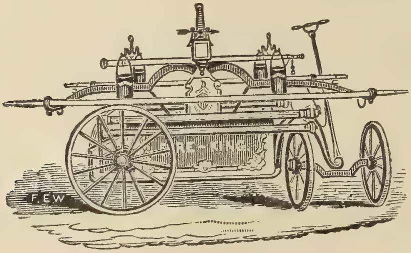

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THE
PHILO. MIRROR

SPRING TERM 1882

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THE MIRROR.

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ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF LONGFELLOW.

O thou great poet of our land!
  Blest was the hour and blest the time,
When thou didst pour from out thy hand
  The treasures of thy heart sublime.

Blest was the day that gave thee birth,
  Inspiring light, thy country's pride,
To brighten every household hearth,
  Of prince or peasant, far and wide.

God gave us in thy noble soul
  A boon of truth and purity,
To chide the false, the weak console,
  And teach to all men charity.

Though now in ashes lies thy frame,
  And thou art gone, I know not where,
Thy country's heart enshrines thy fame,
  And, though thou 'rt gone, thy power is here.

C.

ÆSTHETICISM.

In defending modern Æstheticism, we do not defend individual men. That excess in anything is unwise and may be dangerous, is a principle so trite that it needs no demonstration. It is true then of Æstheticism, that, when carried to an extreme, it ceases to become longer worthy of respect. In dealing with it we must cast aside the public ridicule of its extremes, and seek after "animated moderation." When viewed in this light, it becomes clear that Æstheticism abused is an evil; but Æstheticism used with moderation has a refining tendency in its influence on mind and manners.

During the fall of 1881, the Boston Museum presented on its boards, as the prevailing attraction of the season, the play entitled "Patience." The costumes of the play were very tasteful, the surroundings of the stage almost faultless; the music needed no other recommendation than the composer's name, and the parts were well sustained. It drew immense crowds. The man who had failed to see "Patience" was behind the times. The principle underlying all this furore was wrong from beginning to end. It gave to the popular mind the impression that Æstheticism possessed but one side, and that the ridiculous. It was a false representation of that which should hold the dignity of a science. It taught society to laugh at as absurd that which great and sincere minds have cultivated. By the most glaring extremes, it gave men the impression that an æsthete must ignore all sensible idea, and personify his highest ideal by a broken piece of crockery or a faded sunflower, which he must "live up to." The authors of Patience are not to blame for making their living, but they are culpable when they deliberately destroy a whole department of mental culture, which social circles could recognize without harm. The popular mind, although refined and cultured mayhap, is woefully inconsistent. It sneers at the little country girl with her colors that clash so harshly, and it meets one extreme. It goes to the theatre and laughs over its favorite play, and it meets the other extreme, and never so much as casts a glance at the golden mean in which truth lies.

Æstheticism is only the critic's name for the science of the beautiful. To prove that it contains much of that which may be of real advantage in living, we need only appreciate two traits, which American society lacks to-day. One is a keen sense of the harmony of colors. We must have something to tell us that it is not in good taste to place in the same room colors which swear at each other. Our young men must be taught that a costume of sharp blue and bright green produce upon the observer hardly the acme of enjoyment. Our young women must learn in some way that a pink bonnet with magenta strings will not captivate the highest style of manhood. Our housewives must find out that they cannot cover their walls and floors with every variety of shade and color, and make their homes attractive. And yet the belief which society ridicules is the only antidote in existence for the defect which it deprecates. The truth is, that if we laughed less and thought more, Æstheticism would lose its absurdity.

The other trait which American character needs is a keener appreciation of natural beauty. An illustration here will not be out of place. Among the islands off the coast of Maine is one which is noted among all who know it for the magnificence of its scenery. There is a spot on this island where one seems almost in another world. One stands on a narrow ledge. A mountain on either side lifts up a head crowned by a coronet of bare rock. From one's feet stretches an almost perpendicular crag of two hundred odd feet. At the foot of this cliff ripples a lake of perhaps two thousand feet square. It is a place where one might stand and feel that all discussion of Atheism or Agnosticism were folly; yet the only remark which that scene provoked from a young lady who was a leader in social circles was, "I wonder if a steam fire-engine could throw water up to the top of this cliff?" There was an extreme which needed Æstheticism to balance it. It illustrates well one of the great imperfections even of social circles who call themselves cultivated.

It suggests the question, which of the two extremes is the more harmful? May it not be that in mockery of æsthetic culture, we carry ourselves to an extreme quite as bad as the thing we mock? That which we ridicule is at very worst a harmless sort of dissipation; but the defect which we tolerate is a positive degeneracy in mental culture. He who laughs at the whole realm of beauty has one of the distinctive traits of a savage.

But Æsthetics have a more profound and far-reaching value. It is that of combating the realistic and agnostic tendencies of the times. Anything is of some value which lifts men up to lofty ideals of truth. This the science of the beautiful does. When a man treats it as Mr. Wilde has seen fit to do, he degrades it below itself. When a man accepts it as John Ruskin did, he makes it a factor of permanent value in character and life. It is shown *then* that it can be real and tangible and true. It is *then* an auxiliary to high thinking. A great deal is gained for a man who believes nothing, if he only learns to look up to a world of beautiful conceptions above him. When society sneers at such a world, society is wrong and John Ruskin was right.

E. J. P.

"TIME STRIKES THE HOUR FOR THE BRAVE AND TRUE."

When in the history of the world a crisis, a threatened rebellion; or attempted revolution, or a mighty change for good or ill in the affairs of a people occurs, then men must and do have leaders, whose names and lives, if truly great, are remembered and dearly cherished by the generations that follow them. Their figures tower eminently above their less distinguished associates; their brave deeds or patriotic sentiments, "pregnant with celestial fire," endure forever in song and story, or in the grateful recollections of a liberty-loving race. Men may live day by day, year by year, perhaps die, and nothing occur to awaken their latent force; but it is not always thus, for if their country, hard pressed by "foes within and foes without," call, if a "nation's life's in danger," or tyranny rouse the dormant fire and inspire them with patriotic zeal, then men come forward to meet the emergency, and names which would have been soon forgotten are rendered immortal.

> "Great men are few, but when
> The world demands great men,
> Either with sword or pen,
> It does not lack them."

It is said that devotion to one's country is the true criterion of heroism. If so, they are bravest and truest whom the world delights to honor for their patriotic achievements or their brave resistance to oppression, — "Men who their duty know, and knowing dare maintain."

It is twenty-three centuries ago. A huge fleet with an immense force of soldiers aboard is sailing up a little bay, on the eastern coast of Attica. They land and arrange themselves on shore. A council of war of the eleven generals of the Athenians is summoned, for Athens, the leading city of Greece, lies just beyond that western hill, and this Persian fleet is here to take Athens; for with her fall, Greece lies at their feet. Miltiades, general of the Athenians, foresees this, and that delay on their part is destruction to Greece; that to attack the Persian where he is, is their only hope of safety. All the generals in that council, so momentous in its results, have voted — five for the attack, five against. One officer alone remained, Callimachus, the war ruler. "On his vote, in all human probability, the destiny of all the nations of the world depended." Miltiades turned to him, and thus spoke: "It now rests with you, Callimachus, either to enslave Athens, or, by assuring her freedom, to win yourself an immortality of fame. For never since the Athenians were a people were they in such danger as at this moment." The vote of the brave war ruler was gained: under the leadership of Miltiades the attack was made upon the Persian horde, ten times their number, and the liberty of Europe was staked against the ambition of Persia,— with how glorious a result!

What chance and scope for eloquence do the world's crises afford. How the patriotic words of Demosthenes have rung down the ages, defying with that burning eloquence the gold and spear of Macedon! With what power can the patriot appeal to the heroic side of man's nature in such an hour! Sympathizing with the great beating heart of a nation, kindling with a strange fire, counselling his hearers to strive for or to hold fast to their independence, to fight for their firesides and their homes, to resist the tyranny of the oppressor, — "These are the springs of action to which he appeals; these are the chords his fingers sweep and from which he draws out the troubled music, solemn as death, serene as the undying confidence of patriotism to which he would have the battalions of the people march."

The scene shifts. We are now at the middle of the fifteenth century, in the sunny land of France, but not the France of peace and plenty; for war, and that too the bitterest, has exhausted her resources and drenched the land in blood. The affairs of the Dauphin are at the lowest ebb, and the town of

Orleans alone holds out against the victorious English arms. Just at the critical period, a heroine, as noble as any whom history has produced, appears upon the scene, and she but a poor shepherd girl from a remote village of Lorraine. Orleans has already been driven by famine to offers of capitulation, when Joan of Arc comes to the French court. Accepting her offer of aid, although incredulous as to her mission, she is given the command of a small army. Mounted upon a white war-horse, clad in glittering armor, with the great white banner studded with fleur-de-lis waving over her head, Joan rides on before her troops to the walls of Orleans. Here inspiring her own soldiers and the French within the town with new courage, but the besiegers with superstitious fear, she enters in triumph. The garrison, animated by her dauntless bearing, sallies forth upon the enemy, and fighting gallantly, as never peasant girl fought before, she defeats the English in every engagement. By her efforts the Dauphin is crowned king at Rhiems, and her mission of delivering France is effected.

But is this, are these, the only forms of heroism which we should regard? Is not martyrdom for religion as noble as these? Did not the times as truly demand the great leaders of the Reformation,— Luther in Germany, Huss in Bohemia, Wickliffe and Tyndall in England,— as they did our military heroes? When with the world bigoted, illiberal, and liberty of thought and speech bound by the mighty chains of Rome, these men came to the front and gave up all, should they, true heroes, who aroused a dormant world, be ever forgotten? Shall we not crown their names and revere their memories as much as those of others?

Are Xerxes and Alexander braver, nobler than Leonidas and Demosthenes? We may admire the ability, the fortitude of a Cæsar, an Augustus, or a Napoleon,—

> "Each with gigantic stride
> Trampling on all the mightier works of peace
> To make his greatness greater, and inscribe
> His name in blood;"

but how much more shall we reverence, yea, love, the names and deeds of the old Grecian heroes, of Roman patriots, of Tell in Switzerland, of William the Silent in Holland, and the brave defense of Leyden with its dikes broken loose upon the Spanish camp. What Scotchman is not proud to own the country of Wallace and Bruce as his home?

What Englishman does not associate with his native land the names of Hampden and Pym; the defeat of the Spanish armada, when the liberties of Britain were in peril and gallant Drake sent the haughty Spaniard broken and shattered home again; Nelson at Trafalgar, when Napoleon dreamed to conquer England, when the two opposing fleets met off the Cape, and Nelson gave his famous signal, "England expects every man to do his duty;" of the Iron Duke, under whose command the career of the world-conqueror was checked.

What Irishman of intelligence but worships the names of Grattan and O'Connell, each of whom so eloquently plead for oppressed Ireland?

And are not we, Americans, proud to link the names of Washington and his noble fellow-generals, more able statesmen than any nation's record can show, with the very life and fame of our country? Will not the name of our martyred president, Lincoln, called at the time of our greatest peril, be ever associated with the preservation of what our heroic ancestors so dearly bought? These are the names that will endure longer than the republic which the one, with his gallant and true co-workers, founded, and which the other, by means of our hero soldiery, has preserved to us. Both are as truly heroes, as those of ancient Greece or Rome, who, when "time struck the hour for the brave and true," were not found wanting. A. E. C.

TWO SONNETS OF LIFE.

I.

To lie serene within Thy care, and feel
Thy spirit breathing quiet o'er my soul;
In conscious peace to know thy perfect whole
Inwraps me too, that neither pain nor weal
My calmness could perturb, oh, this would heal
My fear. The deep sea-streams from pole to pole,
Though raging storms the surface billows roll,
By steady course a mighty power reveal
That naught disturbs or frets. 'Tis thus I crave
My life shall go, with ebb and flow, to Thee,
My God. Upon my life Thy quiet palm
Brings rest and peace, and brightly crowns the grave
With gladness. Life and death in harmony
Then meet and sweetly mingle. Make me calm.

II.

Be still my soul. As mute presaging lowers
The tempest ere it breaks to dash and rave
With all its pent-up force, the life God gave
In aspiration's lofty moods, no dowers
Of ease foretells; but from its throbbing powers
That will not rest, the murmurs rising wave
On wave, its right to conquer not to slave,
Assert. What seekest thou, my soul? the hours
Of earth are speeding, patience for a while,
And God and heaven shall ample scope afford
To reach those heights that dimly, like the race
Of mists across a stormy sea, come, smile,
Are gone. Life's drear monotone a perfect chord
Becomes, and hope fruition, by Thy grace.

C. H. P.

DARWIN.

When, a few weeks ago, the news of Darwin's death was flashed over the whole civilized world, all men mourned and lamented his loss. From the highest to the lowest, from men of every religious belief, from men of every occupation, came the acknowledgment of his greatness and regret at his death. "We never know the value of any person until he has passed away," has been said time and time again, and never has this truth been more clearly shown than in the present instance. No man, probably, ever had been more fiercely attacked and maligned than Darwin, and yet, when his life-work was ended, and he was called into the other world, his opponents acknowledged what a loss humanity had sustained.

Charles Darwin entered thoroughly, but quietly, upon his scientific work about half a century ago, and noiselessly went on with investigations on such subjects as seemed to him to best repay his labor. Various articles by him were favorably noticed, but his work on "The Origin of Species" produced an impression on the world greater than that of any book of this century. A storm of remonstrances, sneers, laughter and personal attacks assailed it; yet through it all Darwin kept on his way of working to prove and maintain his theories, and he answered opponents with uniform dignity and courtesy.

Cicero in his oration for Archias speaks of the advantages of natural talent combined with education. Darwin possessed both these qualifications for a scientific career, and also a third one — indomitable perseverance. Here was the secret of his success. He did not spend his time in forming theories, and leave the duty of finding the facts to others: he devoted his own time to careful observations of the natural world. After he had reached the height of his fame he maintained the same mode of life, and went quietly on observing the movements of plants and the habits of earth-worms, and thus he persevered to the end in his noble devotion to science.

Some time ago England mourned the loss of Beaconsfield, and yet now another great man has passed away. The one governed all England, yet he was selfish, ambitious for himself and unscrupulous in use of means. The other, although his life was passed quietly in his home, nevertheless governed and moved the minds of men, and he was unselfish, generous, and the soul of honor.

Beaconsfield wrote romances, brilliant, indeed, and sparkling, yet who will live a better life or be a more noble or a more unselfish person because he has written? Beaconsfield gathered around him a party. He trained young men in the art of insulting opponents by insinuations, and in the wiles of party warfare. Darwin, too, gathered around him young men, but he taught them to seek for knowledge, to respect truth, and to work for humanity.

When we look for men whose example we wish to imitate, we shall not find them among men who have ruled in power. Those men who have advanced humanity, who have bettered the relations of man to man, have rarely been the ones who have held offices of power, but rather those unassuming persons who have not worked for their own advancement. Conkling, Blaine, Tilden, great leaders of the great parties of this republic; Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson; what a contrast between the selfish rulers and the unselfish workers! Look at the life of a so-called "successful" man, and then look at the life of one who, like Darwin, worked for humanity; and can we hesitate to say which is the life well spent?

E. S. S.

PRECEDENT AS RELATED TO PROGRESS.

First Means Prize Essay.

BY EUGENE C. COULTER.

There is a French proverb which says that "Nothing is certain but uncertainty." Even though men and angels lay their heads together and sagely plan for the well-being and advancement of the race, the unforeseen may happen at every turn and interpose the unavoidable; so that a man is far less certain about the termination of his designs than about the uncertainty of their ultimatum. But between this extreme assertion of the proverb on the one hand, and an over-confident assurance on the other, there is a golden mean, and a right interpretation of precedent is the only key to progress. The generalization of precedents is experience; the fruit of experience is reason; and reason is the only lamp by which our feet are guided onward. Each day and all the wide page of history bear ample proof. Spread out before you the map of the world. Mark here and here the white lines of progress. Contrast Scotland with Ireland, both sprung from the same celtic race; France with Spain, both Latin nations; Germany with Russia; the United States with Mexico and the republics of South America, and the wide difference will be found in favor of the people that have most profited by their experience, and most improved on the crude customs of their ancestors. But events are often slow teachers, and the times in which they work are always dull to learn. It took Rome three hundred years to teach the world that a government that holds its people in subjection by armed garrisons in times of peace, and by military imposts in times of war, and does not rest upon the sympathies of its subjects, cannot long exist. The Inquisition and the Feudal System of the Middle Ages were indeed faithful monitors of the dangers of absolute power and petty despotism, Magna Charta was the death-knell of royal presumption, and the Reformation the Aurora of religious liberty; yet the truth was slow of discovery until some master mind had formulated the terrible precedents and disclosed the light of progress. Discoverers and reformers are beginning to be found out not so much men who evolve the light from out their own genius, as men who take their bearings from the starlights of knowledge and steer forth their cause, avoiding the shallows of their predecessors.

Civilization follows in the wake of fallen empires, ruined tembles, forgotten gods, and systems born but to perish in those smothering ages, because a master few have been able, through some transcendent gift, to crystallize the experience of the many and make their counsels heard in the halls of power. For a long time the dangers of party favoritism have been proclaimed as poisonous to American institutions. And a few short days ago the revengeful spirit of disappointed partyism laid low the highest and the noblest executive known to the Constitution. Little did it matter that Queen, and King, Kaiser, Lords and Commoners, and Sovereign People, came with one accord to sorrow for the mighty dead; little that the subjects of autocracy, the denizens of monarchies, the citizens of free republics, bowed alike beneath an universal calamity; little that the man they mourned was of no royal lineage, no princely blood, no ancestry ennobled with the titles that mortal rulers give; and little, I say, that he was a self-made man, of a mould not common to princes; for in mourning him his countrymen grieved over the accumulated political sins of their ancestors. The world-old lesson was repeated, and the wisdom of the nineteenth century, in this English-speaking nation, was not sufficient to purchase progress save at the ancient price.

Even reason and science, the strict reckoners, are never fully assured of the conclusions which their premises postulate until they have gone through with a process and by experience established the facts. Ideas and inventions are evolved, not out of nothingness, but anxious years of failure and the mistakes of our predecessors are the guide-boards to success. Each succeeding generation is moulded by the ideas of its antecedents, and what is called originality is for the most part only the use of another's experience to tide us over our own ignorance. The principle is patent. The beginning points the end. As experiments lead the way to discovery and success, so precedent is related to progress. Yet it will require a broader knowledge of human nature, and a better dealing with the misguided energy and wasted force in the world, before we shall be moored on the high seas of true and universal progress. For in that higher progress there shall be combined the wisdom of all the ages,—in a million precedents to found prosperity.

GARIBALDI.

Great leader of a people great and free,
  Restorer of the glorious days of old,
  O Garibaldi! warrior fierce and bold,
What shall the nations think or say of thee?
Thy name hath charms, from mountain peak to sea,
  Where'er the story of thy deeds is told,
  To rouse the sluggard and inflame the cold,
Tempestuous voice of new-born Italy!
Throughout thy country, like a clarion blast,
  It roused the slumbering spirit of the past:
  And trampled soldiers, on red battle sods,
Near their last silence, with their parting breath,
  Firm to the last, have uttered it for God's,
  In the pale presence of approaching death.

H. G. B.

IMAGINATION IN SCIENCE.

Second Means Prize Essay.

BY J. L. QUIMBY.

It was the year 212 before the Christian era. The combined forces of Rome, on land and sea, were gathered about the walls of Syracuse. Three years of fighting have passed, and still the city is not captured.

Within the city there sits a man by whose creative genius the mighty powers of Rome stand repulsed. His engines of war carry death and destruction to the enemy, and with his mirrors he calls the burning rays of the sun to consume their fleet. The same power, which has withstood the united forces of Rome, had led its possessor, Archimedes, to discover, in the simple act of bathing, a deep law of science, in the tracing of figures upon the sand, the relations between the sphere and the cylinder, and had led him to exclaim, "Had I a place to stand upon, I could move the earth."

What was this mighty power? We answer, the imagination. What is the imagination? It is the power to reunite and recombine known facts and principles into new forms and products. And the exercise of this recombining faculty must be at the basis of all discoveries and inventions. This was the magic wand with which Archimedes touched the forces of nature, and brought forth the engines which baffled his enemies. This was the prelude, the guide, to his as to all discoveries, and sense and reason developed from these recombinations facts and principles.

Let us now take a broader view, and trace the workings of this power among nations. Let us visit Greece, the home, Egypt, the cradle, and Assyria, the birth-place, of learning, art and science. In these lands there dwelt people in whom local and ancestral influences had developed that trait of mind which loved thought and repose, which led them from the practical to the speculative. It was the exercise of these powers, the reuniting and recombining of the known, which led these nations to discover the deep principles of mathematics, which produced men who dared to scale the starry vault of heaven, and "bind the bands of Orion;" men who dared to wrest from the hands of nature the keys which unlocked her vast store-houses of knowledge, and subdued her giant forces to execute the will of man.

Once more change the scene, and let us move down the sea of time. Mighty nations have risen and fallen, mighty men have lived and died, and the tide of knowledge has been flowing steadily on, growing mightier and mightier as the streams of discovery and invention have been added to its volume. But has imagination always been the guide? An eminent American philosopher answers: "Without an active imagination philosophic invention and discovery are impossible. To invent or discover is always to recombine." History answers that it was imagination which taught Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo and others, to explore the mysteries of the heavens, and set the earth, moon, and stars coursing through the realms of space. It was imagination which led Newton to the discovery of the laws which regulated these movements. It was the creative genius of Franklin that brought the lightning from the clouds; and of Morse that sent it speeding round the globe with the messages of man. It was the recombining power of Stephenson that bound the vapors of steam, and sent the iron-horse thundering across the continents. And as we turn the pages of history we find that it was imagination which engraved the names of the benefactors of science far up on the walls of fame.

Time rolls on! Man's thoughts expand and soar, ever seeking to penetrate the mysteries of the universe. Imagination must be the key to open the golden portals which lead to the harvest fields of science. And the soul who forsakes the common things of earth, and gives himself up to contemplation of the truths and principles of knowledge, following his faithful leader to the realms of science, ay, he who seeks, with unslacked thirst, to find out the hidden relations between the Spiritual and the Physical, may yet, in the dim future, raise the dark and cloudy vail which hangs between the Human and the Divine, and discover in the principles of faith the action of a scientific law, — the power of Mind over Matter.

WAITING.

Hearts that are restless,
Too weary to wait,
Naught is resistless.
The storm will abate,
If only with patience
We bide till the calm,
If only in silence
We fight for the palm.

O souls that are yearning
For respite from pain,
With bitter burning
To be free again,
Banish your dreariness.
Hear how the strength
Of silent waiting
Conquers at length.

Sparta's Helen in a far land
Was wasting away in tears.
E'en royal treasure to command,
All Troy's riches at her hand,
Availed not to calm her fears.

Heaven-born Helen, beautiful queen,
As months grew into years,
In broidered robes of glistening sheen
And golden diadem, I ween,
Wasted away in tears.

Paris, her lover, with all the grace
And bloom of youthful years,
Warrior prince of a daring race,
Godlike beauty in form and face,
Was powerless to stay her tears.

Often she stood by the Scaean gate,
Which was destined Troy's ruin to be,
Taunting herself with her bitter fate,
Ever watching from early till late
For galleys from over the sea.

Her lustrous eyes were dimmed with grief,
As the time was measured by years,
But beautiful yet beyond belief
In patient silence she waited relief,
And wasted away in tears.

Over the billows there came at last,
The tenth of the ten long years,
A thousand vessels hurrying fast,
Upon their decks an army vast,
And all for a woman's tears.

Dark-haired Helen
Homeward came;
Song and story
Dwell on her name.
It lives forever.
For the strength
Of silent waiting
Conquers at length.

G. R. C.

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM WENT TO SEA IN A BOWL.

Third Means Prize Essay.

BY W. M. FULLERTON.

THERE sometimes lurk in the Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose thoughts much too deep for the little people who read them. Perhaps none of them contains more of the essence of truth than this: —

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer."

This little burlesque epic is the teaching of some biographies, the summary of many human enterprises, and the story of a score of shattered nations. History affords conspicuous instances of putting to sea in bowls. From the earliest times to the present day, in public and in private life, great stakes have been put up ostentatiously, and have been ignominiously lost.

When we review the efforts which have been productive of great changes, it is surprising to note how many of them at first seemed hopeless. But, on the other hand, there are others that, like Minerva sprung full-armed from the head of Jove, although displaying at once an unanticipated energy, yet have wrought but briefly, and have had but an ignominious outcome.

It is now but forty-four years since there was born at Cahors, in the south of France, a Genoese-Jew, who a few short months ago seemed to hold in his hand the destinies of his country. I refer to Léon Gambetta, the popular idol of the French. Only ninety days since, the leading statesman in the new republic! now sent back to his editor's attic to reassume the role of the demagogue in opposition! Recently, the man at whose nod ministry after ministry was changed; now he stands the discarded leader, the mere critic of the government. The "Great Ministry" became a "great disappointment." It was, and is not. The people had cried: "Gambetta only can guide the state!" He heard the cry, believed it, acted upon it, and fell. They knew he would succeed. He knew it; felt sure that no one else could pilot the republic so wisely as he, and that his death would bring woe to France. In his self-confidence he omitted to take his soundings, and dashed on the shallows. But to a man who is accredited beforehand with the possession of talents which will command success, such a political *fiasco* uncovers the "ugly face of shame."

Let us cross now the English channel, and enter the mercantile metropolis of the world. Hurrying along Exchange Alley, hither and thither, is a strange concourse of statesmen and clergymen, churchmen and dissenters, whigs and tories, physicians, lawyers and tradesmen, even a multitude of women. Within dark halls on either side the street, the people, deluded by the report of boundless treasures in America, are buying stocks which sold for one hundred and twenty-six at Christmas, were three hundred and twenty-five in April, and finally reached in August one thousand per cent! But every bubble, sooner or later, must burst, and the "South Sea Scheme" was no exception. By and by the public awoke from its dream of golden treasures beyond the sea. For by the end of September the stock was down to one hundred and fifty. The "ballooning" of the stock exchange was all over, and the monetary fever had entirely subsided, but hundreds of families were involved in financial ruin. Thousands were reduced from comfort, and even luxury, to the very doors of starvation. Persons of every class had put to sea in a vessel which had started out with the pomp and display of assumed success. But the men at the helm had steered her upon the rocks, and she had been dashed in pieces.

Turn now, for a final example, to the history of Rome. The mighty fabric of her empire was the most majestic and the strongest of the colossal structures of the ancient world. It was grand in its conquests, noble in its laws, and glorious in its civilization. But the bowl has been weakening. It has lost its ancient strength. Pine has taken the place of oak. Effeminacy has been substituted for the old Roman manliness. Now, holding within its sides the whole known world, the Empire is everywhere filled with sedition and party strife. It is stained with the blood of its emperors. Therefore, although hitherto it has been propped up as it were by bars of iron, it trembles, totters, and, with one sudden crash, breaks apart in the middle, and forms the Empires of the East and the West. What more pitiable spectacle than this?

From such examples of national downfall, hollow enterprises, and individual misadventure, we may learn a valuable lesson. We must see to it beforehand that the vessel in which we embark our hopes is staunch and seaworthy: that our charts are correct and our compass true. Our voyage will then be well. If we will not take this precaution, we shall aimlessly float until we meet with disaster or go to wreck. The lack of genuine success in separate individuals, and in bodies of men, is due to weakness of character and the domination of the passions. Had Cæsar been less desirous of power he would not have fallen at the hands of Brutus. Had Cyrus felt less anger against his brother he would have taken the throne. Had Nicias been less superstitious the Sicilian armament would not have been destroyed, Athens would have been saved, and might have stood against Rome. Even now, when American capital can engage in an attempt to fasten upon the public domain of Peru a private mortgage of fabulous dimensions, and is able to gain for its scheme the co-operation of American statesmen, we continue to need the old time Puritan strength and steadiness of character. For it is still too true that,—

> "The jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels,
> And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each others heels."

ADDRESS AT THE FUNERAL OF PROF. GEORGE C. MERRILL.

It is very difficult to give expression to the sense of loss which comes upon us when a good man and a dear friend dies. We cannot at once realize it even to ourselves. It is impossible to set forth his life and character in such a way as to give to those who did not know him a clear and vivid impression either of his quality or his work. It is still more difficult to dwell, as affection prompts us to do, on the familiar facts and the mental traits, and keep the while that fair proportion of estimate and impression which the rounded life, the man himself, has made. But it is a grateful thing to review the work of a true man, to call up to mind the good he has done, the record he has made, and to read both for ourselves and for others some of the lessons of a pure and consecrated life. Many in this assembly have known Mr. Merrill only by good report, having never been his pupils, his neighbors, his correspondents, his friends. They, as well as those of us who have known him longest and best, will feel it quite in harmony with this occasion to follow him, in a brief rehearsal of his life, from the cradle to the grave.

Mr. Merrill was born in Montague, Mass., July 1, 1845, the third son of the parish minister of that fair village in the Connecticut Valley, and he enjoyed there all the advantages of country life and the nobler religious and intellectual life of an educated Christian family. He used to look back to his birthplace with much interest, and spoke with pleasure of the visits he paid to it, though he was but ten or twelve years old when he came with his father's family to the West Parish in Andover, a change which opened to him a wider horizon and surrounded him with more intense and inspiring influences. His home was not in the city, but it was near it. It was within sight of the spires and towers of these institutions. His two older brothers had fitted for college and gone to Amherst. Without debate, doubtless without ever raising the question, he followed the same course, graduating from the Punchard School in 1861, and entering Amherst College the autumn of the same year. His class in the Punchard School was a small one, but of high average scholarship, as Mr. Goldsmith informs me, and Mr. Merrill's standing was always of a high grade. He showed there the same qualities as a boy which characterized him as a man; of that class but one survives, and that one is here to-day and sharing our sorrow.

His career at Amherst was not eventful, but the four years were fruitful. In the same class were two other Andover boys, Asa George Abbott, who is laid in our chapel cemetery, and James Howard Eaton, who has also been called to service on high. The class of '65 contained several men who have since been distinguished as teachers. Among them were Prof. Eaton, of Beloit College, of whom I just spoke, Prof. Tyler, of Knox College, now of Smith College, Prof. Emerson, of Amherst College, Prof. Smith, of the Worcester Technical Institute, and Prof. Sawyer, of Williston Seminary. It would be easy to accumulate testimony from these and other classmates, and from his college professors, as to his college life. I received this morning a letter from one of the former, a successful pastor, who was brought into intimacy with him, and whose letter will say, better than I can, what kind of life he led, what influence he exerted. It is from a graduate of the Academy, the Rev. D. O. Mears, of Worcester, and as follows: —

"WORCESTER, MASS., April 20, 1882.

"DEAR SIR,— The announcement of the death of my classmate and friend, George Cooke Merrill, fills me with sorrow.

"For four years in college we sat side by side; and during a portion of the time we roomed near each other in the same hall of the old North College in Amherst. It was consequently my privilege to know him well; and they who best knew him loved him most.

"I remember Merrill as a *scholar*. He never tried to be brilliant in recitation, but he was always prepared. He studied because he loved to study. His was an honorable scholarship, treasuring up for the years to come what would assist him in his chosen profession. As a result, the good standing in his first year gave full promise of what should be even better in the other years. As a student he was painstaking in an eminent degree, especially in the smaller details of every lesson. The severe 'annuals,' as well as the daily recitations, found him just the same, neither nervous nor unprepared. No one of his pupils in these later years could ever accuse him of requiring from them what he had not well done himself.

" I recall him as a *man.* The methods of the man are usually indices of his character. This was eminently so of Mr. Merrill. In all the petty rivalries of college, and in all the sectional disputes, he showed no unfriendly hand. He was sensitive to everything that was humorous, and yet I believe at his graduation, no man could say that Merrill had ever said one word, or done one act, that should call for an acknowledgment. Ridicule was not his weapon. Contempt of the duller students, and jealousy toward the more brilliant, never sullied the purity of his mind. No student, to my knowledge, ever suffered because of him.

" I recall him as a *Christian.* He was never demonstrative as many have been. His religious hope was based on a principle, and off from that principle he never stepped. Others were more successful in urging upon the class attention to religious duties, but no sinister reflection was ever made against him, whose calm, unruffled life was itself a living speech.

" I have not written these words as a panegyric. He needs no eulogy. The beautiful, quiet life is emphasized in the oppressive stillness of death. He was never seen engaged in strife and his voice was never heard in the streets, yet none the less will he be missed by his college mates. 'Resolutions' can never be framed deep enough to express our affection, and even these lines seem only a paper flower dropped beside one whose memory is as fresh and fragrant as the living flowers of spring.

" I send these pages because I cannot possibly be present at the services to-morrow. My thoughts will be upon you all thus privileged to meet.

" Very Respectfully,

" D. O. MEARS."

During Mr. Merrill's senior year at Amherst the question of entering the Christian ministry was upon him. The traditions of the family, the unspoken expectations of himself and his friends, and the instincts of a pious heart prompted him in that direction; but after a careful consideration of his own fitnesses and a dutiful correspondence with the friends at home, he chose teaching as his profession, and we have no reason to think he ever regretted the choice.

In the fall of 1865 Mr. Eaton, for eighteen years in charge of the English Department in this Academy, suddenly died, and in the reorganization which followed, Mr. Merrill, after a brief experience elsewhere, was called to teach in the Academy. Here began a service exceeded in length by not more than six or seven of the teachers during the entire history of a school entering this day on its one hundred and fifth year. In 1867 I had temporary charge for a few months of one of the classes in the classical department, and in this way I used to meet Mr. Merrill at the Academy and at Dr. Taylor's house. He little thought he was to give to the school the ten best years of his life. We neither of us thought that ten years later we should be colleagues again. I recollect vividly the impression made on my mind by his prayers the weeks when it fell to him in course to conduct them. He was a mere youth then, not twenty-one when first appointed, and scores of the pupils were as old as he.

By his success here he won promotion, and in 1869 he became Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Washburn College in Kansas. It was then a new college, a struggling college, of the New England type. Its President was often absent, as was necessary, raising funds and creating the constituency of the new institution. Professor Merrill soon became the senior officer, and for large parts of the year was virtually the acting President. The responsibilities of administration were upon him, without the prestige of headship. But he was preparing himself by such difficult service for wider influence, he was growing, he was making his mark. Even his vacations were used to enhance his qualifications for his work.

He made collections for the great eastern museums from the rich fossil beds of Kansas and Nebraska. Science has attached his name to some of his discoveries. The flora of the whole region became familiar to him. He engaged in practical railroad construction that he might the better teach his classes in civil engineering. He explored mines, and climbed mountains. He acquainted himself with the processes of metallurgy. He studied storms and the phenomena of the sky. He collected apparatus, and sometimes he made it. In short, he was preparing himself for his later, as it proved, for his last labors here. It was at Topeka, too, that in 1873 his family life began. Two years after his marriage he was called back to Andover, this time to be at the head of the Department in which he had been an assistant before. Five years of vigorous work, followed by a year and a half of decline, and the end has come. Yet not the end. Let us rather say the beginning. The work accomplished abides, the work begun goes on. Others will take it up and carry it forward,— after a different method no doubt, but with a kindred purpose and toward the same great end. It is natural to think of the life thus cut off as incomplete, and death as premature. But the Roman poet, Martial, has taught us in one of his happy epigrams that the standard of our estimate is not *living*, but the *life*— "non est vivere sed vita." Mr. Merrill had this,— a life pure, strong, devout. Length of years was denied him, but not honor, usefulness, and a ripe Christian character. Tried by such standard, there is neither young nor old, early or late.

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be."

The brief outline I have given of Mr. Merrill's life shows how complete it was. It was written all over with the one word,—

Fidelity. Wherever he stood, there he worked with singular loyalty. From his school-days up he was prompt, punctual, regular. Self-indulgence, ease, comfort, pleasure, had no charm in comparison with duty. The thing to be done was done conscientiously and with his best skill and care. He neither delayed nor slighted his work. He never asked for less work, or fretted under the amount and kind of it. His evenness of temper was a great blessing to him and to his friends. It gave him poise and influence among men. His impatient words, if there were any, were in the interest and on the behalf of others, not of himself. One of the neighbors has said of him in homely but kindly phrase, "We always knew just where to find him." His whole manner, in school and out, showed him to be honest and genuine and sincere. He was learned without any affectation of learning. He was modest without being bashful or distrusting himself. He knew what he could do and what he could not do, and in his estimate of himself and others he was candid and just. His mind was active and observing and inquiring. He had no fondness for public speaking, no special fondness for affairs, yet he could speak effectively, and his own affairs were managed with great judgment and discretion. In all business matters he was the soul of honor. He was fond of teaching; had he been a preacher, he would have been fond of preaching, and would have been successful. The same honesty, the same industry, the same painstaking fidelity, would have made him successful in any other calling, if only it had inspired his respect and enthusiasm.

He joined the church in the West Parish at the end of his first term in college, and adorned his profession to the end. He was an earnest Christian, a beloved disciple. He said little about his states of mind and heart. But he was devout in his manner, reverent in his speech, Christ-like in his conduct. The first verse of Scripture I read this afternoon —"Blessed are the pure in heart," — was a good description of him, and might well be written as his epitaph.

This was in part the man we mourn, this in brief the story of his life. He was at his best at the hearth-stone, at his next best in the school-room. His sympathies went out, both in words and in kindly acts, toward all. Able, thoughtful, kindly, devout, faithful, pure, such was the man we loved and trusted, for whom at this time we give thanks, whose life we recall, whose present happiness we rejoice in, not dwelling much on his untimely death, nor on our grief, but saying with submissive heart, though with trembling voice, "Thy will, O God, be done."

PROFESSOR MERRILL.

The school has followed with painful interest the various stages in Prof. Merrill's sickness. When it was announced in the winter before the last that he must leave town, it was not supposed that the disease was so serious but that he would return to his post in the following September. And indeed, when reaching Colorado he improved at once, and after being there for some months seemed to have regained his usual health with the exception of the continuance of the cough. It was not considered safe for him, however, to return east, and he resigned his position as the head of the English department. Shortly after this he grew rapidly worse, and last December the doctors gave up all hope of saving his life and advised his return home. After reaching Andover he grew steadily weaker, and April 19th, after nine months of constant, uncomplaining suffering, he passed away.

The funeral, held in the chapel, was exceedingly impressive. The students forming an escort marched before the hearse to the chapel, and from the chapel to the cemetery. The pall bearers were the present faculty and Mr. Beach. The address, which held up before us that pure life which we had known, the deep, earnest prayer of Prof. Tucker, the singing, the sight of the mourning family, left an impression which the most careless could not throw off and which we shall not soon forget. Before the pulpit was a beautiful tablet of pinks and violets, the only floral tribute, the gift of two hundred students.

We reprint the school resolutions.

Since God in his providence has removed from us our late instructor, Prof. Geo. C. Merrill, we, the students of Phillips Academy, are moved to express our sense of public and personal loss in the following resolutions:

Resolved, That, although he has been taken away before reaching the prime of life, and while he was in the midst of his work, yet we bear testimony that his life has been a power in the Academy for all that is truest and best. As a ripe scholar, as a thorough teacher, as a Christian gentleman, he will long be remembered by the hundreds of young men who have been under his charge; whose minds he disciplined, whose energies he quickened, whose characters he strengthened.

Resolved, That, feeling the keen sense of our own loss, we express to the bereaved family our deep and earnest sympathy in this time of their affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family.

G. R. CARPENTER,
J. P. CRANEY, } *Committee.*
F. I. PARADISE,

ANDOVER, MASS., April 21, 1882.

THE CAMPUS.

All accounts of our Athletic system are more or less alike. Yet the present term has been marked by an unusual interest in sporting matters. The school can honestly congratulate itself upon its record.

Base Ball has rightly been the leading sport. The committee was appointed in the early part of the winter term. It comprised Messrs. Watson, Stewart and Parkhurst. Soon after, Harris was appointed in place of Parkhurst, resigned. Early in the spring practice began, and about the first of May the nine was chosen, with Stewart as captain. The first game was with Harvard '85. It was close and exciting, '85 finally coming out ahead by a score of 15 to 11. The following week Yale '85 met us on the campus. The game was one-sided. The nine seemed to get demoralized, and, although some excellent individual playing was exhibited, failed to work in unison. '85 took every chance and improved its opportunities. But eight innings were played. The score stood 12 to 4 in favor of Yale. The next game we won. It was with the Ætnas of North Andover. The contest was marked by the fine pitching and catching of the home team. The score was 11 to 8 in our favor. Our next enemies were a nine from town. The game showed marked improvement on the part of our nine. This game, too, resulted in our favor.

Of all the exciting games we have witnessed on our campus, in which the athletic skill of Phillips has been so often tested, none have been more full of intense interest than the base-ball game with Exeter of '82. The whole spring we had naturally looked forward to this game as the most important of the season. Beaten in the games with Harvard and Yale Freshmen, we held these defeats in light estimation and regarded them as truly practice matches preliminary to the final struggle with our old, friendly rival, P. E. A. In spite of unpropitious weather and, consequently, lack of practice for our boys, we still hoped on, waiting for the decisive day. At last it came, June 7th, and at noon the cars set down at our doors one hundred and fifty students from the rival academy. At 2.30 the game was called, and the hot contest opened, hot in every sense, both from the burning sun out of the clear sky above and from the excitement which pervaded the air below and ran like electricity through the crowd at every turn for good or ill. The pent-up enthusiasm of six months of studious idleness burst forth, and P-H-I-L-L-I-P-S and P-E-A, the cheers of the two schools, blended at many a fine play or grievous error.

The opening was marked by the splendid playing of the home nine, and the first four innings were perfectly faultless on our side, while the errors of our opponents only served to swell our useless exultation. Up to this point the score was four (4) to nothing (0) in our favor, and we thought victory almost in our grasp. But the fifth inning was a glad surprise to Exeter and a damper on the feelings of Phillips; for, with not a man out for Exeter, and with the bases full, the excitement became intense. Our men, with one or two exceptions, seemed dazed, or as we would say, badly "rattled," and, one after another, five scores were given to Exeter. Now it was six (6) to four (4) in their favor, and each side strove manfully for the mastery. But neither side after this gained any new advantage, and at the finish the score stood seven (7) to five (5). We had tried hard; our boys had exerted themselves to the utmost, but after all we were beaten. But though the nine was defeated, yet some of the finest playing we have ever seen was exhibited by some of our fellows. Several bold and splendid plays of Bremner, our catcher, especially won applause, and the fielding of Watson and Stewart was also of the highest type. We have not attempted to go into details here as a full account of the game has been given in the *Phillipian*, but we do hope that next year the laurel may be taken from Exeter and brought home where it naturally belongs. For out of the eight games we have played with Exeter in past years she has been victorious over us in but three.

The Athletic Association is flourishing. That defunct organization has been exhumed and new life put into its veins. Its tournament was held on Saturday, May 27th. The records made were not marvelous. The Association seems to rout out all its athletes on the day of the tournament, while before and after that event they remain in a lethargy. The officers of the association have labored under the disadvantage, both this term and last, of having nothing to work with. The organization has, however, been a marked success, and we hope will not degenerate in the future. The Tennis tournament comes too late for us to mention. It is a comparatively new departure, but it is a good one, and all lovers of field sport should hail it with cordiality. A word is fit here upon our school. It is acknowledged to be the finest preparatory school in the country, everywhere except in a little station about thirty miles above us, on the Boston & Maine Railroad. Our point is this — we did not mean to stab Exeter, but we meant to say that the school owes part of this reputation to the stand taken by its representatives in Athletics.

During the last few weeks a new interest has been awakened in La Crosse, occasioned by two match games played between our team and the Harvard second twelve. The disadvantages under which those who have interested themselves in the game have been working are so many that it has never had a fair showing. Being a new game it has been necessary to learn it little by little, with no outside help. As ours is the only school which has as yet taken it up, it has not been possible to have the enthusiasm which competition brings, and besides the grounds on which the game is played are miserably adapted for the purpose. It was not therefore expected that our team could offer any strong resistance to a twelve which plays daily with the finest college club in the country, nor were the fine points of the game and the interest it occasions known to the school. So the first match was a surprise. Our fellows played so well that the Harvards were able to gain only one goal in an hour's playing, the ball was kept near their goal most of the time, and by far the finest individual playing was done by our men, although we failed in playing together and in goal throwing. We certainly never knew before how well adapted the game is to take a place among our sports. To the spectator it is the most interesting and exciting game we play, excepting foot-ball, and it has fewer hitches than that game. Indeed, the excitement during the first match was such as to remind us of last fall. The skill and endurance required to play well make it one of the most healthful sports.

The second game, played May 31st, showed a very great improvement for both teams ; and although the score stood 4 goals to zero, the Harvard team were harder pressed than before. The ball was kept near their goal during most of the game, but the school fellows have not played enough to play-well together, or to mass their men around their goal. The Harvard men gave our team some very handsome compliments on this game.

When La Crosse was introduced into the school last fall, it was said that it would not interfere with the other school games. The trial which has been given to it abundantly proves the accuracy of the statement. It was said with equal truth that it would find a place for men on the Campus who could not play base-ball or foot-ball. The majority of the team are men who play no other game, and who find in this a source of healthful exercise and enjoyment, which has helped them in health, and which will give another pleasant remembrance to school days and school fellows. For this reason principally we welcome the game among our school sports, and when it comes before the school another year with new needs, we hope it will receive the cordial approval and support of the fellows.

"Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl."

EDITORS' REVIEW.

1st, Edward J. Phelps, P.A. '82,
2d, Allan E. Cross, P.A. '82,
3d, Edward S. Spalding, P.A. '84,
} Board of Editors.

It is perfectly natural that every man should feel inclined to offer any existing palliation of what is incomplete. In assuming the editorial cloak we intend to offer no apology for what is, but we do feel, that, if any one should be inclined to criticise the present Mirror, a word of excuse is in justice due to ourselves. About the middle of May the first editor was taken sick and remained in the house for two weeks. This necessitated that the greater part of the labor should fall upon the second and third editors. We feel, therefore, that the public should, in justice to us, remember the circumstances under which we have completed our work.

Assured that you will receive us as graciously, treat us as fairly, and censure us as deservedly, as you have in the past, we hold up this "Mirror" of school enterprise for your kind inspection.

One event which took place last term deserves mention here, although our esteemed contemporary, "The Phillipian," has alluded to it. The Mock Trial was a success from first to last. The large audience and numerous bursts of applause testified to its appreciation. The great author has said that "comparisons are odious." Disregarding the old quotation, we mention two of the participants, Miss Gypsy Walkupby and Mr. G. Washington Snowball. It would seem as if it would be worth the society's while to place some admittance fee upon its doors of entrance. The bills for this play were exceptionally large, and some fellows can ill afford such a tax as was necessary to defray expenses. The committee who had the matter in charge deserve great praise for their untiring efforts to perfect the Trial. We have heard the event criticised because it did not bring out the literary element of Philo. It is not designed to do that. The especial intent of the entertainment which comes at the end of this term is for just that purpose. In passing a criticism, remember the old adage, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

The "Phillipian" has been unusually successful this year; it netted something over one hundred and fifty dollars. The untiring care of the business manager is the cause of this large profit. The editors have shown by results that a less number of men on the paper reaches better ends than a greater. The editorial board for '82 and '83 will consist of the following men: Helliwell, Thompson, Van Valkenburgh, Osgood, Bruce, Babbitt. We hope that next year's record will not fall below this year's. Now that the sheet is established on a firm basis it should remain there.

At the risk of saying an untimely thing, we are going to mention the condition of affairs in the Theological Seminary. The developments are so well known that any word from us would be an old story. Amid all this trouble and misunderstanding, while doctors of divinity are at sword points, the old school which is so closely allied to the Seminary has kept the even tenor of its way, and one would not know from its course that a ripple of trouble or anxiety had passed through Andover. A pretty good record for any school, and especially so for a school of such a reputation as ours.

One of the minor events of the term has been the "Lawn Tennis Tournament." We go to press too early to give the results, but know that it will be a success. It is a move in the right direction, and an advance of the Athletic spirit of former years. The entries are well supported, and the management has provided two very fine English Racquets as prizes. The Athletic Association is to be congratulated on its able management and on the energy and business talent which has been displayed by its directors.

By the courtesy of Mr. Bancroft, our Principal, we print in this issue of the Mirror the address delivered by him at the funeral of our late instructor, Mr. Merrill. We do this, feeling sure that all will be glad to receive it as a memorial of him who was so much respected by us all. His death was the only real shadow across our school life during the term, and we desired, in common with you, to preserve in printed form those sad yet pleasant memories which our hearts will ever cherish.

The prominent feature of the first part of the term was the Means essay speaking. The essays were written for the most part in vacation, and were to be handed in before 10 o'clock Thursday evening, the last night of the holidays. One by one those papers in which were bound up the aspirations of many a youthful competitor were thrust through the door of No. 9. Two by two these embryo authors stroll homeward, half hoping, half knowing there was no use. A week passes, another flits away, and the fellows have almost forgotten their high hopes. But though delayed, the time finally comes for this dread suspense to be broken. For Friday morning, on the platform desk lay ten essays, and by their side sat our Principal addressing the school on the subject of books in general and Means prize essays in particular. All were silent. Some wished he would continue speaking as long as possible so as to cut short the next recitation hour; others, with a slight pallor on their cheeks, thought, "When will he stop? this is torture." These were the essayists. But finally he finished, and, taking from the pile of chosen essays the one which he first chanced, announced the *nom de plume* "Lucius Junius." Then followed nine others with their varied pseudonyms. A month later came the competition, a month of hard yet willing practice by the contestants under Prof. Churchill's able training. The speaking was a credit to all concerned, the hall as usual was crowded, flowers were numerous, and every one was satisfied. When all had spoken, the prizes were awarded: 1st, to Eugene C. Coulter, who had chosen from the subjects assigned, "Precedent as related to Progress." 2nd, Joseph L. Quimby, on "Imagination in Science." 3d, William M. Fullerton, "Three Wise Men of Gotham went to Sea in a Bowl." It was a happy coincidence that the *nom de plume* which our Principal first took from the pile of essays a month before, by merest chance, now received the first prize. Mr. Quimby showed us by his essay that hard study and high honor in class work are not incompatible with general reading outside our routine duty. Mr. Fullerton had taken the first prize on the Draper elocutionary contest in the winter. All three were of P. A. '82, and represented in the exhibition Ohio, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts.

"Let's talk about the weather." Such weather, indescribable! You have all passed through it. We need say no more, but only bring back to your painful recollections the cold and the rain with which this spring in Andover has been so "bountifully" distressed. But then this rain-cloud had its bright lining, for many a youth who otherwise would have spent his time in Tennis or Base-ball has been compelled to learn a lesson for sheer lack of something to do. Not that the boys don't come here to study, but then, you know, the spring term has generally so lovely weather that out-door life seems preferable many a day to "digging" in the graveyard of the past. Well, summer is really here at last, and we have laid aside our winter clothing, but even now a shudder sometimes creeps through us as before our fancy passes, ghost-like, the fitful shadows of Andover spring weather.

May 23d we passed one of the most enjoyable evenings of the term. For then occurred the annual readings of "Abbot," and happy were they who received invitations. We do not wish to disparage our own Draper speaking at all, but we really think there was more elocutionary talent exhibited by the young ladies at their readings than by the boys last winter. Seats were wanting long before the speaking commenced, and the little hall was entirely filled. But now comes the sad part of the tale, for we cannot pass over the faults even of Phillips boys if we would guard against like faults in the future. Phillips Academy ought to blush with shame at what there did happen. Oh, that those old chromos that hang upon these venerable walls had been there to avert this scandalous proceeding. "Oh, tempora," and all the rest of those heathenish sayings, what are we coming to! There in that consecrated hall was carried on the most public kind of—

what shall we call it! in the language of the poet, secret intercommunication by inaudible sounds, in plain Yankee prose, downright flirting. No prizes were awarded (not for the flirting) to the readers, but each went away conscious that she had eclipsed the rest. Yet though there was no public presentation, honor prizes were awarded by the feelings of all that audience. We will not attempt to name those who, in our estimation, were entitled to the highest honor, but will simply say, in the language of the last fifteen judges at the last fifteen Draper exhibitions, "They were all good. You all deserve prizes."

We have been more than usually favored this term in the opportunity of enjoying good music. There have been three piano recitals under the auspices of Mr. Downs, the first by Mme. Schiller, the second by Perabo, and the third by Prof. Baermann. All of them were well attended by the fellows, and fully appreciated. It is not often even in larger places than Andover that we get chances of having such distinguished artists. Prof. Baermann is so much pleased with the reception he has received in this country, that he will not return at present to Germany, but will make his home here. The Choral Union concert also deserves our attention as being the successful result of hard work. Every one seemed to enjoy the choruses, and Mr. Wulf Fries held the attention of the audience bound to the strings of his instrument during his entire performance. Miss Brown ought to be congratulated on her success in this her first appearance in public.

The Spring Athletic tournament came off May 27th on the campus. The day was perfect, and the sun, for the first time in several weeks, sent its rays to the damp world. The fine programme, interesting sports, and the efficient officers in the Athletic management, all united to make this an enjoyable occasion. To be sure, if in such a meeting remarkable skill was expected, this tournament fell far short of the desired end; but if, as we think, the purpose of the meeting was recreation and a general good time for every one, the object was certainly attained. The referee was Mr. McCurdy, who discharged his *onerous* duties very creditably. It is truly fortunate for

Phillips that all its instructors are interested in our school athletics. For at this period in educational progress, with advance in every branch of knowledge, the Base-ball bat, the La Crosse stick and the Tennis racquet lie side by side with the Greek, Latin and Scientific text-books. In the past there has been written on the walls of every educational institution, "Scire est Regere." But now beside this is engraved in clearer letters, "Sana mens in corpore sano."

The long-postponed entertainment of the Senior Class was held in the Town Hall on Thursday evening, June 1st, 1882. Rev. Mr. Spaulding, of Boston, delivered a lecture on Pompeii, accompanied by very fine stereopticon views. The audience was not large, and the entertainment cannot by any means be called a success; yet financially it just paid for itself. Prof. J. W. Churchill was expected to read all along, but late in the spring he found that unexpected and unforeseen engagements forbade him to give the necessary time to it. Nobody was to blame, but a series of unfortunate circumstances combined to reach an unfortunate result.

The Glee Club went to Bradford about the middle of May. They speak of a very kind reception, and had the weather been more propitious, they say that the chances are that the natural beauty of Bradford, combined with the historic associations of the place, would have detained them till Phœbus' rays had admonished them of morning prayers and Latin recitations.

The present Senior Class has taken a new departure. The statistics of the class have been prepared in pamphlet form by Messrs. Carpenter and Coulter, and will be complete in every particular but one. The faculty declined to announce the graduation appointments in time for the printer. Such action has been commented on very unfavorably. It seems hardly right that such a trivial request should be disregarded. The class appointments are as follows: Poet, Geo. W. Carpenter; Historian, John Hall; Prophet, William L. Swoope; Orator, Edw. J. Phelps. The class is in terror lest the Prophet should receive news from the Muses which may be embarrassing to the class at large.

The early part of the season was marked by the entrance of the nine upon the field of action. The following men have served to make up that all-important body: Morley, C.; Vinton, P.; Watson, S. S.; Stewart, 1st B.; Harris, 2d B.; Wilcox, 3d B.; Bremner, L. F.; Hickox, C. F.; Young, R. F. The success of the nine has been varied, and although it has been beaten in the majority of games, yet it is surprising that the school finds so little that is good to say about it. If ever a nine was excusable, this one is. Its first three games were played before it had practiced half a dozen times together. It is composed of good material, and whenever the weather would allow the men have practiced most faithfully. The weather, too, for out-door sports has been simply fiendish. Looking then upon the season as a whole, we find nothing but credit due to the nine and its management. It seems, too, that it is hardly policy for a school which pretends to support its representatives upon the campus to give so little in the way of encouragement to them. That our nine would do its best for the honor of the school went without saying. Why then dishearten, by blaming mistakes which must come upon every management?

We go to press so early that we are unable to chronicle some of the most important events which occur at the end of the term. The class of '82 will of course claim the most attention at this time, although '83 will have her hand in everything possible or probable. '82 has already undergone the strain of Greek and Latin prize contests, in which she has proved herself not inferior to her predecessors. The Fem. Sem. reception, with all its charming memories, perhaps something better than memories, is a thing of the past; campus fires, which often end in something more than smoke for the participants, are dying out; the public exhibition of the honorable society, which we so poorly represent, is at hand, and the opening portals of Graduation allow us to pass out to the broader life of the future. '82, dallying on the threshold of the old school, extends her hand to '83, assured that she will ever keep bright the honor of "Philo" and Phillips.

PLUNDER.

A student who had been expelled from Harvard announced it by telegraph to his father: "Fatted calf for one. Bob."

"Can I ask a few questions concerning Damascus steel?" is the way a correspondent begins his letter. Certainly, we don't care a Damascus anything you want.

Full many a carpet tack stands on its head,
  And waits a victim on the bedroom stairs;
Full many a man, on going up to bed,
  Steps on it, and forgets to say his prayers.

A little boy who had been used to receiving his older brother's old toys and clothes recently remarked, "Ma, will I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

A party of Princeton students will visit Texas next summer to study the flora of that state. The Chicago *Tribune* prophesies a bad season, consequently, for the cow-boys.

A WARM RECEPTION.

The joy of his heart was unbounded,
  And his step brisk and light;
He knew that his hopes were well grounded,
  He would see her to-night.
At the door she would meet him;
With kisses she'd greet him;
  The mere thought was delight.

The door opened quick to our hero
  In response to the bell,—
A kiss, an embrace—Cæsar! Nero!!
  'T was her father!!!—O-o-h—Well,
He sat down in the gutter,
Too utterly utter,
  With a terrible yell.

Count Zichy, the Hungarian pianist, has only one arm. Send him over here; let us make him the fashion: let it be the thing for pianists to cut off one arm. Then it will be an easy thing to break the other with a club, and the republic will be at peace.

"You never was hitched into harness with a balky mule, was ye?" said the farmer to a young man who had come to ask his daughter's hand. "No," responded the candidate, doubtfully. "Well, then, don't act jest as if ye was spilin' for a chance," was all the satisfaction he got.

OUR JOLLY YOUNG SMOKER.

Ten little cigarettes in a wrapper fine,
The young smoker samples them, and then there are nine.

Nine little cigarettes quickly, one by one,
Get their work in on the youth, then there are none.

Four bearded doctors sitting 'round the bed,
Each with a grave shake of his learned head.

Three big diseases waiting to distroy,
All bearing Latin names, as long as the boy.

Two undertakers, greediness in eye,
Bow low to the doctors as they pass 'em by.

One little funeral to the graveyard bore
One little smoker less, one angel more.

The moral to this we will here plainly give;
Don't smoke cigarettes if you want long to live.

A Florida Indian having bought a sewing machine and watched its workings carefully, kicked his wife out of doors with the remark, "Need squaw no more." A civilized white man feels more like kicking the sewing-machine agent out of doors.

"About how far is it, sir, to Squire Bigmun's?" asked a gentleman of a dubious looking individual. "Let's see, it's about three blocks and two saloons from here. Not much of a walk if you don't stop often." His information was based on his own knowledge.

FANNY'S FAN.

Let Fanny wave her fan,
And Fanny always can
(How well I know and rue it !)
Subdue the stoutest man
Whose eyes may see her do it !
No fan but Fanny's fan
Can do what Fanny's can
With heart of mortal man,
To capture and subdue it.

Let Fanny wave her fan
As Fanny only can,
(How well she loves to do it !)
And soon the coldest man
Succumbs in rapture to it !
No fan but Fanny's fan
Can do what Fanny's can
To charm the heart of man,
Enrapture and subdue it.

An East Lockport man, becoming estranged from his cat, moistened her in the canal, with a grindstone for a collar, introduced her to a white bulldog, ran her through a Blake stone-crusher three times, helped her the seventh time to fricasseed lead from his revolver, tied her to the railroad track until she threw off a palace car, and finally put her into a hollow log and burned the log. Of course the gentle reader will say she rang the door-bell next morning and brought in six white kittens. But she didn't.

A TENNIS IDYL.

A mass of brown and tangled hair,
Blue eyes that flash a gay defiance;
A glance that drives me to despair
To choose between my love and science.

What have "cuts" 'gainst fair distress,
And "downward drives" with sweetest smiles?
I lose my points with laugh and jest,
And yield my skill to beauty's wiles.

Alas I'm tangled in the "net;"
How can I play the Fates above?
I "serve" my hardest in the "set,"
But still my score stands only "love."

The game is lost fifteen to naught,
But what care I? 'Tis sweet to suffer.
Yet, though I won the prize I sought,
At tennis I'm adjudged a "duffer."

A motherly-looking woman carefully handed the stamp-clerk at the post-office a letter marked "in haste," and inquired if there was any extra charge for writing that on. "Oh, none at all." "How soon will the letter go out?" "In about forty minutes." "No sooner than that?" "Well, we might hire a special train and get it off in about twenty minutes." "Would it be too much trouble?" "Oh, none at all." She thought for a moment, turned the letter over three or four times, and finally said, "I guess I won't ask you to hire a special train, but if you will be kind enough to telegraph my sister that I have written her a letter to tell her that I can't come till Monday, and to be at the depot to meet me, and that mother did not go to Toledo after all, I should be ever so much obliged. Good morning."

FORFEITS.

They sent him around the circle fair,
To bow before the prettiest there.
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed;
Although — I can't say what it meant —
The little maid looked ill-content.

His task was then anew begun —
To kneel before the wittiest one.
Once more that little maid sought he,
And went him down upon his knee.
She bent her eyes upon the floor —
I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then — his sweet behest
To kiss the one he loved the best.
For all she frowned, for all she chid,
He kissed that little maid, he did.
And then — though why I can't decide —
The little maid looked satisfied.

"If the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer."

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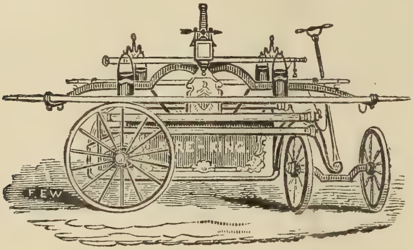

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THE PHILO. MIRROR

FALL TERM 1882

PUBLISHED BY THE
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PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.

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Vol. XXIX No. I

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PHILO MIRROR

DECEMBER 1882

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία

Andover
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
PHILLIPS ACADEMY

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COCHRANE & SAMPSON, PRINTERS,
30 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

THE MIRROR.

VOL. XXIX.—DECEMBER, 1882.—NO. 1.

THE SEA OF FAITH.

I STOOD by the sea, I remember,
In the summer that's passed away,
And the wind came fresh from the ocean,
As it leaped from the dancing spray.

Not a sail swept by before me,
No island rose up from the sea,
But the unbroken waste of waters
Seemed to reach to Infinity.

Yet I knew that an isle of beauty
'Mid the waters lay calm asleep,
Far beyond the distant horizon
Where the heavens reached down to the deep.

And a feeling of pain came o'er me,
As I thought of the happier years,
When the shores of life I wandered,
A stranger to doubts and to fears.

Then the thought of the Infinite Father
  With all grandeur filled my young life,
And the lofty, sublime conception
  Bore me upward above the world's strife.

Then the Sea of Faith before me
  Lay calm with unruffled breast,
And my soul looked over its waters
  To the glorified Isles of the Blest.

And a light from those homes of beauty
  Came bright, floating over the sea,
Illumining life with its radiance,
  And flooding its glory on me.

But there dawned a day of keen sorrow,
  When the Angel of Pain drew nigh,
With a train of clouds and darkness
  That covered the tranquil sky.

And the vision of glory soon faded
  From my tearful and sorrowing sight,
And the Sea of Faith was enshrouded
  With the gloom and the blackness of night.

C. T. S

WASHINGTON'S UNPOPULARITY.

ALMOST every President of the United States has been subjected during some part of his term of office to a greater or less degree of unpopularity. It was so with Lincoln, it was so with Grant, it was so with Hayes, it was so with Garfield; and Washington was no exception. With our high conception of Washington's character and services, it is hard for us to understand how at any time after the adoption of the Constitution he could have been regarded with anything but the greatest gratitude and veneration. Yet such was not the case. The whole of his second term was so embittered by partisan hostility and misrepresentation, that he once declared that he "had never repented but once the having slipped the moment of resigning his office, and that was every moment since," and that "he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation."

Early in Washington's second term of office, France declared war against Great Britain and Holland. Many considered the treaty made with the French King in 1778 as binding the American nation to assist the French Republic in its offensive as well as its defensive wars. Washington, however, by the unanimous advice of his cabinet decided to issue a Proclamation of Neutrality toward France and her opponents. This, as he had foreseen, roused a storm of unpopularity, and for the first time the President himself was attacked. He was accused of favoring England, of illegally taking upon himself the functions of Congress, and of violating on his own authority a solemn treaty with a friendly nation. Just at this point, the new French Minister, Genet, better known as Citizen Genet, arrived, and by his indiscretion involved the President in further complications. The government had been apprised by the Minister to France, Mr. Monroe, that Genet came provided with blank commissions for sending out privateers, and it soon appreciated the full meaning of this fact. For, on landing at Charleston, Mr. Genet, who had been received there with great enthusiasm, proceeded, before presenting his credentials, to commission privateers, and to man them with American citizens. More than a month after his landing, he went to Philadelphia, at that time the seat of government. He was received by President Washington with expressions of regard for France, and by the people of the city with banquets and the most extravagant compliments. At one of these banquets, given before the new minister had been officially recognized by the President, the company united in singing the Marseillaise, a number of French sailors were present and were received by the guests with the "fraternal embrace," and a red "cap of liberty" was placed on the head of Citizen Genet and afterwards on that of every one present.

The outcome of these demonstrations soon showed itself in the attacks upon the administration which were made by the more radical Republican papers, notably two in Philadelphia, in the most annoying manner, the Proclamation of Neutrality being supposed to show the partiality of the government for England. It is said, too, that crowds, composed of thousands of persons, thronged the streets of Philadelphia, threatening to drag the President from his house, and force him to resign or else declare for France. The results of Genet's conduct at Charleston now began to appear. A British vessel had been captured in American waters by a French frigate. The British minister complained of this violation of neutral rights, and the government ordered the restitution of the prize. Genet wrote a letter in lofty and rather indecorous language protesting against this, but met with a refusal to change the decision. He was further irritated by the arrest on board of one of his privateers of two American citizens commissioned by him, and their committal to jail. The Democratic Clubs, which had been formed under his auspices in imitation of the Jacobin Clubs of Paris, encouraged these proceedings and increased the hostility to the administration. These societies adopted all the absurdities of the Jacobin Clubs. For instance, the members were called Citizen instead of Mr., and their daughters were styled Citess.

The case of the "Little Sarah," a British vessel taken by a French privateer, and equipped at Philadelphia for privateering, showed still further Genet's purpose to violate the President's decision that privateers should not be sent from American ports. In spite of the direct order of the government, this vessel sailed. Washington's mortification was increased by the acquittal of Henfield, who had been arrested as one of Genet's sailors, and by the popular exultation at his acquittal. It was now determined that Genet's acts were too offensive to be endured, and that his recall should be asked for. The minister was informed of this decision, and replied in language no less insulting than that which he had employed in his former letters. A reaction of feeling now set in, and Genet's popularity was doomed when Chief Justice Jay, and Rufus King, senator from New York, publicly gave authority to a rumor that the French minister had expressed his intention to appeal from the executive to the people. This was too much for the American nation, and gradually the old feeling of confidence in Washington and affection for him returned. Indeed, Washington's whole course in the matter seems to have been marked by the greatest uprightness and political sagacity. The wisdom of the neutral policy cannot be doubted, and he sustained that policy with dignity and consistency. Not many months after these events, the prompt suppression of the rebellion against the excise laws in western Pennsylvania, commonly known as the "Whiskey Rebellion," added to the present good feeling toward the government by increasing the popular confidence in its strength.

The difficulties with Genet were brought to an end, but there soon came a new outbreak of the old disaffection toward the President. The cause, throughout, was the feeling of the Republican party, which favored France, that Washington and the Federalists disliked France and wanted to give England all possible privileges and advantages. Almost from the time of Washington's second inauguration, Great Britain had been preying upon our commerce, particularly upon our commerce with France, and had already begun to impress American seamen. At last these things became so offensive that it was evident something must be done. Duties discriminating against British products were proposed, as well as other measures, and it was feared that war was inevitable. President Washington now appointed John Jay as special envoy to England to negotiate a treaty. After some time Mr. Jay succeeded in getting a treaty which, although it was far from satisfactory, was yet the best obtainable. This was laid before the Senate, the provisions of the treaty being kept secret from the people. The Senate ratified it with the exception of one article, and it came back to the President for his signature. At this point a senator, in violation of his word, gave to one of the most bitter Republican newspapers a copy of the treaty for publication. As thus published, it was received with the utmost disapprobation. Meetings of citizens were held in all the large cities, which condemned the treaty as giving up all the privileges of American commerce, and called upon the President to withhold his signature. Washington nevertheless decided to sign the treaty. This brought out greater hostility toward him than had ever been shown before, even at the time of the Genet troubles. He was personally attacked in the public prints for keeping the treaty a secret; it was said that he had shown grave incompetence during the Revolution, that he had overdrawn his salary, and that it was owing to his criminal negligence that American prisoners remained confined in Algiers. He was called "the *step*-Father of his Country," "the hoary-headed Traitor;" and attacks upon him were made, to use his own words, "in terms so exaggerated and indecent as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket." Impeachment, assassination even, was threatened. The House of Representatives voted down an expression of confidence, and demanded the papers relating to Jay's treaty, a demand, however, which was refused. But Washington's second term was now drawing to a close, and, as it became known that he would retire from the public service, hostility cooled, and by the time of the publication of his "Farewell Address" he had nearly recovered that position in the hearts of his countrymen which he had held at the end of the war. There were of course a few, like young Andrew Jackson, who did not regret the President's retirement, but the country at large was thoroughly convinced that it was the greatest loss which the infant Republic had yet experienced. J. H. R.

SARGEANT SMITH PRENTISS, AND THE LESSON OF HIS LIFE.*

AMID the bright array of noted names that adorn the pages of American eloquence there are few that have equalled, fewer still that have surpassed, the subject of my present sketch. Born almost in poverty, compelled to rise by his own efforts, and dying just as he was entering the prime of life, he yet achieved such a brilliant and lasting success as won for him the title, "America's most eloquent orator."

Sargeant Smith Prentiss was born at Portland, Me., in 1808. He entered Bowdoin College in 1824, and was admitted to the bar of Mississippi in 1829.

His course at college was marked and brilliant; and his after development seems to have more than kept pace with his years, for it is but a short time before we find him at the head of his profession in his adopted State.

His first appearance before the Supreme Court of the United States was in 1833. He was then scarcely twenty-five years of age, very youthful looking, and almost a total stranger in Washington. In his pleadings, however, he manifested such a profound knowledge of the intricacies of law, together with such rare oratorical powers, as to call forth involuntary praise from that master-mind, Chief Justice Marshall.

The next few years of his life were spent, with the exception of a term in the State Legislature, in assiduous labors in his profession, until, in 1837, he was elected a Representative to Congress. His first speech before that body was a remarkable production. His seat was contested, and a day had been set apart for him to address the House in support of his claims. Time had dealt kindly with Mr. Prentiss; and now his commanding presence and majestic bearing lent an added charm to the musical cadence of his voice, and gave him perfect control over an audience. In this case, he had not spoken five minutes before the usual hum of conversation was hushed, and the whole House was under the spell of his eloquence. Five minutes more, and the news had spread throughout the capitol that a matchless orator was on his feet; corridors and lobbies were quickly deserted for the Hall of the House. The news reached the Senate, and one after another of the august Senators came crowding into the House. It penetrated the sacred precincts of the Supreme Court, and hangers-on, lawyers, even the justices in their robes, came hurrying into the House, until the House, its galleries and all its approaches were packed with a mighty multitude, listening with rapt attention to the burning eloquence of the speaker. And still he continued. His almost perfect voice, his copious, yet accurate diction, flowing in a style of chrystalline purity, and above all his statesmanlike treatment of the great principle of constitutional law involved, combined to thrill the immense assemblage as with an electric touch.

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* First Mirror Prize Essay.

Eloquence, however, could not overcome party feeling; and, the vote of the House being against him, it was not until 1839 that he finally took his seat. But he had no taste for congressional life; and after a brief, but unusually brilliant term, he returned to the practice of his profession. Unfortunately but few of his speeches have been preserved; yet we have ample evidence that he was a great statesman as well as a great orator; while in law not a few of his speeches are still regarded as masterpieces of forensic eloquence.

The story of his life now draws rapidly to a close. He was still a comparatively young man; but already his fame had spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, — and it seemed probable that his maturer years would be crowned with still greater and more lasting glories.

But over the brightness of the picture comes a dark shadow, scarcely visible at first, but finally blotting out all its beauty. Yes, during his term in Congress Mr. Prentiss first became accustomed to use liquor. He was popular, and a little wine now and then, to please his friends, would'nt hurt him; others used it, why should'nt he? He could stop if he found it was injuring him. Ah, how plausible, yet how delusive an argument, and how fatal in its results! Gradually, but surely, the terrible habit grew, until it mastered him, — a short time more and we find him a miserable drunkard. The mighty intellect, the iron will, the sparkling wit were blasted; and this truly great man, one of the finest orators America has ever produced, was cut off in the morning of his life by the demon, Rum.

D. W. PHELAN.

EVENING-TIDE.

THE sun has set. The soft and mellow light,
That fills the western sky before the night
Descends upon the earth, gleams faintly down
The far horizon's verge. And bare and brown
The leafless trees, with swaying branches high,
In clear relief stand out against the sky.
The domes and spires, that out above the trees
Lift up their lofty tops to meet the breeze,
Are darkly outlined on the purple west.
A single cloud, which yet the parting rays
Of far-flashed light from out the fiery blaze
Of day's bright sun can touch, with crimson glows,
And now its brightness wanes as on it goes;
The twilight fades in darkness cold and chill,
The gloomy night comes down, and earth is still.

K.

THE PRESENT AND OUR FUTURE WORK.

There is a certain class of people who are continually talking about the degeneracy of the times, and who declare that society is becoming corrupt. Possibly there is some truth in their statement. Perhaps the virtues of to-day are not equal to those of by-gone times. It may be that the bold spirit of independence which characterized the Puritans and impelled them to seek a foreign shore no longer exists with its old vigor, yet in many ways the present is greatly in advance of the past. Society has improved in that it has lost the quality of sternness and intolerance which prevailed in early New England life, and made possible that code known as the "Blue Laws of Connecticut." Now we enjoy perfect freedom of thought and speech and a free press, but this very freedom has opened the way for license. Free speech and free press often overstep the bounds which justice marks out. Bring to mind, as an illustration of this, any political campaign within the last few years, and both the partizan press and the campaign managers will be found to have made free use of slander and bitter personalities. From this and other causes politics has fallen into disrepute. Educated men and people of keen sensibility to ridicule and calumny have held themselves aloof from the political contests of the day. Life-long office-seekers from the rabble, unable or unwilling to make an honest living, have flooded the offices of the government thus left open to them. There has been apathy and indifference on the part of honest people, while bribery and fraud in elections, and corruption in positions of public trust, have been prevalent. But one who has watched the signs of the times must know that the indignation of the people has at last been roused — low political leaders are becoming very distasteful. Men who seek office simply for the opportunity it offers them of putting their hands into the public treasury are to be cast aside in the future.

Every one has a duty the performance of which he owes to the public. It is as binding upon him as anything in life, and it is no part of the fulfillment of that trust to sit at ease or to engage in selfish employment, while the caucus and the primaries are packed by political tricksters. It little becomes one to be negligent in this matter, and then be shocked, forsooth, and surprised because honesty and worth fail to receive due recognition. However distasteful such duties may be, the fact that their neglect may lead to very dangerous results should never be overlooked.

There are many social and moral questions which ought to receive our attention when we enter active life, but having neither time nor space to discuss them, we pass them by in this paper with this simple reference to them.

Our times call not for brilliant geniuses with inordinate and selfish ambition, but for honest brains. Men ready to sacrifice personal good for the nobler work of upbuilding the State are those to whom the eyes of the people will turn when positions of high honor and trust are to be filled. It is not power in individuals that the government and the business world demand, but power directed by the lasting principles of right. They ask for a trained and ready intellect; yet that man's life is likely to be a failure, nay, worse than that, a positive evil, which embraces merely intellectual power. There is something more. In the secret depths of every nature exist good moral qualities which must be cultivated, else they will become dwarfed and insignificant. Without them, even though one have the best training of the schools and universities, he certainly can be of no advantage to society, but, on the contrary, is likely to become a dangerous character. Think of a nature so selfish as to be incapable of true friendship, which knows not charity and has no room for pity! Imagine a nature devoid of moral strength which possesses no loyalty to right principles! The more brilliant the talents of such an one, the more is he to be distrusted. Society has too many such already.

In preparation for life and its work it is well that we should keep in mind these distinctions between mere force and the right use of it. Let the character be so shaped, and principles of right conduct so settled, that when the time for action comes the full weight of a noble character may be exerted for the advancement of public interest as well as for the performance of social and private duties.

It is not too much to say that it lies within our power and that of the thousands who are to-day thronging the higher schools of learning to make a revolution in political methods, and to accomplish a great work toward the elevation of the moral tone of the people. Public sentiment has turned in favor of reform. If we give our influence in support of that sentiment, and shoulder our part of the responsibility, the dawn of the twentieth century may smile upon a government stronger and more stable than ever, upon a people prosperous and happy. J. C. F.

A SONNET.

METHINKS youth, like a half built skiff, doth lie
High on the sand above the wave and storm,
Eager to join the force which, tossed and torn,
Battles the elements of sea and sky.
Thus unprepared, a mighty flood sweeps by.
The angry waters, muttering a storm,
Grasp it within their power fierce and strong,
Plunge it below, and throw it now on high.
What end can in such unmatched contest be?
The tiny boat, with neither oar nor sail,
Driven by force before the raging sea,
No strength can have to meet the threatening gale.
O youth, in quiet thought the power gain
To meet life's storms, its mist and hail and rain.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.*

Music is the only one of the arts which can be called man's own production. Painting and sculpture are merely a reproduction of nature on canvas and in marble; but music was inborn in man's very being, and is one of the loftiest of his conceptions. While painting and sculpture reproduce what has previously existed, music brings forth an entirely distinct creation. At her call nature lends a hand to aid man pour forth his feelings of praise, joy, or sorrow. She presents to him the singing birds, the gurgling stream, the rolling thunder, — all types of a more heavenly harmony. Thus man is brought near his Creator, and thus placed, can we wonder at the results attained?

Those mighty conceptions, the oratorios of "Messiah" and the "Creation," were doubtless the outcome of a divine spirit working through human agency, and their influence has been felt ever since the days of their first rendering. He who can listen to these masterpieces without one feeling of awe and of his own nothingness is to be pitied. Truly has music been termed the language of emotion. The child sings happily as the little bird, without one thought of care or sorrow, while not far away the mourners are listening to the dark funeral strains.

We enter the sanctuary, and our thoughts are borne heaven high by the round, full tones of the organ; or, as they become low and sad, our hearts are filled with a sense of heaviness. Carlyle has said, and with truth, that the meaning of song goes deep. How often a mere fragment of a well-known ballad, heard by chance for the first time since many years, will awaken memories either pleasant or painful. Many a soul on life's highway has blessed or cursed their influence; many a change of life been wrought by their constant presence.

What a link, too, music forms in our social life! Take it away from a home where its presence was life and light, and what a vacancy is left! Deprive our devotional exercises of its inspiring influence, and we would immediately notice that a most important factor was wanting. But there are people whose idea of music is so degraded that its sway over them enervates rather than ennobles. Their minds have been perverted from true *music* by a persistent adherence to that which comes from inferior intellects. Indeed, and we all admit it, there is a class of composers, whose names flicker but a moment on the horizon of fame, who have produced music the influence of which is for the worst. But can it be called *true music?* Nay, rather let us say in the words of that old song-monarch, Beethoven, whose star, together with those of his compeers, is destined to shine on and on in the very zenith of glory, that music is a direct mediator between the spiritual and the sensual, and in its real conception is mightier than the artist himself. Thus, in proportion as the heart is elevated and the mind refined, so much nearer to perfection does music become. Therefore, from our standpoint, its *true influence*, as the Creator willed it should be, is towards the upbuilding of man's nature and bringing him into a closer communion with his Maker. Is not its power next to that of the pulpit? Do not the sea of voices, the almost human violins, and the grand accompaniment of the remaining orchestra in the "Baal Chorus," from "Elijah," bring us back in thought to the time when that prophet walked upon earth?

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*Second Mirror Prize Essay.

Look with me to the days when a man came before Italian audiences at whom his hearers first shuddered, so remarkable was his personal appearance. But mark the change when his instrument, like the moan of a departing soul, so awed them that the very stillness of the concert-hall was oppressive, and the next moment caused them to leap to their feet with a transformation of feeling, as the tones, like the notes of a choir of seraphims descended to earth, rang on the air. The man was Paganini; the music, *true* music. In his hearers it touched a responsive chord, and with the player their thoughts were borne for the time being above earthly cares and sorrows,— for he had sorrows. Cast into prison, he asked for his instrument alone, that in it he might forget the indignities suffered from his countrymen. Music was his balm, — the cure of a broken heart. Without it his life would have been a mere existence. Such was its influence in his case. Such it is in others. And to him on whom its halo never shines what a void life must be. Shakespeare puts it rather strongly, although with truth, when he says, —

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

But who can tell of the thousands who, falling at music's shrine, would bear testimony of its holy sway o'er them? No, we cannot do without thee. Thy power shall live while man lives. Thou, the cheerer of man's soul! Thou, an unfathomable speech which leads men to the edge of the infinite, and permits a gaze out into it!

SAMUEL ABBOTT.

HISTORY.

History forms the basis of all reading. For the mind of one unacquainted with the important periods and the great personalities of the earth, even the daily newspaper, loaded with dispatches from across the seas, loses much of its vividness and interest. To make an exhaustive research of the history of the world would indeed be a gigantic task for any man. To attempt it would be like trying to drain the ocean of its vast waters, or to measure the cycles of eternal years. Yet, from the huge masses of material which have been heaped up from the time when first this world rolled from its maker's hand, until now when six thousand years have flown, with some portions we can and should labor to make ourselves thoroughly acquainted. The nations that now exist are so closely linked with the nations of the past that if we could accurately understand those of the present, the peculiarities that distinguish one people from another, and the various phases of the humanity of to-day, we must learn of the peoples from which they sprang. Of all the subjects to which an enquiring mind can direct its attention there is none so teeming with interest and value as the record of the progress of the human race within the last two thousand years; and in the history of a single nation, as that of Russia, we may trace the lines of progress for much of this vast period.

History is called by many dry and prosy literature, and of necessity some portions are juiceless provender, but much more abounds with matter at once of the highest value and attractiveness to the thoughtful reader. As one studies the history of some noted period in the course of a great nation's existence, or of some life renowned for noble and courageous actions, or a stainless career, he learns not the bare facts of history alone, but he finds deep truths hidden in every page. He learns that man in his nature has been always much the same. He comes to realize as he will in no other way, how much of wickedness and misery this poor world bears up, and yet with it all how much of good there is, how much true nobleness there may be, even in the most debasing surroundings. But not merely in these respects is it well for us to know the records of men and nations. In our ordinary and lighter reading we often meet a reference to some epoch in the past or to some mighty figure that stands clear cut against the background of time. When such a passage meets our eyes, if perchance the reference be not wholly unknown, our mind recalls again the story of that famous plot, the incidents in that treasonable conspiracy against honor and native land, for the sake of petty gain or some brief glory. We recall that traitor's deeds, when he sold his country, or plunged his nation into awful war and bitter hate.

It may be that we read of William of Orange, and there comes back to our remembrance the history of that great hero's eventful life as he struggled in the cause of his beloved Holland, and our mind glows with deep respect for his pure soul. The Norman Conqueror is mentioned, and the reader's heart leaps with admiration as he seems to see a second time the mighty warrrior's strides to power, and recalls his iron sway in peace.

Cromwell is suggested, and once more he sees the fiery man of battle struggling against the oppressions of Charles, maintaining the people's rights. But the reader may say, "Granted that history is of as much importance as you would represent it to be, what shall be our selection from the many authors who have written history, what periods or what peoples shall we study?" To such a question no one answer can be given. Each man will have his own preferences both as regards authors and periods, and by those preferences he will in a measure be directed in his research. There are some histories, however, of so marked and unique worth, that they should if possible be included, even at the cost of some other volumes, in the library of every well-read person. Such are the Histories of Macaulay, Green or Bancroft, works which stand pre-eminent among the historical productions of modern times.

The Historical Novel, too, holds its place, but we personally think a small one, in our reading. Indeed there are some works of this stamp of such marked literary and dramatic value that we all would do well to read them for these excellences alone, without regard to the slight amount of information we might acquire from their contents. But as a general rule the amount of waste material of necessity found in any novel, together with the straining of facts in order to give an added interest to the development of the plot, by its very weirdness or extravagance will more than balance the possible advantages which may exist in such a method of studying history.

Of the several branches, Constitutional or Political, Social and Biographical, into which History is divided, the first is probably, *per se*, of the most practical value. The last, however, is much of it of intense interest. We can place before our minds the lives of the worthy men departed from this sphere, and as we read the story of their careers as statesmen or as citizens, glean the radiant flowers of manly nobility and sterling worth which had been interwoven with the warp and woof of their characters, and learn to weave them into the texture of our own. We may take warning from the lives of the dark-stained characters which now and then, alas, too often, cast their baleful shadows on the screen of time, and avoiding their fatally mistaken paths in life, be taught to fit ourselves the better to go forth and act our own small part in the great drama of life, so that we may step out and leave our places to the ones to come, unspotted and unstained.

Thus have we feebly attempted to show the value and interest of History as an element in our reading, and incidentally to point out some of its more important branches. Members of a school, where the prescribed curriculum should ever be uppermost and foremost, can of course do but a small fragment of the reading they desire and intend to accomplish at some time in this department. Yet in the midst of our study in the Languages and in Mathematics, in the midst of our more pressing duties, we can now and then find some spare moments in which to read ; and it would be well if we might have some regular hours for this purpose. When such opportunities are offered, we of course desire to improve them to the best of our power, and there is no way in which we can with greater profit spend our few spare hours, than in learning what we may of the ages past and gone.

H. F. P.

THE COMPROMISE MEASURES OF 1850.*

THE war of the Rebellion was not merely the effect of disappointment in a presidential election. It was the result of causes long at work, and was expected and prepared for by the South.

Twice before had secession been threatened, but each time was postponed. In 1830 was the first attempt, but that had little support outside of South Carolina. The second attempt was in 1850, when the South was almost as unanimous in sentiment as in 1861. The danger was averted for a time by the adoption of compromise measures. These are known in history as the compromise measures of 1850. The attitude of political parties at that time was substantially as follows.

A party in the South openly favored disunion. In this party were the extreme pro-slavery men. A second party was made up of those whose opposition to slavery was so strong that they made no allowance for its actual existence under the Constitution. Although they were professedly for the Union, their course was what was driving the South towards secession. The third party consisted of those in whose opinion the only safety for the country, the only means of correcting the evils and of maintaining the good in its institutions, were inseparably connected with the Union.

The proslavery party planned to increase its power by admitting new slave States into the Union. Therefore they brought about the annexation of Texas, and, aided by boundary disputes between Texas and Mexico, caused a war with the latter country for the acquisition of territory, supposing that what was thus acquired would necessarily become slave States. All anti-slavery men, whether belonging to those who have been classified as Abolitionists or Unionists, opposed the annexation of Texas, the Mexican war, and the acquisition of new territory.

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* Third Mirror Prize Essay.

When unsuccessful in their opposition, they endeavored to prevent the introduction of slavery into the territory. For that end, what is known as the Wilmot proviso was moved in Congress. That provided that slavery should never exist in the territory to be acquired from Mexico.

The Wilmot proviso was agitated in Congress and in the country at large for two years, and did much to bring matters to an issue. The South declared that it would not submit if its citizens were forbidden to enter any part of the new territory with their slaves. The action of California itself also increased the bitter feeling. Soon after the Mexican war closed, gold was discovered in California, and many were thus led to move to her territory; hence, in a surprisingly short time California obtained enough citizens to entitle her to admission to the Union as a State. A convention was called, a constitution adopted, and representatives to the National Congress chosen.

This was the immediate cause of the compromise measures. The resolutions embodying them were framed carefully, asking concessions from each section. The South was asked to admit California into the Union as a free State, and to abolish the slave trade in the District of Columbia. The North was asked to establish territorial governments in New Mexico without the Wilmot proviso, to give the South a more effectual fugitive slave law, to leave slavery unmolested in the District of Columbia, and not to meddle with the inter-state slave trade.

It would seem at first that the North was asked to surrender more than the South. If so, it was because the South, being the only section threatening disunion, would be willing to make less sacrifices than the North would make; but the amount of concession asked from each was not so disproportional as it seemed to be. What had happened in California had shown that the laws of Nature forbade the introduction of slavery into New Mexico. For the North to insist upon it under these circumstances would be to throw a useless taunt in the face of the South. A fugitive slave law also, better for its purpose, was secured to the South by the Constitution. Although the compromise resolutions were thus as fair to both sections as possible, the extremists of both parties bitterly opposed them. A debate of more than six months followed their introduction, and although they were not finally carried, they were successful in their object, for each of their provisions was passed separately.

Such were the compromise measures of 1850. By means of them, attempted disunion was postponed eleven years, and when at last secession did occur, the Union party was strong enough to defeat it. That in the state of the country in 1850 the lovers of Union would not have been able to do this is proved by the fact that, although the following years were marked by the increase of love of liberty and love of Union throughout the North, although the war found the North united and earnest and resolute, while in those years the South made no progress, if it did not grow weaker, it yet took a million lives and almost three billions of dollars to defeat secession even then.

The men under whose leadership the compromise measures were carried, who exerted more influence in their favor both in and out of Congress than any others, were Clay and Webster. Standing as those men then did near the close of long careers of eminent public service, they possessed more than any other men the confidence of the people. It was fitting that such an effort for the salvation of the Union should be the closing act, as it were, of their lives. For their part in these events, they were both, and especially was Webster, traduced and reviled in both North and South ; but, as has been well said, " They who thus censured his course themselves realized, eleven years later, how just were his prognostications; and then, when they saw that civil war was the sole and certain alternative, they were ready to surrender much more than he ever dreamed of yielding."

W. A. CORNISH.

THANANGELOS.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST.

I sat beside a sick man's couch,
And watched a figure that did crouch,
And gaze with hungry, baleful stare
Upon the patient lying there.
I'd seen it many a night before
As, lying low upon the floor,
Its outlines vague had come and gone
With evening's dark and daylight's dawn;
As mists along a river's bank
Go floating ghostlike, chill and dank.
Its fiendish looks had haunted me,
And dimly formed had daunted me;
But now it grew more plainly seen,
With glinting eyes of cruel spleen.
It was no holy shape I knew,
And I feared its face of ashen hue
When it turned and met my view.
The horror deep and deeper grew;
My rigid fingers clasped the chair,
My throat was parched and gasped for air,
As serpent-charmed I sat for hours
And strove to gain my stolen powers.
Until, with one great sudden bound,
As leaps the unleashed hunting-hound,
I sprang upon the shape, that fled,
And grinned across the sick man's bed.
Then on the floor full length I fell,
Just where had sat that fiend of hell;
For thought and reason passed away,
And like one dead an hour I lay.

At last, as rang the distant chimes
In music's true but wordless rhymes,
I woke, and wondering round me gazed
As one whose thought some dream has dazed.
I smiled to think it all a dream,
To think how true such sights can seem;
I pondered on the sick man's life,
How long and true had been his strife;
I thought of men who loved his name,
That sure and lasting was his fame.
He battled well for God and right,
And not for self had been his fight;
He learned of Christ to yield and win,
To love all men but hate their sin;
That though affliction bowed his head,
Yet no complaint had once been said.
I listened for the short, low breath,
That quickened at approaching death;
But heard without the fitful wind
That fluttered at the window blind;
The rain that on the foliage dashed;
The waves that on the far sea plashed.
But all was still within the room,
And shrouded dim with sombre gloom,
Save where the night lamp's softened ray
Illumed the carpet where I lay.

Then, trembling low, a piteous moan,
Deep as a night wraith's thrilling tone,
All quivering with a pent-up pain,
Aroused me to my post again.
When there, a clutching near my heart
My very life-chords seemed to start:
"O God, have mercy!" shrieking broke
My cry upon the hush, and woke
The long dead voices of the hall,
That echoed, mocking at my call.

The dying, I, and something vague,
The demon of a fatal plague,
Were there alone; the fearful thing
Upon his breast did sit and cling;
Its claws, tight woven round his throat,
Now choked the moan that wailing smote
My heart with dread, and brought me back
To fill the dying man's last lack.
I could not move, but only stand
And quake to see that fiendish hand
Grow tighter. Satan's foul-breathed hag,
Disease, I knew her now, the fag
Of sin, — hell's vantage gained o'er man
By his imprudence, not God's plan.

Scarce died the echoes of my cry
Along the gloomy hall, when nigh
One stood and smiled, all clothed in white.
His face was fair and dazzling bright,
As though he shone from inward light
In perfect peace and conscious right.
He stood so kind, so grand, and calm,
A statued thought, a sculptured psalm,
I raised my eyes to question him;
But as bubbles rise to the beaker's brim
And catch a mirrored radiance there,
A light rose through his eyes so fair,
To show the thought his mind would say,
And bid me silence in this way.
"I am Thanangelos, and birth
And death I hold," he said; "the earth
Redeemed by Christ is mine to guard.
I plant the life, and watch and ward
I keep to loose the soul oppressed
By woes and sin, that, seeking rest"—
I burst in, "Spare, oh spare, this one,
His fight was strong, but yet not done."

My voice seemed full; it shook and broke.
Then with his eyes alone he spoke,
This glorious man in white; his gaze
Was dimmed as something like a haze
Rose up and veiled his steady sight.
But then as through the fog the bright
Sun breaks and shows all outlines clear,
So came again the calm, the tear
Sank back, and peace filled all his face,
While, with a look of kingly grace,
He raised his arm and pointed me
To look upon the bed, and see
The awful tragedy acted there.
It was enough; I could not bear
The sight, and turned and said aloud,
"God knoweth best;" whereat he bowed
And prayed; then lifting up his head,
"He doeth all things well," he said.
The angel Death then going near,
Put forth his hand without a fear
And laid it on the sick man's brow.
The fearful shape, uprising now,
Gave one last look of utter hate,
That time nor crime could ever sate;
Then passed a breath of foulest damp,
That dimmed the flame within the lamp.
The dying, I, the angel fair, —
Thanangelos, — alone were there.

My friend looked up with one bright glance,
The last which heaven often grants.
He knew me, standing by his side,
And smiled; and then a peace allied
To nothing mortal seemed to sweep
Across him. Thus he fell asleep.

A holy hush passed o'er my soul,
As clouds that high on mountains roll

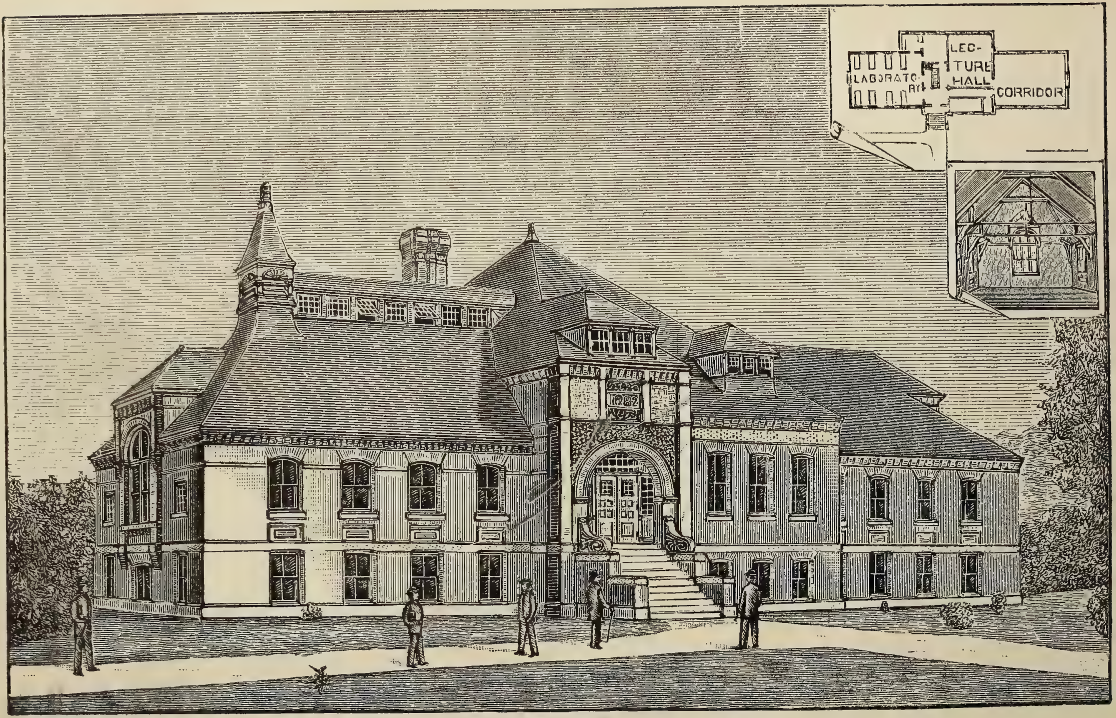
With shadows veil the valleys deep
Where brooklets play and rivers sweep.
At last with steadied gaze I sought
The form that so much peace had brought.
He stood triumphant, strong, and still;
The light, that shone to pulse and thrill
The air about his head, seemed like
The quivering bars of gold that strike
At dawn across the sky's chill grey,
And set a halo round the day.
He spoke: "Fear not at my approach,
And cease to cast that old reproach
Upon my name that men so long
Have linked it with in verse and song.
The time has passed when death is dying;
The Lord is risen, and sin is lying,
No more to rise o'er men that rest
Upon the word of God. The blest,
Redeemed in heaven, see face to face,
And know the mystery of grace."
He turned and oped a book, then placed
His fingers on a line; in haste
I came more near to read the page
Where lay the marks of hands and age.
"How readest thou?" asked he; "believest thou
That Christ is true? Then here read now,—
'*I am the way, the truth, the life,*'—
Here lies the whole, the end of strife.
Thanangelos stands by the throne
Of God, and makes His will his own.
He waits thy day, and when the sum
Of years is filled, again will come.
When men say 'dead,' the angels cry,
'Praise God, the soul can never die.'"
He spoke no more, but turned away
And left me with the opening day.

I raised my face to speak; my dead
And I alone were there. I spread
The curtains wide to let the dawn
Come in and shed its light upon
The gloom. The storm was cleared: afar
The Day, upon her golden car,
Was breaking through the flying scud,
That ragged, torn, and red like blood,
Went down the valley, seaward borne.
Light rose supreme, and it was morn. C.H. P.

ENDYMION.

There lies on Latmos' wooded steep
  A glade by murmuring winds o'erswept,
And there doth young Endymion sleep
  The sleep which he so long hath kept.
All day the willows o'er him weep,
  All day the clouds float in the sky;
He wakes not from his slumber deep,
  Nor heeds the seasons as they fly.

But sometimes at the dead of night,
  When murmuring winds are hushed and still,
There falls a sudden gleam of light
  Athwart the glade, across the hill.
It is the lunar goddess bright,
  It is the radiant Selene,
Who comes from heaven's azure height
  Her loved Endymion to see. H. G. B.



LABORATORY BUILDING, PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS.

THE NEW LABORATORY.

We have the pleasure to present with this issue of the Mirror a representation of the new laboratory and lecture rooms as they will look when completed. For want of funds on hand only the east wing, shown in the dark lines of the ground plan, is to be built this season. The material is brick, laid in red mortar with dark granite base, and Nova Scotia sandstone trimmings. The basement is high, mostly out of ground, and will serve for the heating apparatus, engine and work rooms, and for rough storage. The chemical laboratory room proper is on the main floor. The walls are selected brick, laid in red mortar, the roof-trusses of Georgia pine, the floor of mill-construction finished with rock maple. The room is ventilated by means of seven Eureka ventilators under the windows which admit the outside air direct, and by lantern windows in the monitor roof which hang on swivels and are operated from the floor. In addition, from each table four-inch stone-ware pipes run in the wall from glass hoods to the ventilator on the east angle of the roof. Each pipe has an opening below the table for condensed gases, and one above for high hoods if desired. Abundant light is supplied by the windows on three sides and in the lantern above, while the large east window gives a pleasant architectural effect. The building is planned for a working room for forty students. It is conveniently placed in the school yard, and every precaution has been taken against fire, the absorption of noxious gases, bad drainage, and imperfect ventilation. The best practical teachers of chemistry have been consulted, and the best school and college laboratories in New England have been visited. So soon as funds can be provided the remainder of the building will be put up, still further relieving the present overcrowded school building, and promoting the health and comfort of teachers and scholars, and giving them new impulse and appliances for their work. The architects are Messrs. Merrill and Cutler of Lowell, who built Prof. Tucker's house and rebuilt Bartlett chapel, and the contractors are Messrs. Abbot and Jenkins, who built the houses of Profs. Tucker and Churchill, the chapel, Bartlett chapel, and other structures belonging to the institutions. The building will probably be used next term. The estimated cost of the whole structure is $20,000.

DR. PALMER.

Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D., whose heliotype forms our frontispiece, was born in Little Compton, R. I., Nov. 12, 1808. He entered Phillips Academy in 1823, graduating with the class of 1826. While here he was especially prominent in literary matters, and with Rev. Drs. H. B. Hackett, John F. Stearns and William Newell, founded the Philomathean Society in 1825, an organization which still remains, a monument to their ability and foresight. From Andover he went to Yale College, where he graduated in 1830. There as here he showed himself ever the talented, earnest Christian man and student. In scholarship he ranked in the first quarter of his class. Throughout the first three years his class was in two divisions, and during all that time, "whenever prizes were offered for English Compositions I believe he invariably took the first prize in his division of the class," writes Prof. Loomis of Yale, one of his classmates. Again Mr. Loomis writes, Dr. Palmer as a student "was always cheerful and sociable and was a most agreeable companion; but he never indulged in coarse jokes, and was remarkably free from those rude and boisterous habits which many college students in my times indulged in. In his Christian character he was always consistent and earnest, and in all the religious movements of his class he was decidedly the leader. If you ask what Dr. Palmer was when in college, I answer "he was just what he has been for the last fifty years, only a little younger." Mr. Palmer after leaving college taught awhile and then pursued the study of Theology in New Haven. He was ordained in 1835, and then called successively to the pastorate of a Congregational church in Bath, Me., in 1835, to Albany, N.Y., in 1850; and in 1866 to the Secretaryship of the American Congregational Union, a position which he held until a few years ago, when he resigned and retired to his home in Newark, N. J. From 1865 to 1878 he was visitor of the Seminary in Andover. In all the offices to which he has been called he has invariably won the love and veneration of those with whom he has come in contact. On the 13th of last October his golden wedding was celebrated in Newark. It was a most pleasant gathering, and in word and deed those assembled bore witness that "in the hearts of the best men and women is treasured for him a wealth of affectionate esteem that a throned king might envy." Probably, however, Dr. Palmer is most widely known as a writer of sacred hymns, many of which are the gems of our modern hymnology. Two are especially prominent, the one commencing, "My faith looks up to to thee," and the translation, "Come, Holy Ghost, in love." In 1875 he published a collection of poems.

ATHLETICS.

WITH the Andover-Exeter game the chief interest in out-of-door sports ceased. As we look back over the term's work on the Campus, however, there is not one of us but feels a thrill of enthusiasm. We have good reason to be enthusiastic. Our foot-ball team, for whose success some fears were expressed at its first organization, has proved itself emphatically the most brilliant Eleven the school has put upon the field for years, perhaps since the introduction of this branch of athletics into our midst.

Although the Yale Freshmen claimed a victory over us in the game between our Eleven and theirs, and although we conceded that claim, yet it was for us indeed a victorious defeat. That game showed the school what excellent material she could boast; there the power of our first Eleven was put to a most severe test and found abundantly able to bear the strain.

The struggle with the Harvard Freshmen probably saw the finest playing of the season. Our opponents brought no mean force to the field, but they were fairly met and sent home defeated. The Boston Latin School and Adams Academy gave the boys good practice for the approaching game with Exeter. For some days previous to Nov. 22, owing to the unfavorableness of the weather, as well as to some other causes not so easy to explain, the Eleven failed to practice, and some doubt crept into the school as to our ultimate success. The 22d of November found the Campus wet and muddy, but the game, postponed from the previous Saturday, was played, and victory perched upon our banners. The Eleven of the Fall of '82 has gone from the field, leaving behind a record unparalleled by any of its predecessors for brilliancy and steady success; a record that its successors will find it hard to exceed. While foot-ball has so far attracted the attention of the school as for a time to almost crowd out anything else from prominence, yet Lawn Tennis has found a place, and the La Crosse organization has remained in existence, and bids fair to become quite prominent during the spring term. La Crosse deserves more than a passing notice. The interest which has been awakened throughout the college world in this new game during the past season has been such as quite to change its position among the college sports. From being the despised innovator, the butt of all the poor jokes, an object of jealousy and hatred,— as was the case two years ago, — it has come to take an honorable and important place in the athletics of all our large colleges and universities. One is struck with this fact in comparing the expressions in our exchanges of to-day with those of two years ago regarding the game.

Then the opposition was bitter and persistent: to-day the support is constant and enthusiastic. The *Yale News* speaks of the formation of the 'Varsity La Crosse team as one of the important events of the year. The *Harvard Herald* in one issue contained two editorials and one article upon one of the matches. It has been seen that the game comes into rivalry with no other, and that it fills a gap among our sports which has long been felt. We presume that this is one important reason why the college press has found it possible to give such a hearty support to it. Yale has two teams, one of which is the 'Varsity. Harvard has three — or will open the season in spring with that number. The University Twelve now hold the championship of the United States, having won the Oelrichs cup from the New York club. During the fall Exeter also has formed a team; this being brought about, we understand, by a challenge sent from Andover. Since the game is beginning to take so important a place in school and college life, we may congratulate ourselves that it already has some footing here. Very little has been done in it, however, during the past term for several reasons: one, that a number of the best players were needed for foot-ball; another, that it has not been possible to arrange any match games with Harvard or Exeter. Still the game has been kept alive, and we understand that a strong team can be formed in the spring, and that match games are already partially arranged for with the Harvard Freshmen and with Exeter. We hope that the plans may be carried out.

Although the main interest in athletics has been shown for out-of-door sports, yet the gymnasium has not been neglected. Here many of the boys who did not find their forte on the Campus have found good opportunity for physical culture. Especially since the close of the foot-ball season has the gymnasium been in constant use. We are glad to see that measures have been taken in the formation of a base-ball committee, who shall make preparations for next spring's nine. We have, it is generally believed, a large quantity of first-class material from which to select, and if proper attention is paid to this end we may expect next spring to counterbalance the defeat which we received last June at the hands of Exeter. As to the Athletic Association, at the time of writing it is as an organization non-existent; but its spirit is working. *Vive L'Athlétique!*

A WARNING.

Who tarries at Chapman's,
And study hour breaks?
Who "flunks" in his classes
And demerits takes?
The bummer.

Who migrates to Boxford,
Where "tutes" must be hired?
Who, again caught bumming,
Is quietly "fired"?
The bummer.

D. W. P.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

1st, Herbert Farrington Perkins, '83. 2d, James Clark Fifield, '83. 3d, James Hardy Ropes, '84.	Board of Editors.

The Philo Mirror once more passes from the hands of its editors to those of the public. The magazine, since taking upon itself a new and more tasteful dress, has occupied a position among the foremost of the school and college publications of its kind. The present board of editors have done what they could, by securing diversity in authorship and variety and excellence in literary matter, to maintain the Mirror in this honorable place, and confidently hope that this number, the result of their efforts, will receive a hearty and positive support.

The Philomathean Society has drawn to the end of another term's work. With the close of last year many of the old stand-bys left us for other scenes, and of necessity the opening of the present year was marked by a crudeness in work which otherwise might have been unnecessary. Still, however, the old organization has had an unusually large membership and much good work has been done by the earnest fellows. Many of the meetings, we are compelled to say with hesitancy, have been marked by unusual confusion aroused by certain members of doubtful worth, and thus much has been detracted from the interest of those evenings. We feel assured, however, that those who have done their best have been helped, and that the noble and ancient society still has a most important place to fill in the school, and still holds a warm spot in the heart of every one who is acquainted with its work and the ends which it proposes to accomplish.

Quite an important change has been made in the constitution of the Society of Inquiry since the beginning of the year.

Ever since the spring term of last year the society had been loosing ground, and it was in a very discouraging condition, when finally it was determined to alter materially the constitution. The fortnightly literary meetings were abolished, and some other changes made. As now constituted the society is distinctly religious in its aims. This was evidently the purpose which its founders had in view. The society is now flourishing and seems to have before it still many years of usefulness. It fills a very important place in the religious life of the Academy, and we are glad to know that it is again on a firm footing.

The "Phillipian" has started off this year with unusual éclat. Under the careful management of its chief editor and its business manager scarcely an item has crept into the columns of the paper of an objectionable nature. The cuts, although few in number, have been far superior to any that have been published in late volumes so far as we are acquainted with them; a Supplement has been published, generally without extra cost, and a Reading Room has been opened where all the leading school and college papers can be found. We wish the paper the greatest success.

Last year our neighbor, the Theological Seminary, owing to some unfortunate circumstances, was thrown into a rather confused and troubled condition. The resignation of several of the Professors, moreover, left a number of important chairs vacant. Of course under such circumstances the Seminary was not in a position to maintain the prominent stand she has hitherto held among the seminaries of the Congregational order, and the number of her students has visibly diminished. Of late, however, the institution has begun to retrieve her losses. Active efforts have been made to fill vacancies, and one or two new chairs have been established and filled. Although the Seminary seems practically to be connected with us by a very slender thread, yet there does exist a relationship between the two schools, and we are gratified to see the school of the prophets once more finding a firm footing and taking her place as a mighty power among the Congregationalists of America.

There have been several entertainments this term, besides a fair which was well attended. On Monday, Oct. 2, Prof. Starr gave his entertainment in the Chapel. First came some specimens of ventriloquism, and then followed the microscopic exhibition. Here we saw living animals magnified (the posters said) twenty million times, and the voracious water tiger, who delighted the audience by swallowing piecemeal several "wigglers."

Prof. J. P. Leotsakos delivered two illustrated lectures, the first on ancient, the second on modern Greece, on October 23 and 24. The first lecture was especially interesting as giving an unusually large number of illustrations of life in ancient Greece, and of restored buildings and cities. The second was noticeable for its many pictures of prominent Greeks of this century, and gave many of the audience a new knowledge of the Greece of to-day. The lectures, we are sorry to say, were nct well attended, although a large delegation was present from Abbot Academy on both evenings

The usual Republican rally was addressed this year by Hon. George F. Hoar. It was arranged that he should be escorted by the school from the Mansion House to the Town Hall. Accordingly, after a little preliminary marching, at about half-past seven, a large body of the fellows, preceded by the Andover Brass Band, left the Academy building and marched to receive Senator Hoar. School Street was, with great foresight, determined upon for the route, and in passing the abode of our fair sisters (who, alas! did not enliven the meeting by their presence), the school cheer was not neglected. The address of Mr. Hoar was interesting and forcible in argument, but somewhat less effective than it might have been but for the "dim, religious light" of the Town Hall, which (the hall) has been much improved by the enlargement of the stage and the frescoing of the walls. At the beginning and end of the address the well-known P-h-i-l-l-i-p-s was given with great effect, but the hoarseness of many of the school the next morning can only be accounted for by the supposition that a visit to the Fem. Sem.

was paid at the unearthly hour at which the rally broke up. Unearthly, we mean, for shouting under anybody's window.

On Friday, Nov. 3, Mr. George Riddle read at the Town Hall. His programme was an interesting one, embracing Tennyson's "Siege of Lucknow," Longfellow's "Excelsior," and selections from Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." The pleasure of Mr. Riddle's reading is somewhat marred by his excessively theatrical manner, which was most noticeable in his rendering of the "Siege of Lucknow." We are always glad to have a public reader include Shakespeare in his selection. Even to those of the audience who are familiar with the play, the rendering of parts of it by a cultivated reader cannot be without interest, while to those of us who are not so well acquainted with the great dramatist, the knowledge of him which we gain in this way, and which, during these crowded years of study we should perhaps gain in no other way, is of great value. Mr. Riddle's last piece, "Uncle Micajah's Treat at Slambasket Beach," was one of the kind which he reads best, and was a great success.

Last year the Juniors adopted a class note paper. It was got up in a very neat and attractive style and has seemed to take with the under classes. The present Junior class has followed their example and has chosen a note paper having as the design the class motto and year placed at the top of the first page. The paper has been so generally engaged by the members of '85 that it seems possible that class paper may yet become a school institution.

Among the organizations chronicled in the Pot-Pourri, a new one will be noticed, viz., "The Phillips Hare and Hound Club." The first run took place quite unexpectedly to most, on Saturday, Nov. 25. The distance run is said to have been some six or eight miles, an unusually long course for the first, we understand. About forty boys started, and fourteen came in who had fairly made the whole distance. These fourteen adjourned to Chapman's, and after supper proceeded to the election of officers. Those best acquainted with the game say that it is one of great interest, and it certainly gives a fine physical training. Harvard and some other colleges and schools have organized clubs, and if the interest which has lately been aroused continues, we shall expect to see it take a prominent place in school athletics.

It will be remembered that two terms ago the editors of the MIRROR offered prizes for essays and cuts. The board for that term was so well pleased with the result that the editors for this term determined to follow their example. As was the case then, we received no cuts, but the competition for the essay prizes was even larger than the editors had anticipated. The essays were generally of considerable merit, and those selected for publication add much, we think, to the MIRROR as a representative of Philo. The judges chosen by the present board were Rev. Geo. B. Safford, D. D., Rev. Edward Y. Hincks, and Mr. Henry M. Penniman of the Seminary. In accordance with their decision the first prize has been awarded to the essay entitled "Sargeant Smith Prentiss," by D. W. Phelan: the second to the essay on "The Power of Music," by S. Abbott; while the third prize goes to the article on "The Compromise Measures of 1850," by W. A. Cornish, all of which we publish.

The lovers of music who were here last year will remember the organization known as "The Andover Choral Union." This Union secured the training of a Boston musician, and during the winter gave one or two first-class concerts, and in every way was most successful. This year we are pleased to hear of the reorganization of the Society. Meetings are held occasionally in the Old South for practice, and the organization has been joined by quite a number of Phillips boys, who express themselves well pleased with the prospects. We shall expect and hope to hear from the Union some time in the course of next term.

All hopes for skating this winter seem to have been mostly shattered. In the course of the term a committee was chosen by the school to attend to the skating rink and matters connected therewith. This committee found out, however, that the families living in the vicinity of the meadow hitherto overflowed for skating purposes claimed that the raising of the water occasioned the flooding of their cellars, and were unwilling that the old dam should be longer used. It therefore became necessary to build a new and larger dam, but the supposed cost of this new structure was too great and the project was abandoned. Our only resource now at hand is the pond back of Mr. Chandler's.

PERSONALS.

PRESIDENT CARTER and Professors Rice and Mears, of Williams College; Rev. Dr. Flint, of the Trustees; Gest and Woodbridge, of the Junior Class; Brown, Johnson and Pressy, of the Sophs.; and Coulter, Ellis, Flint, Lasell, Perry, of the Freshman Class, are Phillipians.

Rev. Dr. A. McKenzie, of Cambridge, P. A. '55, is the most popular preacher and lecturer in Massachusetts.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has resigned his position as Parkman Professor of Anatomy at Harvard, and will devote himself to literature.

Joseph Cook, P. A. '57, is back from his journey round the world, having given *en route* more than 250 lectures.

Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, P. A. '58, has been "stranded," as a denominational paper condescendingly put it (before the event), in the Centre Church, New Haven, at a salary of $5000 a year.

Among the more prominent alumni who have died recently, may be mentioned, Ex-Gov. Straw, of New Hampshire, Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, for twenty-one years U. S. Minister to Italy, and the Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Boston.

Rev. C. A. Dickinson, of Portland, the poet of Philo at her Semi-centennial in '75, will soon be installed at Lowell.

Bissell, salutatorian, P. A. '75, is taking a fourth year in Yale Seminary.

James S. Metcalfe, P. A. '75, will issue at Buffalo, commencing in January, '83, "The Modern Age," a new periodical of selected foreign literature.

John S. McKone, P. S. '75, has been ordained a priest and assigned to duty in the Roman Catholic Diocese of Pittsburgh.

Firman, P. A. '78, Harvard, '82, is on the "Springfield Republican."

Belcher, P. A. '78, Bowdoin, '82, has been studying law in Portland.

"Gen." Howard, P. A. '81, has been touring in the South of France, but is probably now again at his studies in Evreux.

Luen Fai Lin, formerly of P.A. '82, was married lately according to Chinese custom, at Canton.

Frederick, formerly of P. A. '83, is said to be in Bangor Theological Seminary.

BRIC–A–BRAC.

"What's the nearest place for me to get shaved, boy?" "Over to the broker's yonder," replied the boy, pointing to three gilt balls over a doorway.

A woman dropped a coin upon the missionary plate.
Another broke her husband's head for staying out too late.
The former deed will sure be blessed, it was the widow's mite.
The latter, too, as may be guessed, was just the woman's smite.

A bunion is spoken of as a nobby thing in low cut shoes.

Said Master Jones, "Now we must go
Without delay to the deepo."

Laughed sweet Miss Jones, "I should say so!
Let's start at once for the daypo."

Smiled Mrs. Jones, "In quick step, oh,
We'll run down to the deppo."

Groaned Mr. Jones, "It's mighty hot
To drive you all to the depot."

These conflicts of pronunciation
Would not be if they called it "station."

When a despondent Philadelphia wife attempted to escape the trials of this world by drinking a quart of coal oil, her unfeeling husband forced her to swallow a yard of lamp-wick, and now uses her at night to read by.

"Mike, did you ever catch frogs?" "Yes, sorr." "What did you bait them with?" "Bate them with a stick, sorr."

Competing lines.—Prize poetry.

The volume of business.—The Merchant's Ledger.

Cupid's Kiss.

'Twas as she slept that Cupid came
  His bow and arrow taking,
That she might feel his power in dreams
  Who scorned his weapons waking.

As o'er her sleeping form he poised
The shaft that oft had missed her,
Her beauty touched his roguish heart,
He only stooped and kissed her.

Since when, upon her fair soft cheek,
Love's amorous imprint keeping,
A charming dimple marks the spot
Where Cupid kissed her sleeping.

A seaside belle in Maine the past summer left her bathing shoes hanging out of the window to dry, and the next day the local paper was out with the announcement that —— Hotel had put up new awnings of an antique design.

Charles Lamb was once asked by a cheesemonger if he should send home some fine ripe Stilton cheese for him. "No, th-th-thanks," said Lamb. "If you will give me a bit of string I cou-cou-could perhaps lead it home."

Upon a modest gravestone in the Vincennes (Ind.) Cemetery appears this plaintive legend: "His neighbor played the cornet."

She sat down at the piano, cleared her throat and commenced to harmonize. Her first selection was, "I cannot sing the old songs," and a gloom that was colder and bleaker than a Sunday dinner fell on the company when a stranger in the corner said, "And we trust that you are not familiar with the new ones."

Love-sick maidens all pine for Egypt. The fellahs there are so numerous.

"I want to buy a silver watch for my boy," said a granger from Onion Creek to the proprietor of an Austin jewelry store. "I presume you want a watch with a second-hand." "No, sir, I don't. You can't palm off any of your second-hand watches on me. I want a new watch."

A new work on etiquette says, "Soup must be eaten with a spoon." Persons who are in the habit of eating soup with a fork or carving knife will be slow to adopt these new-fangled ideas.

"I am living by the canal at present, — would be pleased to have you drop in some evening," said a gentleman to a friend with whom he was not on the best of terms.

Ida Lewis saved two members of a brass band from drowning. The mitigating feature is that she didn't know what they were until she had yanked them out.

Johnny went fishing last Sunday without permission. Next morning his friend asked, "Did you catch anything yesterday?" "Not till I got home," was the sadly suggestive reply.

The touching sentiment, "Our first in heaven," appeared after an obituary in a Philadelphia paper, and the father of the child came in the next day raging mad. It was the third death in the family, and he desired to know where the clerk supposed the other two had gone.

"I think the goose has the advantage of you," said the landlady to an inexpert boarder who was carving. "Guess he has, mum, in age at any rate," was the withering reply.

"Bless my stars," said Mrs. Pennypasher, "didn't you know what the vacuum is?" "Why, the vacuum is where the Pope keeps his bull."

The meanest man on record sent through a post-office presided over by a woman, a postal card on which was written in a bold, plain hand, "Dear Jack, — Here's the details of the scandal." And then the rest was written in Greek.

A bore once said to Jerrold in a company which was discussing the merits of a certain piece of music, "That song, sir, always carries me away." The wit quietly turned to his friends and asked, "Will some one kindly sing it?"

College Professor (to Junior, who has been taking advantage of his absent-mindedness): "Young man, I find on looking over the records that this makes the fifth time in two years that you have been granted leave of absence to attend your grandmother's funeral."

THE PHILLIPS POT-POURRI.

Societies.

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY.

"Scire est Regere."

PRESIDENT.

FRANK P. VAN VALKENBURGH, . *Milwaukee, Wis.*

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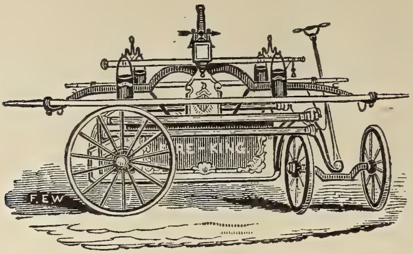

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THE
PHILO. MIRROR

WINTER TERM 1883

PUBLISHED BY THE
PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY
PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER.

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Charles Tildon Sempers
Stephen Tracy Livingston

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Vol. XXIX No. 2

SCIRE EST REGERE

THE

PHILO MIRROR

MARCH 1883

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία

Andover
PUBLISHED BY THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF
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THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXIX.—March, 1883.—No. 2.

A SONG OF YOUTH.

I.

One twilight hour, as the sunlight was fading
From the bright vault of the far western sky,
Floated the voice of a youth clear and trustful,
Singing of days that were gone and past by.

Sweet was the song as a whisper from heaven;
Glad his young life, whose blest story it told;
Sad was the heart of the poet who heard it,
Moved in his soul by deep memories old.

II.

"Friends I have loved, and the words they have spoken,
Beautiful faces and beautiful forms,
Soft clinging fingers and rough hearty greetings,
Bright summer festals and wild winter storms,—

"These, and old landscapes by Memory summoned,
Rise at the touch of her strange mystic wand,
Robed in a mist such as Distance throws o'er the
Slow fading hills of a far away land.

"Seen in that haze my life's picture is softened;
Fierce, glaring tints take a tenderer hue, —
Hot looks of anger are softened to chiding;
Friends I thought false almost seem to be true.

"Oh, as I list to past pleasures and sorrows
Breathe on the strangely-toned chords of my life,
Sweet sounds the music of friendship and concord,
Soft fall the notes of past discord and strife.

"Dark seemed the threads of great Destiny's weaving,
Now are they glowing with Truth's golden light,
And each mystic thread its true purpose revealing,
Showeth the past has been ordered aright.

"Ever thus blessed I trust to behold thee,
Dear dreamy land of the dim-lighted Past;
Hope is thy lesson, and for the dread Future
Triumph, thou tellest, and — Heaven at last!"

III.

Like a sweet strain from his own vanished boyhood
Sounded the song in the sad poet's ears;
And the youth's story he wrote for the hopeless,
Who have lost heart with the flight of the years.

C. T. S.

THE AGE OF DISCOVERY.

We find in the writings of the old Latin poets that foreign commerce was held in dishonor by the ancients. This was a natural result from the influences of a superstitious religion, in an age when civilization had only started, and the geography of the earth was but little known. We look at a map of the ancient world, and find that it consists of two shores separated by the Mediterranean Sea. To the people at that time, who knew nothing of the earth save the small portion which they then occupied, whose ignorance only increased their superstitution and forced them to the universal belief that a boundless ocean surrounded them, the position of the Mediterranean seemed to be a special plan of the gods to keep every country and nation separate. Thus to sail across the sea was, in their belief, an open defiance to the gods.

However, as the world increased and new nations sprang up one by one, as the irresistible course of civilization advanced, this opinion passed away. Men sought more room. Vessels sailing out of the Mediterranean into the broad Atlantic explored the coasts of Western Europe. Commerce between the nations, so important a factor in the progress of civilization, came to be regarded as of the greatest importance. Thus century after century passed away. The "Star of Empire," rising in the East, had been moving steadily westward till it reached the Atlantic shores, and there it paused. The oldest nations had fallen and new ones were taking their places. Europe passed through the checkered history of the Middle Ages. England, already a powerful nation, was making her power felt throughout the Old World.

Even now, however, the old belief was still prevalent that the earth was a flat surface surrounded by a broad expanse of waters.

As to what was beyond, men did not seem inclined even to speculate. The cloud of doubt overshadowing their minds served only to blunt all desire of extending their knowledge. A few speculated that the earth was a sphere, but so impossible did it seem that men preferred rather to remain in ignorance than accept any such theory. Nevertheless, explorations went slowly on. The geography of Europe was first determined, and then navigators turned their attention, very naturally, to Africa, of which only the northern portion was then known. The Portuguese, at this time the most skillful and active of mariners, during the fifteenth century made some very important explorations down the coast of Africa. The Cape of Good Hope finally reached, all Europe looked on with greatest interest and doubtless no little jealousy. These important discoveries, however, were destined to be wholly shadowed by an event of far greater importance. At the close of the fifteenth century, Europe was thrown into the wildest excitement by the startling news, that far to the west, on the other side of the Atlantic, lay a vast stretch of land hitherto unknown. This was accompanied with positive proof that the earth was round. True it is that the New World, even after its existence became an established fact, was for some time thought to be the eastern coast of Asia. Men were slow to believe what they had before thought impossible ; but this was the result of a light too brilliant for their eyes. The existence of a new world, which they had never in the least suspected, the revelation of that mystery which for ages had been thought beyond all human comprehension, was something far too dazzling for their clouded minds to understand at once. The "Star of Empire," lingering on the western shores of Europe, at last caught a glimpse across the waters of the two broad continents yet untouched by civilization, and with the sixteenth century there dawned on the world an age of explorations and discoveries such as it can never behold again.

No sooner had Columbus returned from his successful voyage, than numerous expeditions were fitted out to visit the new region. Never, before or since, has there been so unlimited an opportunity for discovery and conquest. The attention of every nation was turned toward these new undertakings. For years nothing more than voyages of discovery were made, except by the Spaniards, who seemed to have made very early attempts at settling, and for some time the whole of the New World was regarded as their possession. This, however, did not last long. The English, after a few years of inactivity, gained power over a large portion of the new region. It is noticeable how all exploring and conquering was carried on in a way wholly devoid of that scientific method which characterizes all such efforts the present day. Yet, considering the vast extent of territory discovered and the great difficulties, in those days, in reaching and keeping possession of what was once taken, it was natural that events should occur as they did.

It is interesting to notice the effect of the new discoveries upon the minds of the masses. The result was not altogether strange. From the lack of books and numerous advantages of our times for increasing general information among the people, many exaggerated and unfounded reports spread abroad. To some, doubtless, the New World was a sort of myth, a land lying far away, almost without the reach of man. Superstition, even in those days, had a powerful hold on the minds of the people, and the idea which many had was that of a fairy land. The story of Ponce De Leon and his search for the fountain of immortal youth furnishes a good example. It shows how far this false belief prevailed. Although he never succeeded in finding the wonderful waters, yet the report brought back by him of a land, though uncultivated, filled with blooming flowers, added still more to the superstition. Reports came that in certain places the natives made their commonest utensils of pure gold. Diamonds could be gathered there by the handfuls. This fired the hearts eager for wealth, and many a vessel was sent out for the sole purpose of making its owner rich.

Nowhere in literature can we find stories more full of romance than the account of these early explorations. A study of this period of the world's history is of the greatest interest and excitement. It furnishes a broad field of investigation for the imaginative mind. What must have been the feelings of Vasco

Nuñez when he reached the top of the mountain range of Central America and gazed out on the broad Pacific, — the first man of the Old World to look upon its waters! On being told by his native guides that the sea was near at hand, he ordered his men to remain below, while he mounted the summit alone. After making his great discovery, he summoned up his followers, and there, the story goes, they wept for joy. Could any common event of life make a group of hardy sailors weep?

The age of discovery and conquest has passed. As we look at it from the standpoint of to-day, we see that with the discovery of America the world entered upon a wholly new era. To understand what this was, we have only to compare the civilization and learning of to-day with that of the fifteenth century. The important discoveries made by Columbus woke the world up to the fact how much there was yet to learn. The settling of America has been a lesson of immense value. Civilization took a long step here. Problems of great importance were rapidly solved, one after another. The more knowledge was gained, the more it was sought. So is it with the present age. Men are continually looking for something new. They are not content to remain in ignorance on a single point. It is this spirit, roused by the discoveries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which has brought the world into the advanced state of civilization which it enjoys to-day.

S. T. L.

THE THREE FRENCH REPUBLICS.

First Mirror Prize Essay.

To a diligent student of European history the causes of the first French revolution are at once apparent. The long years of poverty and want, the injustice received at the hands of their masters, the grinding taxes wrung from their grasp to support the rich nobleman in idleness, all these were the direct causes of the overthrow of the monarchy at the hands of the people. The reign of the ill-fated Louis XVI. did not hasten, nor could it have retarded the inevitable catastrophe, since the principle of impoverishing the "Third Estate" for the benefit of the nobles and clergy was too firmly established, and its enforcement too eagerly desired by a certain few, in whose hands the king was powerless, to permit him to accept the financial plans of Necker for allaying the distress of the people and thus defer for a time the downfall of the House of Bourbon.

Defer, we say, because the world was advancing at too rapid a rate to permit the long continuance of an absolute monarchy on the throne of "the most civilized people in the world." But it was fated that Louis XVI. should bear the sins of his fathers, and certainly, if any man ever atoned for the wrongs of his ancestors, he did. It was impossible that the revolution could be otherwise than bloody and fatal to the royal house and its adherents. When the people, for the most part as ignorant and as brutal as the beasts of the field, once found that the nobles whom they looked upon as demigods were men of flesh and blood, who could suffer the same pangs they had suffered, they made them repay with their life-blood the wrongs which had been inflicted upon them. The case has its parallel in history, and will have it again whenever *ignorant* masses, goaded on by suffering and anguish, overthrow their tyrants. A case very similar to this one can be found in the uprising of the negroes in Hayti and San Domingo, near the opening of the present century, when that fair tropical isle was deluged with the best blood of France and Spain.

But such a government as was founded on the wreck of the monarchy could not last. It was not a government — that would be a misnomer — it was an anarchy. It requires time and training for a people to learn to govern themselves, and the prospect of forming a republic from a class of citizens as the mass of the republicans in France at that time were, was as hopeless as the task of guiding a ship without a rudder. The bonds of friendship at that time were but ropes of sand ready to be broken at the first necessity, and because of this insecurity it was imperative that some one should appear who would rescue the State from the condition into which it had fallen. In such a crisis a man is rarely wanting, and this case was no exception to the rule. Napoleon Bonaparte appeared and the republic was doomed. The consulate for three years was soon a consulate for life, and then it was but a step from that position to the emperor's throne.

The empire passed away like a dream and the Bourbons returned. All that their reign accomplished was well expressed by Talleyrand when he said, "The Bourbons have learned nothing and forgotten nothing." Pushed upon their throne and upheld there by foreign bayonets, when they were at last withdrawn the kings could not withstand the pressure placed upon them by the populace, and for a second time the monarchy was at an end.

The second republic, like its predecessor, almost from its very birth was doomed. The Corsicans were again determined to raise their dynasty to its former splendor. Louis Napoleon was elected president by the franchise of thousands who voted merely for a name, who voted with the names of Austerlitz and Jena ringing in their ears and the smoke of Marengo and the Battle of the Pyramids bedimming their eyes. The republic could not exist long, having a man for president the aim of whose life was to sit upon the imperial throne. A great admirer of his uncle, he followed in his footsteps, more hurriedly, perhaps, but with precisely the same tactics. The props which supported the republic were silently undermined, and one fine morning the people awoke to find the republic in ruins and that from its fragments an empire had been reared. Such was the famous *coup d' état* of Napoleon III., an achievement unparalleled in its audacity, unequaled in its success.

The empire for the space of twenty years managed to crush into silence the leading spirits of the republicans, and they quietly bided their time until some false action on the part of the emperor would offer them an opportunity to inflict a mortal political wound upon him. The Franco-German war, wantonly provoked by Louis Napoleon, and one which ended so disastrously for France, gave the occasion needed, and the emperor was an exile on English soil. For a few months France was in an uproar. The Commune bade fair to reënact the horrors of the days of the Sans-culottes. Monuments which had survived the downfalls of six governments succumbed at last to the fury of the Commune. The palace of the Tuileries, fraught with memories of the ancient monarchs, which ought to have made it sacred, fell to the ground a shapeless mass of smoking ruins; the column of Napoleon I. lay broken and shattered in the Place Vendome; and many other objects hallowed by historical interest were irrevocably destroyed. But order at last triumphed, and for a third time a republic was supreme. Will it continue its existence for years to come, like her sister republic across the Atlantic, or will it like its predecessors be strangled by one more powerful than itself? The future only can decide. The French people are proverbially fickle, and in no other place do they show it more at the present time than in their change of governments. Like little children, when they tire of one, they throw it aside like a broken toy and search for another. If pure-minded statesmen can be found who will place the interests of the republic first and their own afterwards, then the republic would be sure to stand. It is not from the mere handful of Bonapartists, Legitimists, Orleanists, and Monarchists that danger will come to the republic, but from treachery in its own ranks.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

"To be a man, if aught, is privilege
Precious and peerless. . . .
. . . .
'Tis a great thing, I think, to be a man."—*Bitter Sweet.*

In the effort to know and understand the character of Dr. Holland, the inquirer meets at the outset two perplexing and contradictory opinions; the literary critics speak unfavorably, a host of readers, surpassed in numbers by no living writer, speak approvingly; the critics are silent or condemn his books, the people insist on reading and admiring them. In such a difficulty, it is unbecoming a young writer to take sides and fling words of scorn at the critics for their unjust criticism, or, on the other hand, to indulge in self-complacent sarcasm of the great masses of readers who have found food for their intellectual and moral life in the writings of Dr. Holland. To his admirer the former course is quite natural; it is the first impulse of a young mind, but, though springing from a generous feeling, subsequent calmer thought will show that the critics are not altogether unjust, and that there is good reason for their adverse criticism. So the object of this paper shall not be to asperse the critics as arbitrary and unsympathetic, for we think they were right; nor to indulge in cheap talk about the uneducated and unrefined literary tastes of the masses, for we think the people were right.

As a writer of fiction, Dr. Holland is, perhaps, least satisfactory even to his most enthusiastic admirers. Some of his novels seem to be something on the order of sunday school stories on a large scale; superior, it is true, in style and polish, but yet falling below the standard of first-class fiction. In his poetry there are passages justly calculated to provoke a critic's severest condemnation. In Kathrina are found lines that sound almost like a school-boy's labored rhymes, while in Bitter Sweet one is held in suspense at times, lest from the consideration of some high and lofty theme he shall be plunged forcibly to the ridiculous and commonplace,—from philosophy to corned beef, from poetry to pickles. But this destructive criticism of a man one enthusiastically admires is by no means pleasant, though essential to honesty of opinion; and we shall pass from the blemishes, to which even friendship cannot close its eyes, to the consideration of those elements of personal power which rendered Dr. Holland famous.

If we will examine the writings of Dr. Holland not strictly ethical, we find that a lofty moral sentiment is plainly inculcated, and that poem or romance has been used merely as a casket in which to set this diviner gem. We find that virtue is placed higher than art, and that art is used as the handmaid of virtue. We have nothing to do here with the critic's quarrel about good or bad art in literature. We cannot see that a high moral can vitiate the highest art. We believe with Dr. Holland that the supreme uses of fiction are "the organization into attractive artistic forms of the most valuable truths as they relate to the lives and characters of men." Yet it is a fair question whether Dr. Holland's art was of the highest order, for he was essentially a moralist. We get the impression from his poems and novels, that he cared more for his message than for the words in which he expressed it. And into these same unnoticed poems and novels he has introduced moral questions and discussions in such a way as to fascinate almost any reader of average intellectual power. He broaches subjects which have lain in vague shadowy outline in his reader's thought, and gives them a definite shape and form. And he does this without being dry or prosy; his style is bright, cheerful, attractive. Some one might work these philosophic and moral questions into a romance, the art of which would satisfy the critics, but it is doubtful whether it would interest the people. We take it that the secret of the success of Dr. Holland's novels and poems consists in the fact that they appealed directly to the wants and needs of his readers. They organized into form and expression their unspoken thoughts that struggled for utterance; they cast a light on life, and brightened with genial sunshine the great questions of evil and suffering which have blighted and darkened so many minds. Another reason of his success is, that he addressed himself frequently to the young. This is by no means an easy task; it requires genius. But Dr. Holland was fitted for it, and made many friends among the rising generation. His work was essentially moral; he was a lay preacher; and he divined at once that the greatest hopes of the future were placed in the youth of the present; they were impressible, they could be touched and moulded, they were the good soil in which the seed he had to sow would bring forth its hundred-fold. This merely, as a stroke of policy, was a wise step. But the facts of his life show there was no thought of policy; it was spontaneous. He addressed himself to youth, and youth was at once captivated by the magnetic and sympathetic words of one who showed himself to be a loyal friend.

In his ethical works we see Dr. Holland at his best. In poetry and fiction we have seen that he is only a moralist endeavoring to teach virtue by those attractive methods. In his avowedly ethical writings we see the moralist as such. In style, these familiar essays, letters, lectures, are as bright and clear as the current of a mountain stream. They are vivacious, funny, sensible, appreciative, tender, pathetic. They are not profound; their author was not a profound man, nor did he try to be; they treat of profound themes, but in such a way as to make them intelligible and entertaining. They are plain, they are practical,— they are more, they are beautiful. In this style of writing Holland has never been surpassed. He has a gift of expression which always finds the happy word for every need. He speaks the word men are waiting and longing to hear.

When he undertook to write a life of Lincoln, he announced in his preface that he proposed to write such a life "for the people;" he aimed, too, to give a picture of the "*man*," and not a profound biography. The titlepage of Scribner's Magazine gives a key to his life-work and character, — "FOR THE PEOPLE, CONDUCTED BY J. G. HOLLAND." His life had one grand supreme purpose, and whether he wrote poem, or novel, or essay, or editorial, his purpose was never lost sight of. And that purpose as shown by his life and works was the service of humanity. He was essentially a man of the people, and his whole life was given them. He wrote not for the critics, but for the people whom he loved. He preached a gospel of service in his writings, and practiced it in his life.

Dr. Holland's influence on the magazines of our country and the world has been such as to entitle him to a high rank among American literary men. If we will compare the magazine of fifteen years ago, or even of half that time, with this month's issue of Harper's or the Century, we will find a vast difference, and noticeably in the quality of typographical and art work. There is always more or less progress in these matters in the course of time, but the majority of improvements in the modern magazine can be directly traced to Dr. Holland's influence. Says Dr. Eggleston, his intimate friend, "His ideas and plans were always large; he would have a liberal scale of payment to contributors, and he was ever ready to incur the cost of the most excellent art-work to be had." Such is a brief statement of the principle which governed Dr. Holland in conducting the magazine he founded. Under his able management Scribner's rapidly rose to public favor in this country and abroad, and soon outstripped its contemporaries. In its illustrations and art-work it far excelled the other magazines until recently, when they were obliged to come up to the higher standard.

That a magazine in this country, where it is well known that they do not pay, should be prosperous enough to make possible the existence of such a company as the Century Company, is in itself a tribute to Holland's genius.

Dr. Holland was a man of versatile talents. He could do anything well. He was a successful journalist, and in spite of his earlier failures, established with his partner the Springfield Republican, a paper with a national reputation and influence. He was successful in his dream of a magazine "for the people," and has impressed that idea on the magazine literature of our age. While as a lecturer, perhaps no man was ever more popular or influential.

The most marked feature of Dr. Holland's character, the sentiment that pervades all his writings, is an intense spirit of manliness. His creed was a noble manhood; to that he subordinated all things. To preside over the varied powers of soul, mind and body, to guide all these towards a noble and harmonious development, to eliminate all that was selfish, unworthy, or unmanly, to develop every power he had worthy of development, to blend them into a symmetrical unity,— this was his conception of life and its deepest meaning. We do not mean to detract from his power and ability as an author, but he seems to us to have been rather a great *Man* than a great writer. In reading any of his works the deepest impression we receive is that of a lofty manliness; we feel that there is a strong, generous, magnetic personality behind their pages. We feel that a Man is speaking to us. There is a charm and power in his words that come only from this fact. Others may speak to us in more polished and elegant language, but he wins our hearts; we care little for his style, — it is a Man that is before us, and we are filled with admiration at his magnificent and splendid figure. He is not dwarfed, stunted, illiberal, in his ideas of life, but broad and universal. He opposed narrowness everywhere — in religion, politics, philanthropy. He protested against one's being a lawyer and nothing else, a minister but not a man, a merchant who sinks his whole being in trade and is good for nothing else. His sympathies extended on all sides,, to everything worthy a man's consideration. He was many sided, alive to progress in any phase and abreast of every movement. He was a man of wide and generous culture, not exclusive and narrow, as are many literary and professional men.

Another element of his power was success; not merely success from a pecuniary view, but as it concerned his inner life. He carried with him the power, the influence, the authority of a high manhood. Such manhood is not an inheritance, or a thing of accident; it is the result of hard, painful labor and unceasing discipline. It is not stumbled upon in a month, but acquired only after years. True, the materials of a man must exist, but on the other hand, the noblest man has in him the possibilities of a fiend. Success, then, always gives power, it is inspiring. In the mere presence of a successful man we are moved to greater endeavor. When his words come to us fraught with a deep interest in us, when he tells us how we may be successful. we know intuitively that he is speaking from the storehouse of his own experience, and his words have all the authority of inspiration. Most men's wisdom is the fruitage of failure, and is at best negative. But in Dr. Holland's life and character we see a success unparalleled. In spite of circumstances that seemed to exclude all possibility of intellectual discipline, he wrested from his hard lot a culture that made him the peer of any man. He mastered, with a hand of power, his circumstances, and made them contribute to his intellectual and spiritual growth. The school was denied him; a college course was an impossibility; poverty was his constant companion from his boyhood even towards the prime of manhood; but with all these disadvantages he found enough in life to feed and train the powers of his magnificent mind and fit himself for the great work he afterwards did so nobly.

His life is at once an inspiration and a benediction. It inspires; it has blessed, and still blesses the world. To contemplate his character is to commune with manliness, and to so commune is to become manly. Thus it is that Dr. Holland has exerted an influence on American character which is second to none in its power and extent. It matters little where the critics may place him among our men of letters; their disregard of him had no effect on his influence while living, nor will it have any now that he is dead. He was a splendid type of American manhood, and as such won from the people the warmest admiration and most unbounded popularity. As he was physically a magnificent, commanding figure, so, in harmony with his body, his character was rounded, complete, vigorous, and great; a character that excites our highest praise, that commends itself for our imitation, that elevates and ennobles our conception of what we may ourselves become; a character that sheds a flood of light upon man, revealing his dignity and the sublime grandeur of simple manhood, giving us newer and higher views of their meaning, until we feel that we can confer on him who has made the revelation no higher praise, no prouder distinction, than to say in its fullest, widest sense,— he was a MAN.

C. T. S.

THE SAFEGUARD OF OUR REPUBLIC.

Second Mirror Prize Essay.

As the influence and the light of civilization have brought men to realize their rights, so the tendency of nations has been more and more to popular government. The Founders of our State, recognizing this principle, organized the executive power on the basis of the equality of the people, and gave to each citizen the right to aspire to the highest office of the nation. "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people," was the principle on which they laid the fundamental laws of the State. But time alone can bring experience, and the surest and best way of guiding a nation's welfare can be determined only by a study of years. Our forefathers, unable to look far ahead into the future and to anticipate the mighty height to which their country was destined to rise, left many imperfections in their plan of government to be remedied by their successors. Could Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, look now on the mighty power they had helped to form, they would be much surprised to find how far in a century's time it had advanced, and yet how far it is from that state of perfection necessary to its own good government and the interests of the people.

As was natural in a country in which the highest offices are in the gift of the people, the formation of parties followed as a matter of course. Two great parties, with general principles much the same, yet always at issue upon some point before the people, immediately came into existence. At first the evil effects of political contest did not appear. But as time went on and the battle for power grew hotter, the government patronage became a means of securing votes. Finally the idea of rewarding party men with public offices was fully inaugurated by Jackson. This evil system continued, and carried out by each party in power, has now reached such a pitch that it has well-nigh subverted the aims of a Republican Government. The state of politics is undeniably bad. Party managers, political bosses, packed caucuses, have combined to drive every honest man from the field. Highly educated men have become disgusted with the present aspects of the contest for power.

True it is that a party becomes corrupt by a long sway of power. At first installed in the confidence of the people, their acts are discreet and wise ; but gradually, intrenched in the power of public patronage, they disregard the honor of their station, are condemned by the voice of an outraged people, and hurled from their position.

As the direction of national affairs is entrusted to Congress, so around there great pressure is brought to bear upon its members in certain directions. The influence of a powerful lobby in the interest of certain measures is worthy of notice. The power of rich constituents over ambitious members, who have obtained a seat in Congress by the aid of their wealthy backers, is almost absolute. A man desirous of keeping his seat in the legislature for another term is hardly master of himself. He is bound to serve zealously the interests of his supporters at any cost if he desires to obtain their favor. The influence of outside parties, agents of wealthy manufactories, is very strong against any measure hostile to their best interests. Many a bill, fraught with good to the public, has been quietly sunk and killed, solely by the exertions of these lobbyists. Amid such influences surrounding the State, amid the pernicious influence of rings and corrupt leaders, to whom are we to look to maintain the Republic in that just management necessary to her existence ? It is in the hands of the middle order of the people that the safety of the Republic lies. The wealthy class of manufacturers, selfishly careful of their own interests, but heedless of that of others, unflinchingly support that party whose interests are most closely allied with their own. The lower order of the population, totally unacquainted with the phases of the leading questions before the country, are led by ambitious demagogues, and blindly follow their will. Then, we repeat, the welfare of the nation is in the votes of the middle class of society. It is in the steady laboring classes of all grades upon whom rests the existence of the country. Having a thorough appreciation of the advantages they enjoy in a Republic, they feel the duty of citizens upon them and discharge it honestly, uprightly and according to the best of their judgment. This class of the population, well educated, discussing with free and intelligent opinion the topics of the time, are the most fitted to influence the State. Being in the active current of life, in the whirl of business, thrown into contact with each other, they feel the need of sound, mature legislation, and support the party in whom they can place the most confidence. By far the largest class in the country, and keenly alive to the needs and failures of the time, they are the more able to judge calmly and rightly between the questions before them. Weighing the facts of the case, with quick perception analyzing the motives of the acts, they give their decision at the polls and the party stands reproved or applauded. The rank and file of party are not found in this division of the population. They hold the position of judge and they render their decision for the best interests of the country. To this class, then, does our Republic owe its prosperity; to this class does it look for guidance and direction amid the dangers surrounding it. As long as this body of the people is capable of appreciating the advantages of a Republican form of government, so long is a Republic destined to live. But when this class become insensible to their power and privileges, then the Republic must fall, and relapse into autocracy.

F. I. P.

AFZOOL KHAR.

[The rise of the Mahratta power in Western India dates from the destruction, in 1657, of the royal forces of Beerjapoor, under the command of Afzool Khar. The Moslem army was enticed, by promises of feigned submission, into the narrow defiles between Mahábleshwar and Pratápgud. . . . Here their commander was treacherously murdered by Shivajee in an interview upon the mountain side, and his army on the plain below was utterly annihilated. — *Col. Taylor's History of India, Bk. IV., Chap. xxiii.*]

The valley on its bosom bears
  A thousand tents outspread;
The first gold light of morning's smile
  Breaks on the hills o'erhead.

No fear is there of coming ill
  Amid the host beneath;
No sound doth rise from earth or air
  To speak th' approach of death.

Will no voice rouse that slumbering host?
  Will Pity lift no cry?
Will no soul thrill with warning dread?
  Must all those thousands die?

The sky's deep stillness overhead,
  The hills' weird calm beside,
And morning air and birds' sweet song
  All strive the snare to hide.

A stir wakes round the chieftain's tent,
  The trumpet's clear notes ring,
The echoes climb the mountain slopes,
  And then to heaven take wing.

The warriors mount their neighing steeds,
The lances' pennons wave;
But ah! 'tis not because they need
Their leader's life to save.

Out through the half-roused camp they pass,
Full fifteen hundred men;
No last long look is cast where they
Shall never tread again.

Their heads are high, their smiles are bright,
They pass to meet a foe
Whose heart has quailed before their might,
Whose hand has struck no blow.

This day his pride shall bite the dust,
His boasts shall die away;
This day shall gain Pratápgud's height
With bloodless victory.

The mists rise up from off the vale,
And from the mountain side;
The beams of sunrise glitter free
Upon the Moslem's pride.

The height is reached, the horsemen halt,
And forth Khar Afzool goes,
With noble trust that will not guile
To foeman's guile oppose.

One friend alone stands by his side,
Defenceless as his lord;
If peace be won by peace, not war,
Why should he life regard?

Pratápgud's chief, with well-feigned fear
And guise of lowliness,
Draws near; no deep design is read
In look or mein or dress.

"Let us embrace," he meekly pleads,
And arms are opened wide;
But ah! 'tis death on which they close!
Too late is treason spied!

With "tiger's claws" and dagger's blow
Is Afzool's life-blood drained;
The Moslems see their leader reel
And fall, with gore distained.

They cast the freezing horror down,
In panic back they dash!
But ere they reached the town's barred gates,
New terrors on them flash.

Before, behind, on either hand,
Flames up a wall of fire;
Each moment sees a hundred fall
And writhe in fruitless ire.

They cannot burst the serried toils,
Though gallantly they try;
They cannot reach the ambushed foe,
Naught can they do but die.

And from the camp the shouts arise
Of savage massacre:
Like frighted sheep the Moslems fall
Beneath the dread Tulwár.

And they who woke so light at dawn
In blood and darkness lay:
Wild beasts devour the whole night long,
The vultures rend by day.

And never may that host again
Behold the earth or sky;
All quenched the light within the brain,
The ardour in the eye.

But to the cry that rose that morn
  From that red battle plain,
Another rises from the hearts
  That mourn their dear ones slain.

And both cry, "Lord, thine ears have heard;
  How long, O Lord, how long
Shall man thirst for his brother's blood,
  And hearts with grief be wrung?

"O Lord, we know that love still reigns,
  And good is wrought by ill;
That surging war the walls bears down,
  Which human pride fulfil.

"And good flows on from race to race
  By paths where tears and blood
First forced a way, and men are bound
  In bands of brotherhood.

"But blood once flowed which better gifts
  For man's dark life hath bought,
And vaster good and dearer bands
  Than man's bad deeds have wrought."

LÉON GAMBETTA.

Third Mirror Prize Essay.

WITH the close of the past year the world lost, in the death of Léon Gambetta, a mighty genius, a great leader, and a consummate statesman. His career, short in comparison with that of other great men, was one of boundless activity and remarkable achievements. In his earliest years, in his school life, Gambetta distinguished himself by his oratorical ability and retentive memory and his spirit of insubordination. Placed under the tutorage of the church, on which he afterwards waged war, he found this distasteful and took up the study of medicine. At this period the loss of one eye exerted an important influence on his future career. Again changing his purpose, he entered the study of law and rose to prominence by a political lawsuit. His progress in the political field was rapid, and when in the Franco-Prussian war he was placed in a position of absolute power, he showed by his unremitting energy, by his heroic defence against inevitable defeat, that he was the one man in France fitted to hold the Dictatorship when the nation was in sorest need. It was Gambetta who, after the dark cloud of war swept away, with firm hand guided the course of the nation back into the channel of security and prosperity. In these troubled times, he was preëminently the organizing genius of the Republic; his keen scrutiny, his clear judgment, his broad views of political reform, came into active requisition. Not merely the leader of a political party; he was the soul of the Republic.

A fierce enemy of the Imperialists, he was ever ready to deal them a blow. Gambetta was perhaps at his greatest in the memorable year of 1877 when he seized with powerful grasp the nation, tottering from the civil *coup d' état* of Marshal MacMahon, and in that hour of deadly peril saved it from utter ruin. Then, in the period of his supreme leadership, he delivered his greatest speech. Then the ripe perfection of his splendid oratory shone forth with tremendous force in his splendid diction, in his impassioned eloquence, in his fierce energy.

The zenith of Gambetta's political influence was reached, at the beginning of the past year, in his Premiership, which lasted but ten weeks; then he fell with his cherished ambition, the *scrutin de liste.* Still this did not crush him; he remained the most important political factor in France. Gradually regaining his prestige and building up anew a broad, deep-rooted political reputation, he was torn away when success seemed almost in his reach.

France mourns his loss, and now, arising from her grief, seems staggering blindly for a moment, as if she misses the curbing rein of her greatest leader. Germany regrets the loss to the world, but breathes easier with the feeling that the one man, the embodiment of revenge, who might some day gain back the lost provinces and retrieve the injured honor of his nation, is no longer to be feared. All alike inquire, "What will become of France? Who will take his place?"

Gambetta's political institutions, formed by years of untiring work, are too well grounded to cause any immediate fears for the future safety of the government or that chaos will ensue the loss of the controlling spirit. Gambetta's was ever a policy of progression; yet he was conservative. He preferred to advance slowly and surely, with no fear of retraction. He believed in renovating existing institutions gradually, eliminating the bad and employing the good. These principles will certainly not perish with the disappearance of their powerful and persuasive advocate, though their progress may be delayed for a time.

Gambetta was ever surrounded by the bitterest enemies, seeking in all ways his overthrow, assailing him with ceaseless defamation and keenest thrusts. How they gloried in his fall with his ministry and fancied him conquered forever, and with what unpopularity he was greeted. It is true he was ambitious, but always for the best interests of his nation, and he sought personal aggrandizement only with this end. His broad policy ever allowed him to give fullest consideration to all,— enemies as well as constituents.

In a single year he rose to his greatest position and fell; but the reaction was coming by degrees, and once more he seemed firmly reinstated in popular favor, when death closed his brilliant career. No one can ever fill the place Gambetta has left vacant. Other men may rise to greater power, yet they will never succeed to the position in the government, in the heart of the nation, held by this great genius and statesman.

Ralph Everett Farnham.

SONG.

From the German of Theodor Storm.

Beautiful am I
But for to-day:
Ah, yes, to-morrow
Must all pass away!
Only this moment
Are you mine own;
Dying, ah, dying
I'll be alone.

C. T. S.

THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM *VS.* THE PRESCRIBED CURRICULUM.

In the year 1841 Harvard College, the pioneer of the elective system of to-day, departed from the old régime and introduced a course of instruction similar to the method of the present day. Great expectations were entertained of this step, but they were never realized. The plan failed, and the college returned to the prevailing mode. Brown University, with hopes of high success, was the next to adopt this manner of education. But the support it received from the public was sufficient to show only its complete failure.

However, in answer to the popular demand for more science and less Greek, the Technology Institute and the Sheffield School of Science were founded, together with others which might be mentioned. But the most prosperous of these schools have long since given up the idea of giving each student what he wants, and now confine them to a fixed course. It is one of the arguments of the advocates of the elective system that by their method a college is exalted into a university. But they forget that their plan fails to provide the feature which gives a university its honor and name, that is, "a *previous discipline* thoroughly undergone and a *liberal education* required." By a liberal education is not meant the education of a so-called liberal college. It is not that of a specialist who devotes himself to one course, but that of a man who has built up the foundation of his education on the broad and sound basis of the classics increased by the modern languages.

The system in vogue at Harvard College, which may be taken as a type of the institutions of its class, is this: Up to the end of the Freshman year there is a prescribed curriculm. A selection is then allowed till the end of the course of any two or three certain studies for about two-thirds of the time, the rest of the school year being devoted to studies pursued by the class in common. The ancient languages and mathematics receive high attention. In this way everything is thrown open to the student after the Freshman year. Up to this time he has studied the classics and their attendant studies. Now he is left to choose for himself. Usually the pursuit of Latin and Greek is ended almost in the most important and fruitful part. The college course is in this manner shortened and is deprived of the good results beginning to appear, while the course of the university is commenced too soon.

College students at the end of the Freshman year are hardly so fully aware of their future life as to be influenced by that fact to a great extent in their selections. Their tastes are unformed, or capricious and prejudiced. Even if they are decided and of strong will, they may not always be right. The study which they dislike may be the one they are in the most need of. The difficulties, perhaps, unanticipated in a study may cause discontent and vexation. Some new study, whose beauties have just been discovered, may bring disgust and sorrow at their choice. That which seems to be gained by quickness and in short time may be lost in mental acquirement and discipline. The student who begins law or theology in his Sophomore or Junior year, or who pursues a course of reading directed to that end alone, will generally be found, in the long course of life, far behind the man who, first training and enlarging his mind by the study of the classics, then takes up his profession.

Upon this subject let us read the report of the President of Harvard College for 1868–9. "The elective system has been in service long enough to develop both its merits and defects. It has probably disappointed equally its opponents and advocates. As far as the election on the part of our students is free, and deliberate, and from a just cause, benefits have attended their choice. But a large portion of our students make their election, not from any conscious taste or preference, but avowedly from considerations of ease, of rank, or of companionship. As the time for choice approaches, no question is more frequently discussed than the higher or lower rate at which the several instructors estimate equally good lessons; and a department is frequently chosen because it is supposed in the college phrase that "the marks run higher" there than in collateral departments. The very large number of petitions for the "change of electives" is the best evidence of the insufficient grounds on which the choice is made. It must be admitted, also, that the instructors are strongly tempted to do all in their power legitimately to discourage all except quick and active scholars from entering their respective departments, and a student of slender ability, but with a sincere and discriminating love of learning, may find the course which he would prefer virtually closed against him, or opened to him reluctantly and grudgingly." Such is the testimony of a former President of Harvard; let us now consider the advantages of a prescribed curriculum.

By the prescribed curriculum is meant a course of study which is most adapted to give the student a broad and liberal education instead of the narrow and limited results obtained by the specialist. And it is one fundamental point of all such schools that a college course is most specially designed to give power to acquire and to think, rather than to impart special knowledge or training. The study of languages, especially the classic tongues, is the constant theme of the reformers in the line of education. Of the many subjects which a youth takes up from the time he begins his school life, that of languages is by far the most fitted to give him that discipline and training which he requires. Language is the only means of conveying thought. The most of the knowledge we acquire is through words spoken or written. Man is roused to nobler purposes and higher aims by reading the thoughts and acts of men before him. By the study of languages the mind is led to reflect and analyze. The mind of a young boy is utterly incapable of understanding the science of nature, of chemistry or of physics, which have been urged as substitutes for Latin and Greek by many eminent men. Assuming that the study of languages is most applicable for the training required, then of languages the classical are the most important. The study of the classics is designated by the so-called "Liberais" in education as old, antiquated, and of no practical use at all. The majority of college men are not to be scholars, it is urged, and do not require and have no need of a scholar's education. Then, we say, that they have all the more need of what little Latin and Greek they do get in bringing out their powers and disciplining their minds. The many ways in which a classical education is connected with the history they read, the literature they appreciate, and the institutions under which they live, make even a scanty knowledge of the classics of inestimable value. So intimately are the arts, the literature, the laws, the jurisprudence of the modern period connected with that of the ancients that the study of languages is an absolute necessity to the thorough appreciation and understanding of the poetry, the writings and the customs and laws of the present time. And, certainly, there can be no doubt but that the classics far surpass the modern tongues in discipline. The opinion of Lord Macaulay on this subject may be of some interest. "We believe that men who have been engaged up to one or two and twenty years in studies which have no immediate connection with the business of any profession, and of which the effect is merely to open, to invigorate and to strengthen the mind, will generally be found superior to men who have, at eighteen or nineteen, devoted themselves to the special studies of their calling."

By the elective system the study of Latin and Greek, not much more than begun, is at the end of the Freshman year shortened and deprived of the fruits which the scholar is now beginning to enjoy. Learning of every kind, whether general or special, is not intended to send a man into his profession with an education fitted for that and that alone. The wider a man's knowledge, the more liberal the course he undergoes, so much the more adapted will he be to take up the duties of his profession, and his position in society. And surely, if in our preparatory schools the necessity of a fixed course is recognized, the young collegian cannot be so well grounded in the studies he has as to discontinue them altogether. Every man who expects to take the position which is due to a College Graduate, must have an education broad and liberal instead of the knowledge he acquires from the exclusive pursuit of one subject.

A. R. P.

NATURAL LAWS.

ATTRACTION — GRAVITATION.

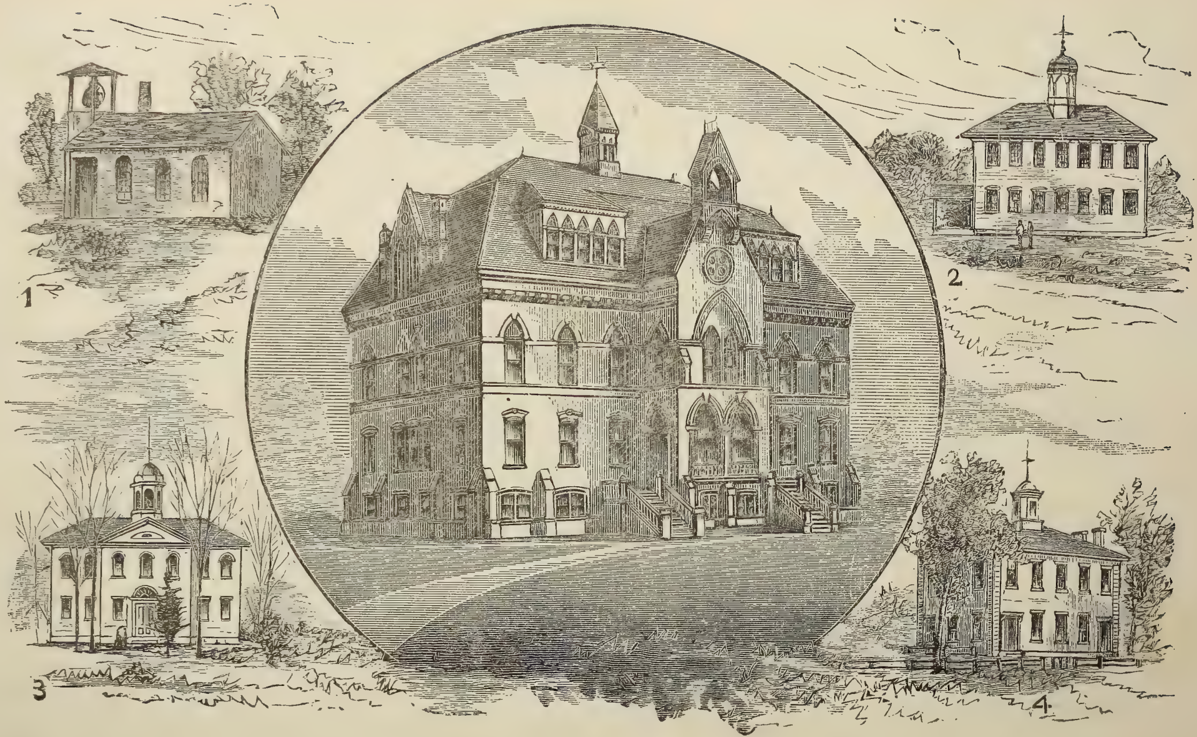
Illustrating Lunar Influences.

I.

We trod with careful steps upon the snow,
"Fearful of falling on the icy ground," —
At least we both pretended this was so;
And then I laughed, she blushed and looked around.
As footsteps neared us on the street,
And muffled figures hurriedly passed by;
While we, with slowly moving, freezing feet,
Let them all pass, — oh, stately Prudence, fie!
That we together all alone might walk,
And softly look into each other's eyes,
And falter out some strangely foolish talk,
"Of heaven-sent snow, and stars, and moonlit skies."

II.

We passed across some hard and icy ground,
And there her dainty, pretty foot just slipped, —
My arm slipped too! Not on the ice! But round
A gentle maid, — bright-eyed and cherry-lipped!
Help it? How could I? I but only tried
The gravitating power of earth to stay!
If she had fallen, then she might have cried, —
Worse! Then her tears must needs be kissed away.
And who could do it there so well as I?
Her mother and her friends were not in sight,
And if she waited long her tears would dry, —
Besides, it was a glorious moonlight night!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PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

The Phillips Family was one of the oldest and most distinguished in the State. Of English extraction, early colonists, they became highly eminent in the services of the country, and took an active part in the exciting times of the Revolution. Of these, Judge Samuel Phillips, as the founder of Phillips Academy, enters largely into this sketch. A graduate from Harvard College about the time of the popular uprising against taxation, he entered heart and soul into the mighty contests of the day. At this period he was united to his first and only wife, Miss Phœbe Foxcroft, a lady highly cultivated and accomplished. After the independence of the American colonies had been established, he was repeatedly elected by the people as their representative, until finally he was elevated to the high office of lieutenant-general. Faithful to all his trusts, energetic and patriotic, of generous and noble character, he held a high place in the confidence of the people. Yet in all his public positions his zeal in the cause of education never forsook him. Amid his arduous duties in the war of the Revolution, the thought and plans for founding an academy were ever uppermost in his mind. Having imparted his plan to his father, and to his rich and partial uncle, and obtained their hearty coöperation, he entered upon his great work. The institution appears to have, at first, been designed as a private establishment, then a school thrown open to the public. The location of the proposed academy was first to be decided. His own residence and that of his father was at this time in North Andover, and he desired to place the institution there; but as he could not by any means procure the situation he preferred, the district known as the South Parish was determined upon.

The first academy was an old carpenter shop, fitted up temporarily. It was a small, unfinished building, about thirty by twenty-five feet, and could not accomodate more than thirty or forty scholars. The condition of admission was to be able to read English well. The name first given to the institution was Phillips *School.* The number of pupils was limited to thirty, and no others could be received unless the full number should be lacking for a month. The first principal was Mr. Pearson, then instructor in the town grammar school. It was decided by the trustees that there should be two vacations, one in April, the other in October, of three weeks each in length. At this time "Andover Hill" was almost uninhabited; there were but two old houses in the neighborhood, while the remainder of the district was all wild land. The success of the school was assured from the first moment. Such numbers sought admittance that the first arrangements were soon modified. The institution was now incorporated under the name of Phillips *Academy.* It was about this time that the uncle of Judge Samuel Phillips founded a similar academy at Exeter. By purchases which were now made nearly the whole of Andover Hill came into the possession of the trustees of the academy, including what was known as the "Old Training Field," the plot of land situated in front of the Mansion House. It was at this period that Judge Phillips erected the present Mansion House, in order that he might more suitably entertain his guests and also have some students in his family. So greatly, even by this time, had the school increased that the necessity of a larger and more commodious building was deeply felt. Very near where now stands the theological library a second building was erected, a two-story structure, with the recitation rooms on the lower floor, while a spacious hall was on the second floor. This academy was built to accommodate one hundred pupils. The first building, after remaining a long time on its old site, was moved away and fitted up for a dwelling-house, until about ten years ago, when it was torn down to make way for a more commodious building. At the time of Wasnington's visit here, the tract of ground in front of the seminary was bounded by a stone wall, while the intervening land was overgrown with all sort of shrubbery. The academy was now in a most prosperous condition, and became the model of many similar schools. The institution was so well known that it received many pupils from not only the other New England States, but also from the South and even from the West Indies. Several years after the visit of Washington, and while he was President, the two sons of his nephew were sent here at his suggestion, and the two Lee boys, sons of the famous Light-Horse Harry Lee, of Revolutionary fame. The Lees were in the family of Judge Phillips, a delightful home, where a boy felt at once the warmth and sympathy of its kind host. Madame Phillips was always especially interested in the welfare of the boys, and visited many of them when downcast by sorrow or sickness. The influence of that home over the character of the boys who dwelt there cannot be estimated. The lives of Judge and Madame Phillips were models of simple purity and unaffected kindness and hospitality.

The elder of the Lee brothers entered Princeton after the completion of his course at Andover. But he was taken sick and died while in college. While on his death-bed, recalling the scenes at Andover, he said, "My friendship for the Phillips family cannot be buried with me in the grave, but it will live with me in the immortal life." Such was the testimony of this noble boy. The Hon. Josiah Quincy, when six years old, was sent up here to school by his mother; but the school-life was uncongenial to him and he had a discouraging time. In one of his books, lately published, he draws rather a gloomy picture of the life of the school. Judge Phillips saw the faces of many boys pass by before him and become eminent in life,— a living testimony to the high state and condition of the institution he founded. Over seven hundred boys had enrolled their names on the catalogue of the school, had played around the favorite haunts, before he passed away to his rest. How pleasant it must have been in the summer! How delightful to walk in the mighty forest some pleasant June afternoon with a warm gentle breeze rustling the leaves! How refreshing to wander down to the cool Shawshine and recline upon its mossy bank, gazing at the slow, uneddying current! Pomp's Pond, Indian Ridge, Sunset Rock, were well known and visited then as to-day. But time was passing on, new faces were constantly appearing, and the academy was steadily growing. It had been the intention of Judge Phillips to promote the establishment of a seat of education for the study of theology. Even at the present time there was a class of divinity students under a special instructor in the academy, but the present theological seminary was not built until after his death. In 1818 the second academy was burned. A new building was immediately raised on another site; this was the third academy, and is what is known as the Gymnasium. It was here that Oliver Wendell Holmes went when a school-boy, and from this he draws the picture in his poem read at the Centennial Celebration of the Academy. This is the way he describes the schoolroom: —

> "The morning came; I reached the classic hall;
> A clock-face eyed me, staring from the wall;
> Beneath its hands a printed line I read:
> *Youth is life's seedtime;* so the clock-face said.
> Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed, —
> Sowed their wild oats, and reaped as they had sowed.
> How all comes back! the upward slanting floor;
> The masters' thrones, that flank the central door;
> The long, outstretching alleys that divide
> The rows of desks that stand on either side;
> The staring boys, a face to every desk,
> Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque."

Such is the description which Dr. Holmes has given in his poem on the School-boy. It was in this academy that Ray Palmer, with a few congenial spirits, laid the foundations of Philo. As the numbers of the academy increased, and the necessity of English branches of study was felt, the English Department and Teachers' Seminary was organized, under the especial patronage of Hon. William Phillips, the cousin of Judge Samuel Phillips. This department, at first, was intended to be kept separate from the classical school, as had been done with the theological seminary. Accordingly, what was known as the Stone Academy was erected for this new department. This building was on the corner of land directly opposite the house of Mr. Comstock. It was built of gray sandstone of somewhat the same sort as the Stone House at the end of Chapel Avenue was constructed of. This academy was constructed exclusively for the English department, which was entirely separate from the classical school. The scientific school continued in this way for about thirteen years. During this time, on account of the difficulty in securing boarding-places for so many boys, and that the expenses of students might be lessened, the Commons were built. Owing to the fact that the English department had no endowments, and that the term bills, though large, were too small to meet the demands of the academy, the English department was joined with the classical and the Stone Academy was occupied by both sections. This structure was burned in 1864. In the next year the present handsome building arose, a grand testimony to the success of that institution which Samuel Phillips founded. Sending out into busy life the men trained under her guidance, she ever exerts a strong and powerful influence for good in the world, and in the words of Holmes:

> "Long as the arching skies above thee spread,
> As on thy grass the dews of heaven are shed,
> With current widening still from year to year,
> And deepening channels, calm, untroubled, clear,
> Flow the twin streamlets from thy sacred hill,—
> Pieria's fount and Siloam's shaded rill."

ATHLETICS.

Foot-ball is now a thing of the past, and the interest of the school centers upon the prospects of the coming ball teams. The reputation made by our eleven in the campaign of last fall has never been equalled. The victory won over Harvard '86, vaunted as being the finest Freshman Class in athletics which has of late years entered the university, the brilliant game played with Yale, the total defeat of our rival academies, have given the academy a renown never surpassed by any previous records. Phillips Andover is known throughout all the leading colleges of New England for the high stand she takes in athletics, and is the recognized head of the preparatory schools. With such a reputation as this it behooves her to put forth every effort to retain that ascendancy for the approaching season.

Our nine last year was unfortunate. It not only lost two important games, but also the crowning one, the contest with Exeter. And yet undoubtedly there were some of the finest individual players in that team that the school has ever had. The nine was not managed quite as it should be, but it cannot all be charged to the fault of the captain. Fully as much blame rests upon the members of the second nine. By their unwillingness to come out and play, the first nine was deprived of that practice so beneficial to them. And this is often a cause of disaster. After the contest for the first positions is over, the defeated candidates are apt to lose all their interest and entirely leave the field, while the first nine is left to practice by itself or with whom it may obtain. As a result, the representative team of the school cannot get the practice which is most likely to bring the best fruits. The members, training themselves to their positions alone, do not get into the method of working harmoniously together. And so in a match game they do not support one another in a manner essential to the success of the nine. They know not how much they can rely on the rest of the team in a difficult play. The game is lost, not because of the extremely poor playing of individual men in the nine, but for the reason that they are unable to work well together.

It is natural that the best practice they can obtain is to play with some other team, to prepare them for the greater battles. Such practice can only be brought about by a constant series of games with the best second nine the school is able to furnish. Thus the successful career of the first nine depends to a great extent upon the members of the second team, who too often disregard their duty. One of the first subjects of importance is the training of the nines. At the beginning of this winter term the Base Ball Committee was selected, consisting of Messrs. Jennings, Vinton, and Olney. These gentlemen, in accordance with the usual custom, appointed twenty-five boys from the school at large to go into training for the spring work. This year the services of Mr. Carter have again been secured for the Gymnasium work, and especially for the express purpose of coaching the candidates for the ball team. And yet, probably, not more than ten are doing any faithful work in the line of athletics. The good effects of a steady training are apparent to every one, but the state of athletics in preparatory schools is not so high as to demand the constant practice of candidates, as in the colleges. As a consequence, very little work is done during the winter months by the competitors, who place too much confidence in their own powers.

The Athletic Association has bestirred itself from its long sleep of two terms. A list of sports for the winter meeting in the Gymnasium has been posted up. The list comprises a large number of exercises, and it is to be hoped that a successful meeting will be the result. It seems a pity that such a school as this, with its present high rank, cannot maintain an active Association and hold spring and fall out-door tournaments.

The Lacrosse Club, under the able management of its President, is preparing to take the field next spring strengthened by training and experience. Lacrosse is rapidly increasing in favor among the colleges and is destined to become one of the leading sports.

During the long winter months, when the cold weather debars much out-door exercise, the Gymnasium becomes the scene of faithful work on the part of few of the students, yet the general physical condition of the majority of the school is far from being what it ought. And as a general rule exercise is taken least by those who, from their habits of life and from their nature, need it most. The temptation to remain in a warm room, with a delightful book in one's hand, while the wind is howling outside, is too great to be endured. Consequently the Gymnasium is wont to be neglected, and the exercise of the body to be disregarded. Such a course is a fatal mistake sure to tell in the course of time on both the body and mind of the student. The education of the body to a strong and vigorous state is necessary both to the health of a person and the clear perception of mind. To insure the power of the organs of the brain, to attain the highest abilities for sharp, clear, decisive mental action, a sound state of the physical powers is necessary. Many a man of high intellectual abilities has been cut off in the prime of life by neglecting the laws of health. Many an eminent man has dragged out a life of weary existence for trampling on the laws of an all-wise nature. He who attempts to draw from his mind at the expense of his body will find himself, sooner or later, a wreck in health and spirits. So closely are the processes of the mind connected with the welfare of the body that, as soon as one is neglected, the other begins imperceptibly to weaken. A well-balanced mind is the result of a well-balanced body, trained to health and strength by vigorous exercise. The opportunities for physical culture should be equal to those for intellect. Then let it be every one's pride to say, in the words of the old Latin proverb, *Sana mens in corpore sano.*

EDITORS' REVIEW.

1st, Arthur Reed Pennell, '83. 2d, Charles Tildon Sempers, '84. 3d, Stephen Tracy Livingston, '83.	Board of Editors.

The Editors of the Philo Mirror now submit the result of their labors to the school. The present board have done the best they can to maintain the standard of the Mirror in its present high condition. It has been their aim, by securing interesting and varied reading matter, to present an attractive publication to the school. Heretofore it has been customary to leave a surplus from the receipts of the Mirror. But the editors, thinking that perhaps it would be more acceptable to its readers to devote that surplus to the Mirror, have thus applied it. With these words the board of editors place the Mirror in the hands of the school, hoping to receive the same favor and support as was given to its predecessors.

The Philomathean Society now approaches the end of the winter term. Under the able management of her president, the tone of the society has steadily advanced. The meetings have been orderly, well-supported, and interesting. And although, out of a membership of nearly half the school, the general attendance has been rather small, yet the literary parts have been filled with marked success. Those who have attended have come to appreciate and enjoy the exercises brought before them. Since the change in the constitution of Inquiry, Philo has become the only literary society of the school. The need of a new society is being felt. It has been proposed to organize another society on the basis of limited membership, to which its members are to be elected, one condition of entrance being that candidates should belong to the second society. In this way it is claimed that, by the desire to become members of the first society, the literary work of the school would be stimulated, and that the first society, composed of the ablest men in the school, would considerably elevate the general excellence of literary efforts.

On January 8th, the first alarm of fire in this year rang out from the bell of the Old South Church. The fellows were promptly on hand. The engine was dragged out through the snow, and gathering recruits as it went along, proceeded to the scene of disaster. It succeeded in getting as far down as the Post Office when the usual order of things was observed, — the boys were informed that the fire was all out. So nothing was left for them but to march back, unable even to secure a cut for their heroic endeavors. The fire was a small flame in Abbott Village, which was extinguished even before the town engine could arrive.

The day of Prayer for Colleges was observed in this State on Thursday, the 25th of January. Services were held in the Chapel. The school attended in a body, and our fair cousins from Abbott were also present. Addresses were made by several gentlemen from the Seminary and by Mr. Coy of the Academy. Dr. Gordon, of the Claremont St. Baptist Church, Boston, closed with an interesting address. After an unusually good meeting, the services were closed with the benediction, and the congregation passed out. The position of choir long held by the Theologues was filled by Academy boys.

Ever since the step taken by the Mirror Board in the winter term of '82, the presentation of a frontispiece has become established and is now regularly expected by the school, a fact which will cause some anxiety to future editors. The members of the present board have selected, as the piece to adorn the opening page, a picture of Society Hall. This was thought to be appropriate to the MIRROR itself and of sufficient interest to warrant insertion. Every boy would like to have a picture of the hall of that society in which he has taken part, something in after years, perhaps, to recall the memories of old Philo, soon now to be left by one class passing on to College and the scenes of a busier life.

The course of entertainments, given under the auspices of the Senior Class, together with the students of our neighboring institution, the Theological Seminary, began with a concert by the Pierian Sodality of Harvard, on the evening of Jan. 12. Several selections by the orchestra and parts filled by indivdual players presented a fine programme. There was a large and appreciative audience. Almost every part was encored, and those who were present could not but feel that if this first entertainment was a type of the four succeeding ones, the whole course would offer a rare treat as well as prove to be a success financially. The school is especially interested in this style of music on account of the efforts made by us this year in the shape of an orchestra. This is a novelty, and although a difficult thing to run in a school like ours, has won great praise.

The Middlers, too, had their annual ride in this short term, which somehow is so crowded with events that it passes away all the more quickly. Lowell, as usual, was the scene of their fun. Toasts, after a well-stewed oyster supper, were followed by amusement in other forms, roller-skating monopolizing a large number. At the rink several romantic episodes cccurred, giving the boys a chance to display their gal — lantry. The ride home was enlivened by the greatest number of blood-curdling ghost stories ever crowded into an hour-and-a-half. Murder stories also had their fair share, and occasionally a fellow would unconsciously get off a joke about twenty-five years old. However, everything was funny and every one was happy; and now that its class ride is a thing of the past, '84 looks back to it with pleasant memories.

The Andover Choral Union gave its third concert in the Town Hall, Feb. 2d. The Union has been under the training of Mr. S. B. Whitney, of Boston, who so ably conducted the Choral Concert last year. The programme consisted of music by the whole chorus, together with solos, quartettes, both vocal and instrumental. The music by the orchestra also added much to the concert. The parts, though difficult, were well rendered and the whole entertainment was a decided success. We were glad to notice several of our own fellows in the chorus as well as one in the orchestra.

During the third week in January, the Middle English Class, following the course of their predecessors, went on their ride to Lowell. They left Andover about 2.30, and after a pleasant drive, enlightened by story telling and singing, safely arrived at their destination. After a stroll about the city, the class assembled at the restaurant, where a fine supper was spread awaiting them. When this had been fully discussed toasts were prepared and drunk with great enthusiasm. As the class broke up, different parties made their way to the theatre, skating rink, and various places of amusement. Finally the barge drove up for their return homewards. Their ride back was made somewhat unpleasant by a drizzling rain that continued to fall. However, not even rain can dampen the spirits of a crowd of boys, and after a quick drive home all were safely landed in front of the Academy, and departed to their rooms.

Two exhibitions of so-called "psycho-dynamics" were given in the chapel of the Academy during the term just closing. They were extremely amusing, and kept the audience in a constant roar of laughter.

The "professor's" claim, that he could teach one to mesmerize himself, and thus place himself beyond the reach of physical pain, seemed rather absurd and contradictory.

Finally, after considerable delay and postponement, the long expected Philo Exhibition, the Minstrels, came off in the Town Hall. It was felt that a Mock Trial would be devoid of interest, and so a new programme was introduced,— a Minstrel Show. On account of the long time required in preparation, this exhibition, which usually takes place during the last part of the fall term, was postponed until the winter term. The Town Hall was chosen as the scene of operations. Owing to the limited seating capacity of this building, complimentary tickets were issued by the committee. On the night of the entertainment the Hall was completely crowded. The chorus of fifteen voices, aided by the orchestra of thirteen pieces, finely supported the different parts. To attempt to criticise the performance at length would be out of place, but it seemed to us that in some instances there was a tendency to overdo the matter. The hits made were numerous and well received. The orchestra deserves more than a passing notice here. The selections which it rendered were given in a style worthy of great praise. It is to be hoped that this organization may be kept up, and that a regular orchestra may be the pride of Phillips. The whole affair was a great success, and great thanks are due the committee for their untiring efforts, in so many difficulties, in bringing the entertainment to a successful completion.

The coasting this winter has been grand and glorious. Never before has the God of Storms been so propitious. Never before have the long, sloping hills been covered with so much ice. The long, inclined hillsides glistening in snow and ice, became the scene of many a joyous frolic. The smoothly gliding sled, weighted with its human freight, rushed downward vying with the speed of the wind. School Street, which, by the kindness of the town authorities, the boys are permitted to use, was covered with a constant stream of swift-moving sleds. The bracing air and healthful sport brought the red tinge into many a cheek grown too pale by close confinement to the desk. The skating, by the loss of the rink, was seriously interfered with, and so all with redoubled zeal applied themselves to coasting. But coasting is now past. The sun is returning on his course, and soon the trees and verdure will assume the garb of spring.

Those who were present at the second entertainment on the Academy Course were perhaps quite as much interested in the lecturer as in his words. The lecture was admirably adapted to give one, at least for the time of its delivery, a bright view of life and things in general. It was indescribably funny and witty. Its style was graceful and polished, and imbued with some intangible personal quality which made it particularly striking and impressive. The lecturer did not present so gaunt and eccentric an appearance as the illustrated papers of New York would imply. His appearance was by no means prepossessing, but in a short time after he began to speak he had gained complete mastery of his audience. Whatever value the charge of sensationalism may have, there is undoubted genius in this far-famed Brooklyn divine. It is true, he has eccentricities, but his power does not lie in them, but rather asserts itself in spite of them.

The literary club of the Senior Class has again started under the direction of Mr. Coy. The work of this club cannot be too much commended. A large proportion of the class joined, and are taking an active part in the meetings. By this means a large number of boys, who, from diffidence and a feeling of self-distrust, never take any part in Philo, are led to discover and learn their own abilities and talent in the line of literary work. The good effect of such a club as this was clearly shown in the improved condition of the essays of the Senior Class of last year. A member of the class is appointed to act as president for one night. Articles prepared are read, selections are rendered, and the reading of English at sight, a practice too much neglected by our schools, occupys a prominent part.

The first of the concerts under the auspices of Abbot Academy took place in the Town Hall on the 12th of February. This recital was probably the best that any Andover audience has yet listened to. Prof. Carl Baerman, who played here so acceptably last winter, was the artist on this occasion. Prof. Baerman was assisted by an orchestra of six pieces, which was collected after considerable difficulty. The programme was especially fine, and contained many choice selections. The last selection rendered was a septet, by Hummel, a piece which is not often played on account of the difficulty in getting together a number of suitable performers. This septet was very finely given. Of the playing of Prof. Baerman it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. His well-known and wide-spread reputation is a sufficient testimony to his powers. Andover is fortunate in having an opportunity to hear such a talented artist.

Mr. Spalding's lecture on St. Peter's was full of interest alike to those who have seen the original and those whose acquaintance with this cathedral of the world's faith has been formed through pictures and books. The views exhibited, though not numerous, were finely executed, some of them eliciting the highest praises from art-loving people in the audience. Hawthorne, who, in his sympathetic and appreciative description in the Marble Fawn, almost makes one feel as if he were in the unchanging atmosphere of St. Peter's, was often quoted by the lecturer to admirable advantage. Not only to those interested in the arts of painting, sculpturing and architecture,— unquestionably the greatest of the three,— but also to lovers of history, was this lecture of especial value. On the whole, Mr. Spalding's criticisms seemed to be fair and discriminating. It is doubtful, however, if his sweeping condemnation of the art exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition of '76 met with much sympathy, no matter what may be the value of his criticism.

For the first time, the 22d of February has passed and been observed as a school-day. When the usual entire holiday was abridged by one recitation, the sign was ominous of something more to come. When, on the following year, it was still more restricted by two recitations, the question of the entire loss of the day was only a matter of time. And, accordingly, the holiday was passed without recognition on the part of the Faculty, despite the petition of the school. Now if the school is to be run on the principle of absolute government, we must bow our heads and submit. On the other hand, if the loss of a single day in recitations is so detrimental, it cannot be a very high tribute to the scholarship of one of the best academies in the country. In either case the 22d of February becomes a precedent for all other legal holidays.

The Editors of the MIRROR, following the usual custom, offered prizes for essays and cuts. This term the editors were fortunate and secured a fine cut, together with a fair number of essays. These essays were referred to a committee of three outside persons. The gentlemen chosen by the present board as judges were Rev. Mr. Merrill, Mr. Hyde, and Mr. Steele, of the Seminary. In accordance with their decision, the first prize is awarded to the essay entitled, "The Three French Republics," by a gentleman who wrote under the pseudonym, "On the Spur of the Moment." The second prize was awarded to the essay entitled, "The Safeguard of Our Republic," by F. I. P. The third prize, publication, was assigned to the piece entitled, "Léon Gambetta," by R. E. Farnham. Of the cuts, the first prize was given to the one entitled, Mean(s) Essays Illustrated, by S. A. Abbott.

Through the very great kindness of Miss Johnson, the Senior Class, again this year, enjoyed a delightful reception at Bradford Academy. The long anticipated and already postponed event took place February 24th. The sleigh-ride and the class-supper at Haverhill, together with the entertainment later in the evening at the Fem. Sem., form an episode which will remain in the memories of '83 as one of the most delightful events of the whole four years' course. At the request of the class both Dr. Bancroft and Mr. Coy remained after supper and responded to toasts, togethed with several of the fellows. An additional novelty was the reading of a poem written in commemoration of the event. After this the class repaired to the Academy, where the rest of the evening was spent very pleasantly with the charming young ladies of the Fem. Sem. Refreshments were served. All but seven of the class were present. The fellows appreciated this kindness of Miss Johnson, and each individually felt his indebtedness to her for the rare enjoyment of the evening.

The seventeenth annual speaking in competition for the Draper Prizes took place March 5th. Various rumors were afloat that the speaking was to be the finest we have ever had, and the competition exceedingly close. This was fully realized. The programme was a very attractive one, being composed of selections which were of themselves varied and interesting to the audience, while the splendid oratory was something we have heard unequalled within our halls. There was a large audience present eager to hear men who had been under Prof. Churchill's training. Hardly any speaker of previous years can claim to have received the applause which followed Mr. Hotaling as he left the stage, and also when he was awarded the first prize. Mr.

Cleaves, who took the second prize, presented his delivery in an exceedingly pleasant manner, handling his declamation with perfect mastery, and making use of force with the rare tact which compels one to receive the meaning of his words. The third prize was awarded to Mr. McGuinness, whose eloquence and earnestness of manner well deserved the honor. Every speaker was profusely laden with bouquets. While the committee were absent, the orchestra favored the audience with several selections.

PERSONALS.

JOHN M. RODOCONACHI, ESQ., P. A. '53, has been promoted to be consul-general of the Greek Government at Boston.

A memorial tablet in front of the house formerly occupied by Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, P. A. 1802, was unveiled in Rome, March 5th, the American Minister and the whole legation being present and many from the American Colony. Signior D'Amico, Director General of Telegraphy, paid a high eulogy to Prof. Morse, and concluded by saying, "Rome, the mother of civilized nations, honors in Prof. Morse a young nation which is splendidly paying her debt to antiquity."

Dr. William A. Mowry, P. A. '54, had an article on Phillips Academy in a recent number of the New England Journal of Education, giving a long list of men in school in the classes '50–'55, who have since been prominent in various positions. He states that "a thorough fit alone, without the college course, is often better than the full curriculum of the college with a meagre and inadequate preparation."

The Wells Memorial Building, erected in honor of the late Dr. E. M. P. Wells, of Boston, P. A. 1815, was dedicated Feb. 22d. It consists of library, reading room, gymnasium, etc., and there is a workingmen's club and institute, with ten distinct departments, designed to give instruction, recreation and help to that part of the community for which Dr. Wells so effectively labored. Mayor Palmer, P. A. '53, made one of the principal addresses.

"Figures from the Past from the Leaves of Old Journals," is the name of a volume recently published by Roberts Bros. The author, the late Josiah Quincy, P. A. 1817, wrote most of the papers originally for the *Independent.* The first chapter is about the "Puritan School" at Andover, in which Quincy was fitted for Harvard, as his father, President Quincy, had been before him. It gives a rather gloomy account of school life seventy years ago, relieved by several capital anecdotes. Mr. Quincy made a very interesting address at the Semi-Centennial of Philo in '75, and another at the Centennial of the Academy in 1878.

Mr. George Fuller has recently completed a portrait of Hon. Alpheus Hardy, P. A. '36, President of the Trustees, which has been on exhibition at Williams and Everett's, and is much praised by the critics.

A portrait of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, P. A. '26, by John W. Alexander, the New York painter, is on exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and has attracted much attention. It will go to the new building of the Harvard Medical School on the Back Bay.

The death of George M. Beard, P. A. '57, has turned public attention to his works, and G. R. Putnam & Sons announce five of the more popular ones on subjects connected with neurology. His address to the school on sleep will be remembered by all who heard it.

We are indebted for the picture of Dr. Holland in this issue to the kindness of Roswell Smith, Esq., president of the Century Company in New York, a pupil here in '54.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A vacant recitation chair,
A disregard for morning prayer,
A little cutting here and there,—
That's all.

A summons to that awful room;
The Bummer's heart is wrapped in gloom:
He knows that there he'll meet his doom,—
That's all.

"That he who walks in error's way,
Who from the path of right will stray,
In this old town no more can stay."
That's all.

When did George Wsahington take his first ride? When he took a hack at the cherry tree.

Geometry. Prof.—"What is a circle?" Student (deliberately).—"It is a round straight line with a hole in the middle."

"Yes," said an old man thoughtfully after gazing some time at the skeleton of a donkey and wondering at the structure of that despised animal, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

A man out west was found dead in a bath tub, and the coroner's jury scouted the theory of suicide and promptly returned a verdict that it was a case of inexperience.

A pert miss says she wears bangs because she does'nt want to look so forehead.

Poet.—"But, my dear sir, it is now four years since you accepted my epic and no steps have yet been taken to publish it." Publisher.—"Don't be in a hurry, young man; Homer had to wait three thousand years before he got into print, and you can hardly claim that your poem is an Iliad."

She was my idyl when I wooed,
My idol when I won:
My idol when, in after years,
Ways idle she had none.

A negro preacher elaborated a new theory of the Exodus, to wit, that the Red Sea got frozen over, and so afforded the Israelites a safe passage; but when Pharaoh, with his heavy iron chariots, attempted it, they broke through and were drowned. A brother rose and asked for an explanation of that point. "I'se been studyin' gography, and de gography say dat be very warm country — were dey have tropics. And de tropics too hot for freezin'. De pint is, 'bout breaking through de ice." The preacher straightened up and said, "Brudder, glad you axed that question. It gives me 'casion to splain it. You see that was great while 'go — in de ole times, 'fo' dey had any gography — 'fo' dere was any tropics."

Little Robby went to a show, and saw an elephant for the first time in his life. When he came back, his mother asked him what he had seen. "An elephant, ma, that gobbles hay up with his front tail."

Gen. Reuben was seated on a mackerel barrel, with his feet on a couple of sugar hogsheads, and had just given an account of how he froze those members sliding down hill in the winter of '76. There was a silence for a few minutes, interrupted by an interrogation from Mozart Daffodil. "Do you mean, General, to have our understanding comprehend dat you froze boff of dem feet in one winter?" "Boff," replied the General, cutting off a piece of tobacco about the size of a toy harmonica. After another reign of silence the General demanded, "Do you doubt that statement, sah?" "No," replied Mozart. "I was only thinking what a long, hard winter it must have been."

'Twas in Arabia's sunny land
He wooed his bonny bride;
His umber Ella, rain or shine,
Was ever by his side.

But now he does not Caffre her;
No love tale does he tell her;
He'd fain Bedouin something else —
Alas poor Arab Ella.

The monkeys are not so ignorant after all. They are all educated in the high branches.

Talk of their being no women cannibals! Think of the poet laureate.

An Englishman upon hearing the cackling in a poultry yard exclaimed, "Oh, this is really henchanting."

"How can I leave you, my darling?" murmured a Toledo lover in tones of distressing tenderness, as he observed both hands of the clock approach a perpendicular on the dial. "Well, John," responded the girl with wicked innocence, "you can take your choice. If you go through the hall you will be liable to wake up father, and if you leave by way of the back shed you'll be likely to wake up the dog."

A young physician informed a pretty lady patient, who was suffering from chronic sore throat, that the only sure cure for it was a beard. "That's of no interest to me," she replied, "I've got no beard." "True," he replied gallantly, "but you can use mine as often as you want to." They were married a few months later.

Æsthetic wife (sobbing): "Dearest, I'll see that your grave is kept green — but not one of those horrid bright greens. A nice olive-gray green, with an old bronze tombstone, will look too awfully lovely for anything."

There is one source of hard-pan comfort for the haggard man who goes around with his pants pockets full of dislocated suspender buttons, while his wife is absorbed in agitating the Woman's Rights movement. He is always prepared for the weekly church collection.

A tramp hires out to a farmer for $14 per month. He gets a boss dinner, works an hour, and skips. Counting the dinner worth thirty cents, how much did he make? Counting the three bites he got from the farmer's dog at twenty-five cents each, how much did he lose?

"Lapsus Linguae." — Pater: "Now, look here, my boy, I can't have these late hours! When I was your age, my father wouldn't let me stay out after dark." Filius: "Humph! Nice sort o' father you must have had, I should say." Pater (waxing): "Deuced sight better than you have, you young — " [Checks himself, and exit!]

"I should so like to have a coin dated the year of my birth," said a maiden lady of uncertain age to a male acquaintance. "Do you think you could get one for me?" "I am afraid not," he replied. "Those old coins are only found in very valuable collections." And yet he cannot see why, when he met the lady next day, she didn't speak to him.

"Under the mist and the moonlight I wander alone," sighs a long-haired poet, and we don't wonder at it. If he would only visit a barber's shop, cut his nails close and black his boots, we presume he could get some one to wander "under the mist and the moonlight with him." It is a settled fact that you have got to look sort of finicky before you can get a girl to walk out with you.

A letter addressed "To the prettiest girl in Sedalia, Mo.," is posted up for a claimant. The girls all say: "It looks like his writing. I wish they had just sent it to me, and not stuck it up that way in a public place. I'll never get it now."

Johnny wanted to go to the circus, and his father said: "Johnny, I'd rather you'd go to school and study, and maybe you'll be President some day." Said Johnny: "Father, there's about one million boys in the United States, isn't there?" "Yes, my son." "And every one of them stands a chance of being President?" "Yes." "Well, dad, I'll sell out my chance for a circus ticket."

This is an amateur. He knows all about music, and he tells all he knows to his friends. How good of him! But it does not take him very long to tell it. He likes the modern school, and considers Bach one of his best men. He does not like the tempo of the conductors. This pains the conductors and the musicians. The horn-player weeps into his instruments. But we like the amateur. We had sooner go to the funeral of one musical amateur than to that of ten conductors.

In the gallery of the Louvre, before the statute of the Venus of Milo. Little boy: "What did they cut her arms off for?" Mother: "Because she put her fingers in the sugar bowl."

Country woman to parson, who had called to ask why Johnny, the eldest, had not been lately to school: "Why, he was thirteen year old last week, sir! I'm sure he've had school enough. He must know a'most everything now!" Parson: "Thirteen, Mrs. Napper. Why, that's nothing. I didn't finish my education till I was three-and-twenty!" Country woman: "Lor, sir! You don't mean to say you were such a 'thick-head' as that!"

He sat at her feet in quiet peace. He looked into her face and said, softly: "Ah, dear, I could sit here forever." "Could you, love?" answered she. "Yes, sweet." "You are right sure you could, darling?" "I know it, my own." "Very well, then, you sit here, for I have an engagement to go out with young Mr. Fitzspooner, and I won't be back this evening. Turn down the gas and fasten the night-latch when you go away."

When Farmer Budge read that a bull painted by Rosa Bonheur sold for $5,000, he remarked to his wife that he didn't see how a coat of paint could so greatly enhance the value of the animal, but if Rosa wouldn't charge more than ten dollars he would get her to paint his bull in the spring. And his economical wife replied that she thought he might paint it himself and save his ten dollars. The indications are now that the bull will be painted.

Jolly.—A dinner party. The yougest gentleman (it is his first visit) has broken the ice at last by inquiring the name of the hostess's little daughter, to which the child has replied, "Ethel." "And why, Ethel, do you keep patting me on the arm?" "Because mamma says you're a muff" (awful pause, during which the child strokes him down) — "but you don't feel like one, you know." (Tableau: child complacent — nobody else.)

"Lay off your overcoat, or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and haven't felt it since."

"Mother," said a little girl, in presence of a male visitor, "Mr. C. has just told me that his neighbors are all very sensible people; so now, you see, he is *not* next door to a fool, though you told papa he was!"

We once suggested to a butcher that he put his scales where the customers could see the dial, not necessarily for publication, but merely as a pledge of good faith. "Oh, yes," he replied, scornfully, "I suppose after a while, when you buy a five-cent soup bone, you will expect me to put on my swallow-tail Sunday coat and my stove-pipe hat, hire the finest hack in town and a brass band, and go in procession to your shanty and deliver the soup bone!" We assured him he was mistaken; that no such idea had ever entered our heads: but we never enriched him with any more suggestions how to acquire the esteem and respect of his fellow citizens.

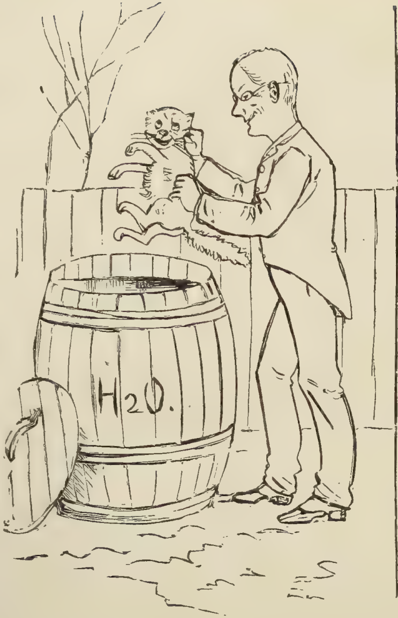
"What shall we do to entertain our girls?" says a religious exchange. A man who needs advice as to how to entertain his girls is not fit to edit a religious paper. We suggest that he should take one of them out buggy-riding in the afternoon, tell her what a daisy she is, and how insipid and fixed-up that other girl is. Then he should take "that other girl" out for ice-cream after supper, and tell her confidently how very uninteresting and awkward the buggy-riding girl is. When the two girls meet, the religious editor can depend on them entertaining each other without his personal assistance.

It is a curious fact that women are always envious of men. "My darling husband," said an appreciative wife to the hero of her choice, "how I so wish I were you." This seemed nothing more than natural to the "darling husband," for most assuredly he was, in his own judgment, a man to be envied by almost any one; still he said: "And why do you wish you were I, my pet?" Then, with a silver eloquence, or in those days, a greenback eloquence, she replied, "Because then I would offer my little wife such a love of a bonnet for the summer." And that is the kind of a trick which is being played on men every day in the year. There is something very solemn about matrimony.

"A young naturalist" writes us to learn "how he can catch a live wasp for scientific purposes without injuring it?" Right by the tail, son; right by the tip end of the tail. Squeeze hard. The wasp won't mind it a particle, and if it seems to be injured any that you can see, send us the bill, and we'll pay for a new wasp.

An Austin clergyman, whose name is suppressed on account of his sacred calling, was absorbed in thought a few Sundays ago, just before divine service began, when he was approached by the organist, who asked, referring to the opening hymn: "What shall I play?" "What kind of a hand have you got?" responded the absent-minded clergyman.

They had been engaged to be married fifteen years, and still he had not mustered up resolution enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a particular frame of mind, and asked her to sing something tender and touching, something that would "move" him. She sat down at the piano and sang, "Darling, I am growing old."



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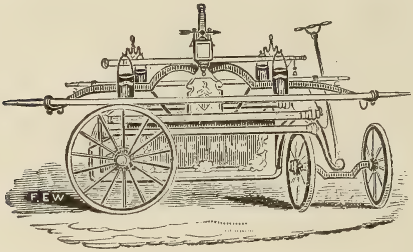

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THE
PHILO. MIRROR

SPRING TERM 1883

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Vol. XXIX No. 3

SCIRE EST REGERE

THE

PHILO MIRROR

JUNE 1883

Ψυχῆς φυλακτικὸν παιδεία

Andover
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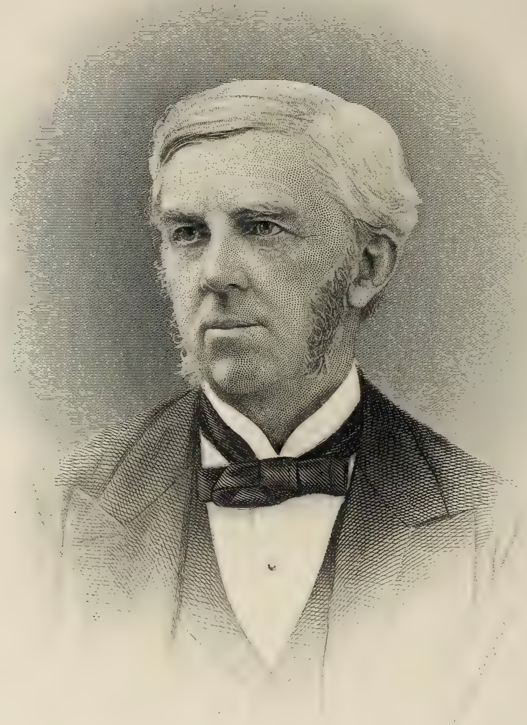


Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE MIRROR.

Vol. XXIX.—June, 1883.—No. 3.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE SCHOOLBOY."

O. W. HOLMES.

As to the traveller's eye the varied plain
Shows, through the window of the flying train,
A mingled landscape, rather felt than seen,
A gravelly bank, a sudden flash of green,
A tangled wood, a glittering stream that flows
Through the cleft summit where the cliff once rose,
All strangely blended in a hurried gleam,
Rock, wood, waste, meadow, village, hillside, stream,—
So, as we look behind us, life appears,
Seen through the vista of our by-gone years.
Yet, in the dead past's shadow-filled domain,
Some vanished shapes the hues of life retain;
Unbidden, oft, before our dreaming eyes
From the vague mists in memory's path they rise.
So comes his blooming image to my view,
The friend of joyous days when life was new,
Hope yet untamed, the blood of youth unchilled,
No blank arrear of promise unfulfilled,
Life's flower yet hidden in its sheltering fold,
Its pictured canvas yet to be unrolled.

His the frank smile I vainly look to greet,
His the warm grasp my clasping hand should meet;
How would our lips renew their schoolboy talk,
Our feet retrace the old familiar walk!

* * * * *

Once more to time's old graveyard I return,
And scrape the moss from memory's pictured urn.
Who, in these days when all things go by steam,
Recalls the stage-coach with its four-horse team?
Its sturdy driver,— who remembers him?
Or the old landlord, saturnine and grim,
Who left our hill-top for a new abode
And reared his sign-post farther down the road?
Still in the waters of the dark Shawshine
Do the young bathers splash and think they're clean?
Do pilgrims find their way to Indian Ridge,
Or journey onward to the far-off bridge,
And bring to younger ears the story back
Of the broad stream, the mighty Merrimac?
Are there still truant feet that stray beyond
These circling bounds to Pomp's or Haggett's Pond?
Yes, every nook these youthful feet explore,
Just as our sires and grandsires did of yore;
So all life's opening paths, where nature led
Their father's feet, the children's children tread.

RIENZI.

ROME fell through her own iniquity, and from the whirlpool of hate and political dissension marking that era there rises one who justly can be called the "noblest Roman of them all." Born of an innkeeper, and a true plebeian, yet planted in the heart of the young Rienzi were the seeds of true nobility and power. Unlike his companions he found pleasure in the classics, and arm in arm with his brother often strolled along the banks of the Tiber musing upon the ancient worthies and the prowess of Rome in the olden time. What thoughts, what strange patriotic visions like spectral fancies, must have thronged in his youthful brain! History says that, seated on the bank of the historic stream, and gazing toward the towers and walls of his mother-city, he was wont to exclaim, "Where are the Romans—their virtue, their justice, their power?" Associating, doubtless, with these words the glories of the Gracchi, Cæsars and Scipios; and to the lone thinker seated under the dome of the heavens, where the moon like the ghost of the glorious orb of day shone dimly through the hurrying clouds, this simile may have brought a sad image of his own beloved home. Alas, how changed! The Tiber no longer supported on its surface the galleys of a host. From the dark streets, where once was heard the tramp of soldiery, came the drunken shouts of crazed carousers, or the despairing cry of some poor unfortunate falling at the hand of the assassin. The bands of a Colonna or Orsini under their licentious leaders paraded the highways, and woe to the person falling into their merciless clutch. Indeed, Rome had fallen and scarce a vestige of the mighty past remained. Only the ruins of arches and palaces, scattered like warning wrecks on the sea of History, stood as monuments of the "Golden Age." The proud city had drifted into the same sad condition in which the Gracchi found her, and again awaited a deliverer. From where was to come the strong right arm to seize the helm and pilot the ship of state out from the shoals of destruction?

It was the evening of May 20, 1347, and on the dark slopes of the Aventine were assembled a band of one hundred citizens. In their midst stands one whose eloquent speech and stately mien mark as a leader. With eager faces they drink in every word from his lips, and press about anxious to ward off the stroke of an unseen foe or traitor. Had the purpose born in the heart of Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini, and imparted to his followers on that memorable night, succeeded in its undertaking, Rome might again have ruled the world. For here had another Gracchus arisen ; here a patriot was striving for the welfare of his land. His was the hand which now takes the helm, and through the cloud-banks of hate, out from the rocks and shoals of ruin, turns the prow of the staunch ship toward the open sea of prosperity.

It is a sad story, but one resplendent in its sadness. With only a hundred supporters, a mere shadow of power, Rienzi in full armor and bare-headed advances on the morning of the 21st to the Capitol. Three banners accompany him, bearing respectively emblems of liberty, justice, concord and peace. How strange must the spectacle have been to those beholding! How different from the general order of things of the day! Yet the populace understood, and the occurrence of melting eyes and upraised hands bore testimony that they were with this unknown personage both heart and hand. For he was comparatively unknown. The fiery bursts of eloquence throwing defiance in the teeth of the nobles had given him a certain power among the lower classes, but the inhabitants of the metropolis at large knew little of his history. Of those who had known him some were credulous, others trustful in his ability. Never, one can say, and almost assuredly, has there appeared a man whose life was fraught with such high purposes mingled with reverses and success. His entire soul was thrown into the one absorbing aim of redeeming Rome. The immensity of the task shows fully the grandeur of the man. For who would dare contemplate, much more undertake, such a work without a will of iron firmness, and a mind strengthened by the springs from which flow self-confidence and a command of human nature? O noble-hearted

Roman, had these traits alone formed thy being, then could we praise thee with a full heart; but looming up in thy nature appears the demon Ambition, and with his subtle blows that stately edifice falls. This is the saddening tinge on the picture.

To understand fully the underlying foundation of this life it is necessary to continue the historical narrative. Rienzi, supported by the people, gained supreme power in Rome under the name of "Tribune." The old days again began in a full tide of success. Commerce revived. Civil laws were enforced. With an iron hand banditti were crushed out, even though of the nobility. The haughty neck of a Frangipani or Colonna bowed to the axe without distinction of person. From sea to sea the name of Rienzi was spread abroad by admiring countrymen. "Nicholas, severe and merciful; deliverer of Rome, defender of Italy; friend of mankind, and of liberty, peace, and justice: tribune august." Such was the title conferred by the Romans.

But here comes the turning point in this truly wonderful career. Many a bright and shining star in the firmament of fame at the highest point of its brilliancy suddenly begins to wane, flicker, and then with one last flash shoots meteor-like from its lofty position. Thus this noble planet — nay, we can hardly liken that life to one of those celestial monarchs, but to a comet, a heavenly wanderer, coming suddenly in among the lesser lights, gleaming with surpassing beauty, and then swiftly passing away beyond the range of vision — came and went. For Rienzi, with Europe paying homage at his feet, seemed to forget the purpose which had fired him. His mind now bent on self-ennoblement conceived one vast confederated Italy, and he himself the Cæsar. Forgotten were plebeians. No longer was there pleasure in the cheers of a poorer class, but the suavity of fawning nobles or the presents and embassies of foreign courts became a soul-absorbing ideal. Could those who had raised the man to the head of the Roman state fail to notice the change? No. Seven months of power had passed over his head, and we find Rienzi in the public council imposing a heavy tax upon his people: a tax with the intent of increasing the display at the palace. Murmurs are heard. Fists are clenched, and the storm of a rebellious people on the head of one who had forfeited his supremacy exiled Rienzi. Seven years rolled by. The name of the hero was yet powerful, his presence unknown.

A monk humbly walks the street of the city, throws off his simple garb, and Rienzi had returned. Seeing the commotion following his departure, he had silently abided his time, and now appears. Again on the chair of state he rules as "Senator." Had the noble disposition of this proud plebeian exerted itself in a right cause all would have been well. The tool of a foreign court, and with feelings of revenge rankling in his breast, he, however, incurs the hatred of subjects.

The end has come. The lowering clouds of evening hang in the west. The streets of the city are filled with men hoarsely shouting and with gleaming daggers. A figure appears on the palace with waving banner. A hush falls on the multitude as with eloquence the tones of a silvery voice ring out on the air. Then again the shouts like the baying of blood-hounds redouble. A host swarming, surging, attack the capitol. The figure disappears to be discovered once more in the road leading from the palace. Surrounded by hostile faces, faces which once shone kindly at his approach, he drew himself to the full height and awaited. Behind are the flames of falling buildings; before and above, the moon, the same as the nights of youth on the Tiber'e bank, shone sadly, faintly, through the gloom. A glimmer of steel, a fall, and "the Last of the Tribunes" was no more. O reader of history, pause at the name, and drop one wreath, one jewel of memory, in pity of the misspent talents and the fate of Nicholas Rienzi Gabrini.

Samuel Abbott.

REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

First Means Prize Essay.

News of victory had startled Rome. The fierce struggle for supremacy had reached its turning-point, and the future conqueror of Carthage was reveling in the midst of joyous festivity. From her lofty towers eager eyes were watching for the gleam of a sail bearing the latest news from her victorious army, when suddenly there appeared, sailing slowly up the Tiber, a fleet of Carthaginian triremes. The Roman prætor, from his palace, gazed upon the ill-boding sight. The joyful faces of the gray-haired senators put on a sterner look. The gentle matron, turning from the gay revelries of the festive city, started back in sudden terror, while womanish fears pictured to her troubled mind the van of a Carthaginian armament.

Scarcely had the fleet anchored, when the startling news, that Regulus had come with an embassy from Carthage, spread like wildfire up the streets, and, flung in joyous accents from the turrets of the outer walls, was passed along from pinnacle to pinnacle. Instantly every avenue leading toward the senate-house was crammed to its utmost, while the shouts of exultant joy echoed and re-echoed from the lofty walls of the Janiculum.

The shouts had ceased. Aged senators were seen pressing about the towering form of Regulus, in earnest entreaty. But with sullen and down-cast face stood the captive chief, until, greeted once more by the eager cries, he stepped slowly forth and thus addressed the senate: "Roman Senators: — Do ye, forsooth, forget the story of my foul disgrace that ye do thus greet me like a returning victor? By great Jupiter! methinks the torture of my loathsome dungeon at Carthage is but sportive play compared with the galling bitterness of this hour! I am no longer a member of this august assembly, nor can my humbled condition claim for me even the proud name of 'Roman citizen.' I come not to take my stand at the head of your glittering legions, nor once more to lead them in proud triumph through the streets of Rome. I am a base slave of the Carthaginians; for they, made cowardly-hearted by their recent defeat at Panormus, have sent me hither to effect an exchange of prisoners and solicit peace, their last hope of life, making me swear to return to Carthage should I fail to accomplish the task. The torture in store for me I know full well. But here I stand and bid defiance to their savage threats. Can fear of pain stain Roman honor? And are ye ready to accept that which will make the red blood in my veins boil with the heat of branded infamy? The unsullied virtue of Roman lineage knows no such disgrace.

"Conscript Fathers, I beseech you by your love for this eternal city, by the undying contempt nursed into your infant veins for the vaunted strength of impious Carthage, by the gods who rule over the destinies of Rome and with whom ye claim proud relationship, listen not to these proposals! Will ye establish a precedent fraught with foul disaster to ages yet to come? Will ye purchase that which will last but for a fleeting hour? Old age, creeping over our limbs, has burst the iron sinews of our strength. Send forth the whole vast power of youthful manhood here at home. Grant your leaders no return till haughty Carthage lies cowering at their feet. Then bid them deal, with avenging scorn, the slaughter fit for that cursed race. Naught but this can atone for my fall.

"O Rome! Rome! I behold thy victory already gained. I see the shameless city of the waters, which is founded on empty vanity and glitters in stolen wealth, fall as under a crashing thunderbolt of Jove; and the hissing flames shoot up on high as if in joyful mockery proclaiming the glad tidings that Rome, the proud city of the seven hills, is mistress of the world! O Conscript Fathers, naught must impede the coming of that day, and if, by my return, Rome shall reach her triumph sooner by one hour, then do I go forth to meet my doom light-hearted as on a sportive holiday. My prison-cell at Carthage has robbed me of my strength, and now do ye deny me the only service within my power to render?

"Men of Rome, give ear! A hidden secret, that which I have been keeping only in case of dire extremity, and which, like insuperable fate, must snatch me from your grasp, I now disclose. The Carthaginians, distrusting the bright honor of a Roman, and fearing, forsooth, lest I should break my plighted word and escape, have forced me to drink poison, and even now I feel the venomous serpent biting at the door of my heart. Before yonder sun shall again send forth his beams from the ruddy east, the spirit of Marcus Atilius Regulus shall flit among the empty shades. Conscript Fathers and citizens of Rome, Farewell!"

S. T. LIVINGSTON.

A MEMORY.

First Mirror Prize Poem.

WITHIN a home that I one time knew
A little flower of heaven grew,
As sweet as breath of the May-morn air,
And beautiful she was, and fair.

But, ah, the touch of the Unseen's hand
Has culled that flower for another land,
And the fragrant life in its early dawn
Is fled away from us all, and gone.

It seems as though the whole world should stop,
And silence reign in street and in shop;
And men should mourn as we mourn to-day
The little life that has passed away.

But yet, on this funereal day
Are those who seem to be glad and gay:
The great world's business onward rolls,
Though slow and sad the church-bell tolls.

But soon the world is changed and old,
And life is desolate and cold.
When to its depths the sad heart grieved,
Of its best treasure is bereaved.

The world rolls on, but a mother's heart
Has felt a wound in its tenderest part,
And a lingering pain survives her tears,
And lives deep-hid through the passing years.

The world rolls on, but a father's pride
Is buried with his child that died,
And all the hopes that his fond heart planned
Are swept away by a ruthless hand.

The world rolls on, but a wanderer thinks
Of days that are joined with golden links,
Which a little child, by its untaught art,
Had coined from the wealth of its loving heart.

The world rolls on, but the wounds that mar
The human heart leave each its scar;
And though as of old our lives flow on,
The joy of the olden time is gone.

Charles T. Sempers.

CHOCORUA.

From out the wilds of tangled wood,
Of brake, of fen, and rugged road,
Stern monarch of the valley green,
Chocorua's summit gray, is seen.

The leaping, dancing mountain stream,
With hanging moss and silver gleam,
Meets where the Saco gently flows,
And stilled in quiet to the ocean goes.

The sunset of a summer day
Had touched the mount with golden ray;
And from its beauty came a thought
With deep and potent meaning fraught: —

Youth, like the stream, upon his way
Rejoices in each passing day;
But sees, when years bring truer sight,
That far-off silent sea — the Infinite.

Samuel Abbott.

FIRDOUSI.

On the elevated tablelands of Northern Persia, in the heart of "that delightful Province of the Sun" Khorassan, lies the rich and populous city of Meschid, the ancient Tous. Situated in the midst of a plain of surpassing beauty and fertility, it possesses exceptional facilities for commerce, and is the metropolis of the surrounding country. Daily, beneath the arching palms that shade the approaches of the city, pass the grave white-turbaned merchants, leading their dusty caravans from Ispahan, from Bokhara, from the almond groves of Samarcand and the yellow sands of the Oxus: daily, from the gleaming mosque of the Imam Réza, they return to their distant homes, bearing with them, in return for their merchandise, the pearls of Ormuz and the choicest products of the Persian looms. Every thing bespeaks it one of the great emporiums of Central Asia. Yet for the student Meschid possesses a higher, nobler interest as the birthplace, and for many years the residence, of Firdousi, the great epic poet of Persia and of the East.

Aboul Kasim Marsour, known among his countrymen, from the majesty of his thoughts and the richness of his versification, as Firdousi (*Firdous*, Paradise), was born at Shadab, a suburb of Tous, in the year of the Hegira 330, or about 940 A. D. Of his youth and early manhood, as of Homer's and of Shakespeare's, but little is known. According to one account his parents were gardeners in the service of the Governor of Tous; according to another they were *dihkans*, or wealthy landed proprietors of the old Gheber class, which, in the rural districts of Persia, so long and so successfully withstood the advance of the Arab religion and civilization. Yet we know enough when we are told that he grew up amid the gorgeous scenery of Khorassan, drinking in, from the loveliness which overflowed in earth and sky, that sensuous delight in beauty and all those tender and luxurious images which he afterwards made use of with such effect; that he was a passionate admirer of Oriental literature; and that he early devoted himself, with especial enthusiasm, to the study of those ancient legends of his country's splendor and of the mighty deeds of her kings and heroes in the elder days, which he was destined later to embody in the sublimest epic that the East has produced.

Amid the clouds of confusion and anarchy which envelop mediæval Asiatic history, shines forth, with lurid splendor, the name of Mahmoud of Ghizny, the *Boot-Shikan*, the conqueror of India, the hero of Islam. From his home amid the cliffs of Zabulistan he controlled the ebb and flow of empires, and his court became the center of all that was highest and best in the intellectual life of the period. He was a munificent patron of letters, and poets and historians from all lands thronged to Ghizny. Among the most cherished objects of Mahmoud's ambition was to collect the scattered traditions of the country, known as the *Bostan-nameh*, and commit them to the care of some competent person to embody in a permanent form. He had already made extensive preparations in the collection of materials, and was now deliberating whom he should employ in the gigantic undertaking on which so much depended. The foremost poets of the age were striving for the honors. Firdousi heard of the contest. He hastened to Ghizny; proved himself, in repeated trials, incomparably superior to all competitors, and was entrusted with the task of versifying the *Bostan-nameh*.

For the next thirty years we hear but little of Firdousi. The emperor loaded him with gifts, and ordered his treasurer to pay the poet one thousand pieces of gold for every thousand verses that he wrote; but Firdousi, entirely wrapped up in his labor, refused to accept of any renumeration until it was completed. Day and night he toiled; the glory of his youth, the vigor of his manhood, the matured wisdom of his age, were all freely expended upon this one object; the whole world was naught to him as compared to this. And it is not easy to imagine the sublime satisfaction he must have felt as he saw, growing beneath his guiding hand, the work which was to preserve, for all time, the brightness of his own fame, the history of his native land, and the memory of the monarch under whom he lived.

The thirty years passed by like a dream, and the great work, consisting of sixty thousand verses, was finally completed. But Firdousi, gentle and inoffensive though his character was, had not lived so long at court without incurring some enemies. Among these was Khojah Hassan Meimendi, the state treasurer. By all the arts of Oriental trickery he gradually excited in the mind of his royal master a suspicion against the harmless poet, and persuaded him that sixty thousand pieces of gold, as agreed upon, was altogether too costly a reward for the epic, the *Shaknamch;* that sixty thousand silver *dihrems* would amply compensate for a lifetime of toil and devotion. Firdousi, according to the popular account, was in the public bath when Ayaz, the Sultan's favorite, arrived with an elephant, loaded not, as had been promised, with gold, but with base *dihrems*. What must have been the rage which swelled his great heart when he beheld this proof of royal gratitude, when he found himself thus grievously wronged. Yet he was kingly in the exhibition of his anger. Twenty thousand of the silver pieces did he give, in very scorn of such bounty, to the messenger who had brought them, twenty thousand to the keeper of the bath, and twenty thousand to a publican for a glass of beer (*fourka*). Then he went home, and in a few days, after having destroyed many thousands of verses which he had written, and after having given to Ayaz a sealed paper to be presented to the Sultan upon the twentieth day after his departure, he left Ghizny forever.

From this time the few and evil days that remained to him were spent in exile and wandering. The sealed paper delivered to Ayaz was found, when opened, to contain a most bitter and withering personal attack on Mahmoud, taunting him with the low origin of his father Subooktugeen, and upbraiding him with all the virulence which the rankling passions and curdling hatred of a deeply injured man could suggest. The literature of the world has no more scathing pasquinade, and it stung the Sultan to madness. He swore by all the chapters of the Koran to take a fearful vengeance upon Firdousi, and his wrath burnt after the hapless poet wherever he sought for refuge. Firdousi fled first to Mezinderan, to the King of Joyard; but he might not stay for fear of drawing down destruction upon his host, and pursued his way like a hunted creature. In the course of his wanderings he spent some time at Bagdad, where he composed a long poem founded on the adventures of Joseph and Potiphar's wife (*Yusef and Zuleika*). But the rage of Mahmoud did not spare him even here. He sent to demand the fugitive; and El Billah, the Caliph, the Lord of Islam, on his old hereditary throne, trembled before the stern embassadors of his defiant vassals; and Firdousi, lest he should draw down evil upon his kind patron, left of his own accord the hospitable court. At length, after many sufferings, he found a temporary refuge at Kohistan, where the governor, Nasir Lek, his old friend, protected him, and interceded with the Sultan in his behalf. Often, while at Ghizny, often while in exile, had the thoughts of Firdousi reverted with longing to the land of his birth, to the blue mountains of Khorassan, and he thought he had enough when his friend, by dint of much entreaty, obtained permission for him to return, a very weak old man, and end his days in his native city.

Now comes the saddest, weirdest part of the pathetic tale. Mahmouk had been, for some time, relenting in his feelings towards Firdousi. Hassan Meimendi was dead: his other enemies were scattered and dispersed: and the Sultan, yielding to the solicitations of Nasir Lek, began to repent him of his unworthy conduct in thus persecuting one whose works, he could not but see, would form the greatest boast of the age. Repenting, he determined to make right royal reparation. He loaded a caravan with one hundred thousand pieces of gold, in place of the sixty thousand he had stipulated for, with frankincense, with pearls, with all wealth that his treasuries could afford. Such were the gifts the monarch of the East sent to the poet whose songs were the glory of the land and the delight of the people.

And then, the chroniclers go on to relate, as the caravan had almost reached its destination and the heavily-laden camels were already entering Meschid, there passed the procession a lowly bier whereon were being borne to their last resting-place without the city gates the mortal remains of one whose face showed only too well that the sorrows of his life had been neither few nor light. It was Firdousi. Poetry, and disease, and age, and strife, had done their work, and the patient, much-enduring heart

> "Had beat
> The last drum of its long defeat."

Too late, too late, the reparation came; too late the monarch sent his gifts to Firdousi; and he "whose heart was as a lute" had died a pauper's death.

H. G. Bruce.

THE TIBER AND THE THAMES.

Second Means Prize Essay.

Beneath the soft skies of Italy, the Tiber, flowing from its mountain sources, still glides through the midst of Rome; through the world's metropolis the sombre current of the Thames speeds swiftly on its its way to the gray mists and boisterous waves of the German Ocean. But these names awaken in our minds more than the thought of mountain springs and lakes, the ebb and flow of tides, and the great ocean beyond. From the murmur of their waves we learn the story of two mighty nations; the ruling empire of the past, the greatest kingdom of the present.

At the mention of the Tiber, moved alike by the thought of its beauty and the charm of its history, memory repeoples its banks with the historic heroes who have made Rome famous. In the first dawn of its life the Eternal City rises before us veiled in a pleasing cloud of romance and myth; at length forms of reality appear; a republic which challenges the admiration of all succeeding ages is founded on the ruins of royal power abused. Mighty wars of conquest are waged abroad, and civil strifes at home which drench the land with blood. Great, heroic figures arise whom we must applaud for their genius, their valor, their patriotism. But, with the swift flight of years, a change has come over the Roman state; the rugged, hardy integrity of the earlier times has departed, and the inherent weakness of the national character has developed itself. Cato in vain tries to stem the tide of debauchery that is enervating his countrymen. Immorality and vice become fast rooted in the popular character, and with loss of faith in the gods and themselves, their liberty, too, is lost. The republic falls; an empire arises, embracing all the world within its sway. But only one Augustus appears, able to grasp and hold that world within his hand. At his death the mighty structure begins to totter, and each successive decade and century witnesses a constant decline, till at last the empire falls in irretrievable ruin, — its former glory but a vanished dream. This is the mournful story the murmuring waves of the Tiber seem to whisper.

But we shall learn even more of the Latin character as we contrast it with another.

And a hardy race are these fierce Saxons, Danes and Angles whose descendants have built their capital on either side the Thames. Violent and blood-thirsty are they, turbulent and gloomy like their river. But, yet, beneath the savage is a man, and one nobler than the Roman. The Latin may sneer at him for his heaviness, but he has a seriousness of soul which the Roman lacks. His tastes may not be refined, but they are intensely masculine. He revels in combat, in fierce and bloody pleasures; but beneath it all is a lofty conception of courageous manhood. To the polished Roman he may be only a ferocious barbarian, but below his barbarism is a sense of moral obligation to which the Roman is a stranger. Rude at first may be his conception of duty, yet is it characterized by a sublimity and grandeur which with every generation steadily grow in vividness and power. Thomas Carlyle is the interpreter of the race's thought from the time of the old Saxons down to his own day. The gospel of duty was present in the hearts of the heathen heroes of the Eddas. The race has not changed; the heathen Saxon has become the Christian Englishman, but the same character remains beneath his civilization. Twice conquered by Latin races, the Saxons, in time, mastered their conquerors and rose to the greatest prosperity and power. Yet the history of England is not without its stains; her policy has often been unjust and tyrannical: but England is great, not by its sins, but its virtues; not by its faults, but in spite of them. Rather have its glory and power been won by those sturdy qualities courage, pluck, perseverance, and that high sense of right which is the essential soul of the nation.

In the Northern mythology the race gave unconscious expression to its own chaste purity, its undaunted courage and obstinate honesty; while Rome's licentious mythology, though in part borrowed from the Greeks, yet accurately revealed the grossness of the Latin imagination, and finally, acting reflexly on its common authors and believers, made them like the gods they had dreamed of. Rome, with all its advantages of climate and position, its fertile fields and favoring skies, the quickness and alertness of the Latin mind, endowed alike with a native perception of beauty which expressed itself so fully in all the arts, and a power of organization and government able to bring under its rule the entire world,— Rome, thus blessed, fell solely because of moral iniquity. The conscience of the nation was lost, and close upon that came its destruction.

Thus, then, from the mute voices of these two rivers, the Tiber and the Thames, we hear again the old refrain which the world has heard from its birth, and yet has never learned. Not the declaration of a narrow fanaticism seems the message of that subdued song, but a principle of the broadest statesmanship, a law closely interwoven with the very structure of human society, a fact which is itself the true interpreter of all history,— "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

CHARLES T. SEMPERS.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Second Mirror Prize Poem.

In the time that old men tell of
(When around their glowing camp-fires,
Sitting in the dusk of evening,
They relate the strange, weird stories,
All the legends of their people),
In a far off Western valley
All surrounded by high mountains,
Lived there once an Indian chieftain:
Ruled his tribe in peace and quiet,
And, directing all the labor,
Made the valley smile and blossom,
Yielding fruit and grain in plenty.
In the midst of this abundance,
Though he dearly loved his people,
Still the chieftain was not happy;
Roaming over hill or valley,
Sitting lonely in his wigwam,
Did not seem to be contented.
Once upon a lofty mountain,
Looking down upon the valley
Lying outspread at its foot, he
Chanced to meet the guardian spirit
Of the valley, as unconscious
Of his presence she was looking
Down upon her fair dominion.
Fair and lovely was this maiden,
With her shining yellow tresses
Falling o'er her dimpled shoulders,
As the flood of golden sunlight
Bathes the hills at early morning;

And of deepest blue her eyes were,
With a gleam within them hiding
Stolen from the light of heaven,
When the sun with fiery splendor
Setting in the far horizon,
In the purple haze of Autumn,
Sets the clouds ablaze with crimson.
And the song of thrush at nightfall,
Pouring forth from lonely tree its
Hymn of praise to the Creator,
Is not sweeter than her voice was.
Sotokónula beheld her,
Straightway looked and loved the maiden
So unlike the dusky beauties
In the wigwams of his people.
Filled his heart was with emotion,
And the deep and tender yearning,
Long residing in his bosom,
No longer seemed to tantalize him,
Gave him courage to address her;
But the maiden, thus accosted,
Would not answer, would not linger,
Gave no heed to his entreaties,
Vanished from his mortal vision.
Disappointed, filled with anguish,
He no longer thought of kindred,
Took no thought more for his people;
But a fierce resistless longing
Forced him to search for the maiden;
And he wandered unsuccessful
Many years o'er hill and mountain;
While the valley, once so fruitful,
Now neglected and uncared for,
Grew deserted, dry and arid.
But the maiden, once returning,
Saw with grief the desolation;

Knelt and prayed to the Great Spirit
"To restore to her the valley
Clothed in all its former beauty."
And the kindly Spirit heard her;
Clave the dome where she was standing,
Rent the rugged cliff asunder,
Fiercely smote the snow-clad summits,
Till their icy hearts, relenting,
Sent a stream of clearest water
Dashing downward to the valley;
Falling over cliffs and ledges,
Roaring down the rugged mountains,
Till the brawling, seething torrent
Reached the valley far below them,
Then with gentle flow and murmur
Rippled onward without ceasing,
Till, outspreading in the hollow
Of the valley, 'tween the mountains,
Formed a lake of matchless beauty.
When the maiden saw the flowers,
Heard the birds sing in the valley
Smiling now once more in beauty,
She departed and returned not;
Never more was seen by mortal.
Sotokónula's fierce passion,
Deadened now by unsuccessful
Searching, seeking, for the maiden,
Had as he thought now departed;
And he came back to his old home,
To his kindred and his people.
But, on learning that the maiden
Had been there not long before him,
All the old love sprang up in him,
Seeming stronger, wilder, fiercer;
Sent him longing, roaming once more.
But before he thus departed

He ascended to the mountain,
To the cliff that overhanging
Frowned upon the lake beneath it;
There in sandstone carved his features,
A memento for his people.

H. L. Grant.

A FUTURE POSSIBILITY ON SCHOOL STREET.

CRUDE OIL HISTORY.

Great discoveries and inventions do not originate suddenly, but are the outgrowth of more or less persistent labor and research, as exemplified in the petroleum trade, and show the analogy between scientific and commercial attainments. The discovery of petroleum cannot claim to be one of modern times. The holy fires of Baku were worshipped by the inhabitants of the Caspian coast, the flames of which were supplied by inexhaustible stores of petroleum. Pliny and other Roman writers speak of the petroleum that was used in their day under the name of Sioilian Oil, coming from Argringentum. The bricklayers of Babel used it, and the Egyptians prized it for embalming purposes, receiving their supply from the wells on the island of Zanti.

In the early part of the present century it was obtained in small quantities in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, and was esteemed wholly for its medicinal properties. For this use it was sold at fabulous prices, as this "rock oil" was supposed to contain a charm that would cure all diseases.

It was not until 1859 that Col. Drake, a New Haven man, attempted to sink the first artesian well near Titusville, Pa., in search of oil. His efforts were successful, and the drill dropped into a crevice of oil only seventy feet from the surface. This pioneer produced at first nearly four hundred barrels a day, and it was afterward increased by pumping. As a natural result of this strike people flocked thither from every side. Villages and cities came into existence with mushroom-like rapidity. Land heretofore regarded almost as worthless now sold at enormous prices, and every one with extra money took a "whirl in oil," so that by the close of 1860 there were over two hundred wells in operation.

Few industries have developed as fast as the petroleum trade.

In twenty-five years it had passed from a mere cipher in the nation's trade to the third export. It was only twenty-five years ago, too, that oil was manufactured from cannel coal in this country, and very little was dreamed of the vast deposits of petroleum which have played such an important part in the manufactures and trades of the present day. Of the tens of thousands of families who use kerosene oil as an ordinary light, very few understand anything about the extent of the business or uses to which it is subjected. The history of the oil region is a very romance of speculation — of the fortunes gained and lost.

As a typical example of the prevailing spirit of speculation and the vagaries of fortunes in those days, we will recall the career of "Coal-oil Johnny." From the wages of an ordinary laborer, he suddenly acquired a colossal fortune, which for a time yielded an income of a thousand dollars a day. As is usual in such cases, he lost his head, and what was once a princely fortune took to itself wings and flew away. There are to be found many such instances, throughout the oil regions, of men once in affluence, now in penury, well illustrating the trite old saying, "Easy comes, easy goes." After the first excitement, which was followed by a break and the inevitable reaction, the business settled down to a legitimate basis. There are some who profess to believe that the petroleum business in the United States has seen its best days; but such opinions have nothing solid to sustain them. While the supply may become exhausted in one place, who can tell what rich stores lie hid deep in the bowels of the earth in other places. It may happen in the course of time that petroleum may fall into disuse as an illuminator, but so long as the supply holds out it will have its use in some form or other.

W. H. Butler.

REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

Third Means Prize Essay.

ROME was arrayed against Carthage. The storm of war had been raging from Sicily to Carthage, on land and sea, for more than fourteen years. For the first nine years of the struggle Fortune had smiled upon queenly Rome. Carthage, bowed down with despair, desired to sue for peace with her triumphant foe. Just at this crisis Xanthippus, a wily Greek, arrived. His keen eye saw that the Roman legions would be at disadvantage on the plains. Assuming the command of the Carthaginian forces, he led them forth to the level country that surrounded the Tyrian city, met the Romans in battle, defeated them, and carried back their commander, Regulus, in fetters. Fortune seemed changed. Within the next two years three great Italian fleets were destroyed. In 250 B. C., however, the wheel of chance again revolved. Lucius Metellus, in Sicily, once more redeemed the glory of the Roman arms. The Carthaginians, weary of the strife, longed for peace, and to this end an embassy was sent to Rome. With it Regulus was dismissed, the promise first having been extorted, that if the embassy proved futile he would return to Carthage. Thus, a prisoner of war, Regulus the Roman approached the city of his birth. At first he refused to enter the city as the captive of his enemies. At length persuaded, he passed within its walls. The Senate was assembled, but he declined to address that illustrious body from which his captivity had separated him. Again and again pressed and exhorted to speak, he finally yielded to their importunate demands, and, rising, said : —

" Senators of Rome, once fellow Senators, but now no longer, since I am a slave: My counsel will be brief. The Magistrates of Carthage have sent me hither with an embassy commissioned to ask for peace. For "*peace*'! And do they ask PEACE of *us*, whose country it is their ambition to destroy? Beaten, prostrate, grovelling in the dust, they ask seven-hilled Rome who shall one day be Mistress of the World to esteem them as her friends. Senators of Rome, shall we call them our friends who but five years ago poured forth our sons' best blood in torrents on the plains of Carthage? What if we in turn have shed the blood of the insolent Pœni? The veins of ten thousand of their choicest soldiery could not yield blood enough to atone for one noble Roman's death. Shall we make peace with these cunning dogs who at the first hour of opportunity will turn again and hurl themselves upon us? Nay: let the war go on. Assail their allied hosts until, baffled and wearied by our powers, they lay down their sceptre and own themselves the vassals of victotorious Rome. Or, if they will *not* yield, then let their city fall in ruins, their warriors die in battle, their maidens serve a foreign master. Carthage must be destroyed. Let peace be banished from your thoughts. And more than this: let the prisoners of war remain. Exchange them not. Thirteen of their generals are in our hands. These they would have again to plot against us round the council fire. Rome cannot with justice to herself show pity to such a foe. And yet you say, 'Rome's army cannot lose her commander thus.' Would you then accept their terms that I, your general, might be released? What am I more than others? Let not friendship, sweet as that word is to me, a prisoner, let not friendship turn aside your counsels from those plans that concern your country's welfare. I am Regulus, the Roman general, under whose command our brave soldiery for a time conquered and slaughtered the inhabitants of proud Carthage and her skulking mercenaries. I am he whom they in turn defeated and imprisoned. What more of honor can I win? What greater insults can they heap upon me? Then let me return and tell my captors that we are not at peace. Let them, with all the cunning torments that undying hate can invent, torture this body. Let them tear and scourge. Yield not to pity. It is the duty of rulers to guard and advance their country, not their friends. So let me say farewell. But if you still hesitate to let me go, listen while I tell you this: Ere I left Carthage with this embassy to Rome, fearing that by some chance I might escape their hands, my fiendish captors gave me poison. Slowly but surely it is working in my veins. If I remain at home I soon shall die, and while the Pœni would exult in thus outwitting you, they would point the accusing finger, saying, 'Behold the Romans, how they keep their pledge!' Better that I die in torture than that the stigma of infamy disgrace my name. O Rome, Rome, avenge your wrongs!"

Regulus convinced the Senators. Peace was refused. The war went on. A few days later the great general returned to Carthage to die. His heroic conduct, cherished in the songs of poets and the stirring addresses of a thousand orators, has ever been an inspiration to a life of noble and exalted devotion and patriotic self-sacrifice.

H. F. PERKINS.

A ROMANCE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

A pretty face
  To which a smile
Lends added grace
  With naught of guile;
A 'cad who's badly smitten.

* * * *

A touching scene,
  'Neath May's full moon;
A youth quite green,
  Who's "popped" too soon,
And thus has got the mitten.

D. W. P.

GILBERT.

Mirror Prize Story.

Gilbert was seated beneath a maple tree in his father's yard, looking away toward the hills whose blue outlines were plainly marked in the western sky. At his feet lay his dog Rover, twice the size of his young master, whose face he watched sagaciously as if reading the child's thoughts. The heavy oaken door of the old square manor house swung open, creaking on its rusted hinges, and some one came out. It was Gilbert's father; a large, portly man, whose iron-gray hair and whiskers fringed a hard, stern face. Gilbert did not move or look up, though he knew it was his father; and this without any conscious effort.

"Gilbert!" cried John Wilson in a cold, metallic voice.

Gilbert started, and Rover jumped up and wagged his tail into all kinds of distorted interrogation marks, while he looked up inquiringly.

"Sir?" said Gilbert, timidly, jumping down from his seat and shyly approaching the great maple steps on which his father stood.

"Would you like to go riding with me?"

Gilbert looked up as if dazed and surprised.

"Sir?"

His father repeated his question in a tone such as one might use in reading the latest quotation for western pork in a market report.

"Riding? With you? In the carriage?" said Gilbert wonderingly, while a flush of pleasure suffused his face as he looked at the carriage standing beneath the great chestnut trees.

His father looked at him with a puzzled, impatient expression; seeing which, Gilbert at once cried that he wished to go, and ran nimbly to the carriage and sprang into it. They drove out the gate beneath the arching trees, and rolled at a quiet pace along the road. Gilbert looked up at his father's face with a pleased smile, but the stern man did not notice him, for he seemed lost in thought. The little boy's dark, dreamy eyes sparkled with pleasure, and he began to nestle close to his father's side, while a timid look of affection appeared on his face. They rode on in silence, but Gilbert was happy; the world was larger as he looked out from the carriage; the blue sky seemed nearer and he could see farther ahead and on either side. He did not expect his father to talk to him: he never did.

"Gilbert!"

Gilbert started again, and an indefinable pleasure thrilled him; perhaps his father was going to talk to him now.

"I shall go to the city next week."

Gilbert wondered vaguely what the city was.

"And the week after," he added, "you will go with me and we shall live there."

"Yes, sir," said Gilbert, simply; and, child-like, his face glowed with pleasure at the thought of the new experience before him. He nestled closer to his father's side and began to stroke caressingly the sleeve of his broadcloth coat. But hard-featured John Wilson did not know the little boy was trying to give expression to the wealth of affection with which his heart was stored.

"What makes you sit so close to me, child?" said he, looking reprovingly from out his cold gray eyes.

The little boy shrunk back from him with downcast face.

They rode on in silence, but Gilbert's pleasure was gone. The road-way was as beautiful, the elder bushes were radiant with their clustered berries, the stately poplars rustled their leaves and bowed to their neighbors, the little ground squirrels darted along the roadside affrighted, but Gilbert sat silent and sad in his corner. The sky was as blue and the clouds as snowy, the world was as wide and as beautiful, but Gilbert had withdrawn into the little world of his own heart, and the horizon was all dark and clouded there.

At length they turned into a lane and drove up to an old farm house. They stopped near a tall pear tree, and, leaving Gilbert in the carriage, Mr. Wilson started for the house. Gilbert too stepped out of the carriage.

"Where are you going?" asked his father.

"Over there," said Gilbert, who had discovered a little boy and girl playing on one side of the house.

"No, you had better stay here," said his father, as he again turned toward the house.

Gilbert reseated himself in the carriage, and watched his father as he walked to the house and disappeared through the doorway; he looked up at the great yellow pears that hung like bells of gold on the outspread branches; he listened to the merry laughter of the little couple he had wanted to join; he watched them as they played and ran about in their sport; he became tired and restless, and wished his father would return. As he looked off dreamily at the clouds which floated in huge masses of snowy white across the sky, perhaps he wondered why he could not run around with the merry little pair; why it was better, as his father had said, to stay in the carriage. Perhaps — but who can say what a child thinks? His father had said it was so, and Gilbert believed him; he did not know why. Finally, much to his little son's relief, the door opened, and John Wilson came out.

Before he got into the carriage he took up a heavy stick, and with a strong, quick throw sent it flying up among the branches of the pear tree. and down came a shower of the luscious yellow fruit. Gilbert brightened up. His ride had made him hungry, and the pears he thought must surely be the best of eating. He had even thought of getting one on his own responsibility, but he had doubts as to the honesty of such a proceeding. It was all right, of course, if his father took them; he had probably been told to help himself. John Wilson stepped into the carriage when he had carefully laid his harvest of pears on the velveted floor. As they started off homeward Gilbert counted them as they lay there. Nine they were, tempting to the eye by their beauty. His father took one and began to eat it; Gilbert looked on. The first pear was eaten, and now another was gone from the pile on the floor. Gilbert began to move uneasily; he looked at the pears, and then at the trees on the roadside, then up at the blue vault of sky and then at his father's face. They rode on, the father eating, the son looking on.

One after another had vanished from the number on the floor, till now, as Gilbert counted them, but three remained. No wonder John Wilson could eat so many; it was royal fruit, and besides he was an epicure.

"May I have a pear?" asked Gilbert finally, almost frightened at the sound of his own voice.

"You had better not eat them; they might make you sick," replied his father, picking up his seventh.

Gilbert turned away and shrunk back again into the corner of the seat. Perhaps he was not altogether disappointed; perhaps it was no new experience. At any rate he was not surprised. He was seldom surprised at anything his father said or did. It must be so. His father knew. And he had read only the Sunday before in his dead mother's Bible that children should render honor and obedience to their parents. Yes, it must be right. His gaze was turned to the blue skies again; but the gleam and sparkle had now completely left his eyes, and a wearied look passed over his face. He wished to be back again with his dog Rover, his best companion. It was his first carriage ride with his father, but the charm and pleasure were all gone.

II.

Gilbert stood looking out the window of his new home in the city. He was thinking of Rover, and how his father had promised to have him sent that night, sure. Yes, sure. He had forgotten three times already, but this coming night Gilbert felt sure would bring his faithful old dog. He was alone; his father had gone out early in the afternoon and not come back, and there was no one in the great house but him. A little yellow-haired girl was playing in the adjoining yard. His face brightened as he saw her. How happy she seemed. Now she had seen him, and looked up surprised. Now she smiled; again she looked up and smiled; now she glanced shyly at him and shook her curls. Gilbert left the centre window and went to the side window which directly faced his little neighbor's yard. She smiled a little more confidently, and seemed to be meditating a conversation with the stranger. Gilbert raised the window and leaned out.

"Little boy," said she, "would you like to come and play with me?"

"Yes," said Gilbert, simply; and he tripped lightly away from the window, down stairs and out into his yard. The little girl unbolted the gate opening into the alley in the rear, and when Gilbert had opened his gate and stepped out he found her awaiting him in the alley.

"Won't you come in?" said she, as Gilbert stopped.

"Yes," said Gilbert, smiling and making unconsciously a little bow. "My name is Gilbert Wilson," he added, and extended his hand to her as they went into the yard. "What is yours?"

"Amy Dearborn," said she, taking his hand lightly, and smiling. "Now what will we play?"

"Play?" said Gilbert, looking around as if searching for something to offer a suggestion. "If Rover were only here we could play with him."

"Who is Rover?"

"He is my dog. Father says he is coming to-night."

"Oh! a dog. I should be afraid of him," said Amy; and after pondering a moment, she exclaimed, "I know: let's play house."

"How do you play that?" asked Gilbert, looking up at the house as if to gain some information from it.

"Don't you know how to play house?" asked Amy, surprised that any one could be so ignorant of such a vital principle in a child's stock of knowledge.

"No," said Gilbert, flushing, as the thought came to him that he evidently was expected to know this game.

"Well," said Amy kindly, like a little old grandmother, "I'll learn you how. This is my house in here;" and she led him into a lilliputian room built beneath the roof in one end of the porch.

"How beautiful!" said Gilbert, as he looked around on the miniature chairs, and tables, and playthings of all sorts.

Amy was pleased at Gilbert's pleasure, and she at once took him quite into her heart.

"Now," said she confidentially, "we will keep house. You will be the gentleman, and I the lady. What will we play? Oh, I forgot, you don't know. Well, we must be Mr. and Mrs. Somebody, you know. Let's see." She looked wisely up at the ceiling with her little blue eyes. "Mrs. Jones? No, that's too old. I have been Mrs. Jones too often. Smith and Brown, too, are worn out."

"Why don't you keep your own name; it's pretty," said Gilbert.

"Why, don't you see, I must take my husband's name," said Amy, puzzled at such inexcusable ignorance.

"Oh!" said Gilbert, flushing again.

"Well, let's be Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins," said Amy, at last, wearied by the great effort of settling this important question.

"Tomkins? No, I don't like that. Let's be Mr. and Mrs. Forest," said Gilbert, perhaps thinking of the long stretch of woodland through which he wandered in his old home.

And so Mr. Gilbert Forest and Mrs. Amy Forest began their housekeeping.

It was a new experience for Gilbert. It seemed like the realization of some of his vague dreams, like a chapter from a fairy tale such as he had once read. His cheeks glowed with pleasure; his brown eyes grew darker, and gleamed and sparkled with delight; he entered into the play with all his soul, and threw his active imagination into it so that soon Amy was perfectly satisfied with his quick perception of his duties as Mr. Forest, and even eclipsed by his sudden and pleasing play of fancy.

Under the warm sunshine of human companionship the strongest elements of Gilbert's nature, hitherto in part repressed and held in check, came into warm, throbbing life, — never to be quenched save with his life. All the gentleness, the tenderness, the affection, that had been slumbering unawakened in his heart, sprang into trembling being at the first touch of sympathy and companionship.

They played so long and persistently that finally Amy fell asleep on a miniature lounge in her miniature house. Gilbert pulled up a chair and sat for a long time looking at the fair little face before him. It made him think of the fairies he had read of. She, too, was beautiful and good like them. He laid his hand on the little white forehead and stroked a stray curl that had fallen from its place. He leaned over and laid his own cheek caressingly on hers; he lifted his head, and she stirred; then he kissed the little lips, and Amy awoke.

"Why, what's this?" said Amy, bewildered and puzzled.

"You have been asleep," said Gilbert.

"Oh, dear! and what made you kiss me?" said Amy, with just a slight reproach in her tone.

"Because you are good and beautiful, and I love you," said Gilbert.

"Do you?" said Amy. "I wish you were my brother."

III.

Rover did not come that night, to Gilbert's sorrow; nor the next; and finally his father told him he had thought it better not to bring him to town, and had sold him. Poor Gilbert! He wondered why it was always better to have things just the opposite of what he wanted. He cried for his lost friend, his one friend since he could remember. He told his grief to Amy, who sympathized with him and asked some questions about his father which rather puzzled Gilbert and did not seem to him strictly orthodox. But Gilbert had made another friend, and these in part compensated for his loss. A boy of his own age had come to the house with a note for Mr. Wilson, who happened to be out. Gilbert at once made the acquaintance of the newcomer. It was strange how his lonely little heart fastened itself upon any one who came near him. He probably loved his father, cold, hard, unsympathetic. In his secluded rural home he saw no one. His father was frequently away, and the aged negroes who constituted the rest of the establishment were by no means company for a boy so full of poetic feeling as he. And so the sky, the forest, the field, the meadows, the little silver stream that wound its way through the woodland back of his house, the birds and flowers, his trusty dog Rover, — these had been his friends, and the little life deprived of human companionship had come into a sympathy with the inanimate world around him which was marvellous in one so young. And it was no fancied, but a real companionship— he had found the soul of nature. But when we speak of nature, and exclude man from our definition, we make an error of no little magnitude. No communion with the inanimate world can satisfy all the soul. Beauty entrances the senses, but sympathy is more than sensuous delight, however refined and exalted. Man may put himself into sympathy with the beauty of the world which meets his eye, but that world cannot respond to his feelings. It is sad when he is happy; it dances in sunshine and beauty when he is sorrowful. Yet Gilbert, in his childish communion with sky, and field, and hill, and valley, had not been cherishing shadows. He had been feeding his love of beauty, but the wants of his soul for love and sympathy had never found their needed nourishment. It was natural to seek some equivalents for these mute demands of his nature; but it was a hopeless thing, for there are, in all the wide realm of life's joys and pleasures, no substitutes for human affection. Thus it was that Gilbert turned to his new-found friends with an earnestness, an enthusiasm, which, perhaps, they themselves could not understand.

Frank Williams was his latest acquired friend, and, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, Gilbert, having found a friend, at once presented him to Amy.

IV.

Years flew on. Gilbert grew up — by chance — shall we say? Certainly not under his father's care, save as it was to suggest that he had better not do this or that. His friend Frank went off to college; but although John Wilson was a college graduate the thought never occurred to him that it might be of some advantage to his son to have a collegiate education. And then came a financial crash, and he could not if he would send Gilbert to college. They left their house for a humbler one; the father a broken man, an invalid; the son an inexperienced boy, whose world had been an imaginative one, who knew but little of life beyond his uneventful home. And Amy and Gilbert were parted. Perhaps it was best. They were friends, nothing more. True, they had been child-lovers, but that was long ago, and time relentlessly works changes in these things just as on the unfeeling mortar and stone. True, Gilbert had dreamed, and fatally dreamed; he had hoped, and all his life was wrapped in that one dream and hope. But he must toil now; he must cease dreaming: there was work to be done. His heart sank within him, but he took up the task manfully. But yet he did not stop dreaming. Ah, it might be yet! He was young, and he would toil, and she might be his. Perhaps into his mind, with maturing manhood and wider knowledge of life, there came the bitter realization of the fact that he was at a disadvantage with all the world, and that, too, by the neglect of one who should have been his most watchful friend. But he would fight still.

Frank was away, and Amy was seldom seen now; long, weary hours of uncongenial toil occupied his days, and a peevish, suffering father was to be cared for at night. But Gilbert worked on and hoped on.

And now Frank came back again, his education completed, and he was ready to go into business as a partner with his father. Gilbert congratulated his friend with sincere joy; but a pang was in his heart, and a bitter thought came up at the very thought of father or kinsman.

But the end came for John Wilson as it must come for all, harsh or gentle, loving or unloving. And Gilbert was now alone. And yet no more alone than when his father lived. And the end came, too, for Gilbert's dreaming. He was free now, and many an evening found him in Amy's old house. He was welcome there; and so was Frank. And Gilbert with senses as keen as the most delicate magnet at once felt the current of fate that had set in against him. Yet he hoped. He had lived on dreams too long to suddenly awake to realities. But a mighty strength was in that sensitive soul. He stood up, self-composed, as Frank's "best man," on the night which shattered in ruins the dreams that had charmed his lonely life, from the time he kissed the little red lips in the play-house, to that fatal wedding evening.

V.

And now it was all over. Gilbert sat in his room, alone. Yes,— alone, now. He looked back over the past. That was a familiar pathway. But one form came before his thoughts now. He went to his desk and opened a drawer. There they lay, the little play-things and trinkets she had given him away back in the very first days of their friendship. He opened his diary, and every page seemed to speak but one name. There was written the history of their childhood, and it almost seemed like one. They had grown up together,— but now it was all over. Gilbert looked forward to the future. Nay, he tried to look forward. But it was all a blank; he tried to think, but —. What was it? Was he mad? To-morrow, the future? He repeated the words blankly. He could not think of them. He had had but one future, and that was gone — gone! He had filled his future with but one thought, and that had vanished like a mist of the morning. He looked at the little faded picture they had had taken, hand in hand, in those memorable days when he was Mr. Forest, and she his lady. Ah! they were nearer to each other then than they ever could be again. The church bells struck hour after hour, but night brought no sleep to Gilbert. He wandered out into the silent and deserted streets. Aimlessly he wandered along, and yet not aimlessly, for soon he stood in front of Amy's home. He walked around to the rear. There was the window from which he first saw her. There was the yard in which they played long ago. There was the same little room where she taught him to play house, and where they had read to each other and talked when they were too old to play at keeping house. But it was all over now.

The next morning saw Gilbert pale, yet composed, at his desk in the office in which he was employed. He smiled pleasantly on the little errand boy who wished him good morning. But the ledger seemed unusually heavy that morning; he turned over its pages with a deep feeling of weariness. He fought the day out. He was brave, and he conquered it. But he was not made of iron or steel, — nor of clay; he was a bundle of feelings, tender, sensitive, exquisite. A restlessness came over him. His desk was vacant one, two, three, days. But Gilbert had not gone away, nor was he sick. He wandered about the streets day and night, aimlessly, constantly.

And now a longing seizes him to see his old home. He sends word to the office that he must go away for a month. He takes the cars; he has never been over that route since he made his first journey with his father.

On he goes, on, on; but his mind seems at a stand-still. He looks out vacantly from the window, not as he did on that first journey, eagerly, happily. But he must change cars at X——, the great railroad junction. And there while waiting for his train he sees Frank and his bride. Shall he speak to them? No, no: he is not so strong now as he was on the wedding night. Something—the suddenness of their meeting has unmanned him. But how beautiful and how happy she looks! No, he will not speak. His mad love would burst out in a wild torrent, and that cannot be now. He must not throw one thought of bitterness into their happiness. But how, how could she be so ignorant of it? Well, well, God knows—but the train has come, and they are preparing to go. She passes close by Gilbert; her arm brushes his; he can hear the throbbing of his heart; but she is gone by now. There she is at the window; she smiles upon her husband; now the train begins to move; slowly, slow, gradually increasing in speed; now she has passed and gone—gone! But here comes another train, and it is Gilbert's. He, too, is soon on his journey again, and now are they rushing away, away from each other as fast as human power can carry them forever and forever.

At last he reaches his destination. Slowly he drives his livery team down the street; it is all unfamiliar to him; through the town he goes, out into the forests and broad fields with scarce a house for miles; but at length familiar scenes begin to appear. And now he stands before his old home, lonely, deserted, and in decay. He drives up the avenue of maples, and stops beneath the old chestnut trees where his father used to stop his horse. There is his favorite old seat, now overgrown with moss. He sits down. The sun is just sinking. The blue hills are there, and they stand out clear and sharp; the western sky is all aglow with orange, and purple, and red. They seem like old friends, those old hills, and the sky is brightest above them. Gilbert sits in his old favorite place. But a lifetime has gone since he was there last; not a very long lifetime—but we do not live by days or years. He looked back over his life, and saw the wreck and ruin that had attended all its years. He had come into being with a soul charged to the full with infinite needs. To love, and be loved, — this was his mission in the world. But how pitiably, how hideously, had his life been thwarted! He had asked but little of the world, but he had gotten nothing. He asked himself the meaning of his life; he asked himself in a low whisper if He was good who allowed such a thing in His universe. He thought how much better it would have been if he had only staid in his old home, or, better than that, if he had never been born. Again and again he asked himself why he came into the world with such a soul, and such a destiny awaiting him. The sun went down in glory behind the hills; twilight came on, the stars peeped out, and then the moon; but still he sat there thinking, thinking. The night crept on slowly; the long, long hours passed away one by one; the morning dawned, and Gilbert was still there. But rest had come; he had fallen asleep, but not to wake again.

Yes, Gilbert was brave, he was strong; but he was exquisitely sensitive. There are limits to human suffering, even for the bravest. The heart may bleed, but live and be the better for having suffered: but, draw too deeply of its precious life-blood and it withers and dies.

By some strange, inexplicable fatality nothing was found to identify the body but a little round pocket pin-cushion, on one side of which the name "Gilbert" was worked. It was a present from Amy, and was one of her first attempts at embroidering. Strange that in his native place, within a few steps of the house in which he was born, a man should die unknown. But time works rapid changes. Gilbert was unknown to the people of the neighborhood, alike in life and death. So they buried him, and on the simple wooden head-piece painted the name which Amy's fingers had embroidered for her friend in her girlhood. Gilbert's disappearance was a mystery; his two friends mourned sincerely for him, but they never knew that their joy had cost him his happiness and life, and that the bell which had sounded so joyously in their ears on their wedding day was tolling the knell of a friend whose love for them both was stronger than life or death.

Charles T. Sempers.

AN IDYL OF BOXFORD.

Long years ago, as school boy legends tell,
Two frisky youths who dwelt in Andover
Were tempted of the devil with a wish
To see a famous ballet at the "Globe."
They asked, and having failed to get, permission,
They went without it, trusting to their luck.

They went to Boston, trusting to their luck.
Vain hope! as if Dame Fortune ere availed
To hide the misdeed from the watchful eye
Or shield the culprit from the vengeful hand
Of him who ruled them Argus eyed and handed.
He heard and saw, and as the consequence
Their health required a six-weeks' stay at Boxford.

* * * * * * *

Time hastened on, which brings to all things change.
Midwinter was it when, pursued by fate,

Disgraced they left old Phillips' classic halls.
And now stern Winter's reign was almost o'er;
The snows were melting on the southern slopes,
And March was moaning in the windy elm.
For a full month and week they had been good;
But as their exile drew unto a close,
These youths resolved that their last night at Boxford
Should end, as fitting, in a blaze of glory.

Hard by the church there stands a framework building,
Much like a barn, but like a town hall more,
And therefore known around as "Harriman's Hall."
This did they hire, and fitted up for dancing.

Hard by the Hall there stands a yellow house,
And in the house there dwells a stalwart farmer
Who also is the sheriff of the town.
Him did they also hire.

Then they sent forth —
To east and west, and north and south they sent, —
And summoned all the pretty girls in town
To come unto a ball at Harriman's Hall
At eight o'clock on Saturday the 10th.
They also sent to Andover, and asked
Some twenty fellows to be there that evening.

* * * * * * *

The evening came, the girls came too, the boys came:
The constable was there to guard the door.
There was a sound of revelry by night
Amid the rafters of the time-worn Hall;
There was a sound of rioting, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair damsels and brave boys.
Four dozen hearts beat happily, and when
Arose the music from the Lawrence band,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.
But, hark! a deep dread sound strikes like a rising knell.

Did ye not hear it? No: 'twas but the wind,
Or the cart rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when Youth and Beauty meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But, hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the roof its echoes would repeat;
And louder, deeper, deadlier than before!
Beware! Beware! it is the angry teachers' roar.

The door bursts open, and two forms appear
Carrying more terror to their amorous hearts
Than did the steps of winged Mercury
When he appeared unto Anchises' son
To summon him from Dido's soft embrace.
Alas! Alas! for all their deep-laid schemes!
Alas! Alas! for all their towering hopes!
Alas for hosts and guests! The Argus-eyed
Hath fathomed all, and there his minions stand
To execute his vengeance on their heads.

The one was tall and stout, and fair in face,
With lengths of curled ringlets like a girl;
Stately his step, and proud his glance, and grand
His mien as fit for deeds of high emprize.
And yet he spent his life in digging Cæsar
Into the unwilling heads of frightened Preps.
His comrade was of humbler mien and gait,
And might have been mistaken for a boy;
But soft his manner, and urbane his speech,
And bland the smile that like a wrinkling wind
On glassy water drove his cheek in lines;
And he taught Mathematics.

For a while
All in the room seemed crushed and paralyzed
Beneath the angry, fierce, and withering light
That burned upon them from those teachers' eyes;

And there was frenzied hurrrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
While thronged the boys and girls with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The teachers! lo! they
come!"

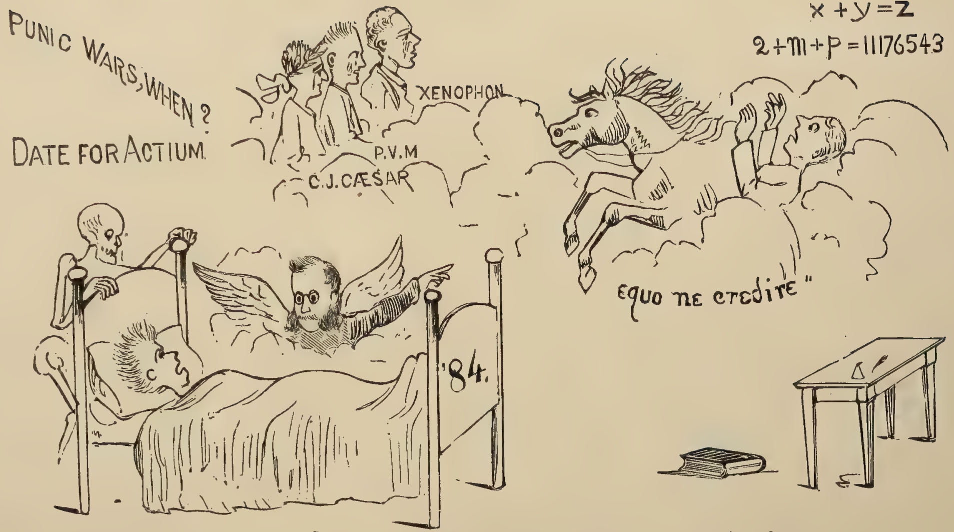
But now one of the boys who gave the ball,
Bold with that desperate courage which arises
From last despair, when every hope is dead,
Approached the stalwart constable and said,
"Put out those men!"
The constable obeyed,
And ordered both the strangers from the room.
In vain were all their angry protestations:
In vain were all their cogent arguments:
"But these are *our* boys; they belong to *us*."
"Can't help it," John replied, "they've hired this Hall,
And I am a licensed constable, and you
Must leave, or I will put you out by force."

There was no answer to this stern appeal,
Nor to the badge that glittered on his breast,
Nor to the billy in his strong right hand:
And, much in wrath, the teachers left the room.

And all night long, over the silent snows,
Beneath the silent stars, the teachers rode
In haste, as if to fly from their own shame.

* * * * * *

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet;
And the dance ceased not, nor the music, till
The gray dawn lightened o'er them from the east.



DREAM of y^{e} MIDDLER, JUNE 27, 1883.

THE VIKING.

In reading the old tales and legends of the North, of Thor, of Woden, and the other deities sacred to the simple mind of the Viking, one is struck by the spirit of hardihood and adventure running through the entire range of lore. How different from the Grecian Zeus is this hammer-wielding Thor of the northern Mythology. Surrounded by a voluptuous court, the "thunderer of Olympus" ruled supreme; but the rugged climate, the storm-tipped mountain peaks, and the wintry blasts of an almost arctic land admitted of no such godhead. The thunder-bolt and crashing tree-tops heralded the approach of their mighty divinity drawn on his resounding car. When in mid-winter the family were assembled around the blazing yule-log, the father would tell the old legends, and, pointing to the eddying snow flying by his humble home, relate how Thor delighted to come with the elements as his servants and drive all enemies from the hearthstone.

Then, too, the Viking made his own life one of toil and danger. Plunging into the white-mantled forests, regardless of frosts and storms, he hunted the wolf and reindeer, and brought back their skins as trophies of his valor. With the opening summer he launched his rude vessel into the sea and sailed far toward the setting sun, — farther than e'en the boldest of the Phœnician or Roman mariners had dared to steer a foaming track. Returning, his brain fervid with the glowing pictures of his voyage, he again passed the winter waiting for the dawn of the warm season and the breaking of the icy mantle of old ocean. In such hearts were the seeds of the future glory of Holland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Such were the men who, handing down from generation to generation the weird tales of their people, kept alive the strength of character and purpose which made them kings of the sea. A people represented in later history by the heroic conflict of the Hollanders with the watery element and its subjugation to their will. A people whose ancestors, the Huns and Goths, dealt such fearful blows against Rome. A people who, as tradition says, foreshadowed Columbus by five hundred years, and traversed in their barks the shores of the New World. With such glorious records, with such a rugged nature, we have before us a picture of the old Norseman.

Go back with me five hundred years. Upon the waters of the seething Atlantic a strange vessel rides towards the land. Against the crimson background of a setting sun stands forth a figure stalwart in manly beauty. With his right hand shading his eyes, he looks in unfeigned wonder on shores gleaming and foaming with the dashing surf. Dark colored people, strange to his sight and natives of this foreign coast, were running in intense excitement on the strand. Also — can it be imagination? — there lie lands fertile and rich with Nature's bountiful stores; rich hanging clusters of grapes, and fields of waving grain extend in endless profusion. His comrades urge a landing, wearied by their dangers, and the Viking, for he it was, plants a foot on the new-found continent. The years pass by; another comer greets the shores; Columbus and his galleons boast the discovery of a western world; all Europe at his feet pays homage to courage and perseverance. The Viking kept no annals, the glory of his achievements are lost; but let history pay him the respect due one who, before Columbus, before the rest of Europe had aroused to the spirit of discovery, sailed across an unknown sea to where a land awaited the coming of a discoverer, who should reveal its wealth to an eastern world slumbering in the depths of voluptuousness only to be awakened by a Spanish admiral.

Time has rolled on. The story of the Viking is sunk in oblivion. But it is sure that he existed, — this man of steel, — and, long before the ships of southern Europe were launched for conquest and adventure, he had traversed the foaming deep from Greenland to America, and brought back glowing tales of the great western world. Such figures on the canvas of time lend it a picture of deep and lofty meaning, — a picture showing plainly all the strength of purpose and what hardihood existed in the ancient Viking, who disdained the pleasures of his neighbor, and lived, a child of nature.

SAMUEL ABBOTT.

THE MERMAID.

ONCE the little mermaid
Sang of love
To the sons of mortals
Up above.

Quick the jealous sea-god
Made decree,
Doomed her to the bottom
Of the sea.

Now with tears she seeks for
Sailors drowned,
Lays them gently in the
Coral ground.

S. T. L.

EDITORS' REVIEW.

1st, SAMUEL ABBOTT, P. A. '83.
2d, HENRY G. BRUCE, P. A. '84.
3d, WILLIAM H. BUTLER, P. A. '83.
BOARD OF EDITORS.

READY and willing to receive criticism, the MIRROR, as the exponent of the literary element of the school, once more greets the eye of scholar and thinker, clad in the "toga of peace." Although the term has been marked by civil and private commotions, yet, regardless of party feeling and looking only to the welfare of "Old Phillips" and the good-will of friends, we venture to ask for a hearty support, tender our thanks for the co-operation of the society, and wish all an enjoyable vacation.

Our mother society, old Philo, claims of course the first consideration. Keeping on in the even tenor of her way she has ably kept her high standard. Under the careful government of her officers, the meetings, although somewhat small as to attendance, have been of marked interest. Debates have oftentimes waxed warm, other parts been well sustained, and we prophesy an interesting exhibition on the evening of the 18th. The few slanderous attacks of certain envious soreheads have made a rather unpleasant feeling, but such insignificant thrusts cannot injure either the reputation of the society or of members. Long may she continue to keep up a good work in the school.

The Society of Inquiry, the able representative of Christian work, flourishes, and, although the spring term is somewhat disadvantageous to attendance, nevertheless there is a marked adherence to duty. The influence of Inquiry is to the upbuilding of school character, and gives a moral tone to the daily round of life, of a highly beneficial nature. With this year the fiftieth of her years of labor reaches its close. On her roll-call are the names of some of our country's greatest and best men. Not only greatest in a worldly sense, but in the eyes of Him who knoweth all things.

The entertainments of the term can be classified under two heads, namely, those of a musical and those of a literary character. March 30th the Brown University Glee Club gave a concert in the Town Hall which was largely attended. The singing was remarkably good, and we say, and truly, that Brown University can boast of one of the best college glee clubs in the country. A week later, Camilla Ursa gave a highly classic concert assisted by marked talent. Following these were the concerts of the Choral Union. Among the redeeming traits of Andover we place this organization. As an energetic and well-managed society, we express a heart-felt admiration for it and its success in furnishing first-class concerts. Quite a number of students are members of the chorus.

Among other attractions of the term were the appearances of "Baird's Mammoth Minstrels" and Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The literary entertainments, as represented by Mrs. Livermore's lecture and the reading of Prof. Churchill, were of the merit to be expected from such talent. The former clearly and concisely showed forth the habits of "Young America," and the enjoyable evening spent in listening to the latter served to enlarge our appreciation of his worth. We hear that the class of '83 netted quite a little sum from the lecture course.

The board of editors of the MIRROR deemed it advisable to bring about a few changes in the line of literary productions presented in the pages of the periodical. So, while they print as usual the three Means prize essays, there also appear a prize story and two prize poems. The introduction of this kind of competition is done with the hope of kindling a latent blaze into a glowing flame. Undoubtedly the school contains talent which only needs to be brought to the light. As a judge, the services of Miss E. S. Phelps were secured. After a careful examination the prize for stories goes to C. T. Sempers. Of the poems, the first prize also was taken by C. T. Sempers and the second by H. L. Grant.

We present as our frontispiece the face of the poet Oliver Wendell Holmes. Well known to all, an old Phillips graduate, and as a writer ranking high among his compeers, we feel that selecting his portrait for the place of honor will help in keeping alive the memory of the achievements of one of the able representatives from our grand old school.

Every term has a saddening tinge on its record. With the close of this one the classmates of '83 say farewell to school and comrades. Not a farewell, we hope; only a parting for a short period, after which around the genial board we meet once more to recall the memories and scenes of the past. Pleasant recollections cluster around these last few days, and the hand shake and good wishes for the future are assurances of the friendly feeling of those left to tread the beaten track of knowledge on Zion's Hill.

The spirit of commotion has been alive for the past few weeks. The lurid flames and the midnight tooting of the 'snorous fish-horn have plainly shown that a love of a good time exists in a high degree. Such things are enjoyable, and we speak from experience; but, to tell the truth, it does not pay. The fear of being caught, and the inward consciousness that it was not just right, are sufficient ground for a little foresight in the matter.

The Phillips orchestra has gone up in a blaze of glory. Perhaps a personal interest in this subject may bias our sentiments, but we feel considerable pride in speaking of this successful organization.

At first it seemed improbable that Fortune would smile upon the attempt of this musical company to produce harmony. Nay, rather did this fair goddess take a back seat and cling to her auricular appendages. But they did succeed, and no more were the frantic evolutions of the conductor's baton a frequent sight, but in place of wrath came peace; of exasperation, contentment. The record shows five appearances in public. It can be said, without doubt, that the Phillips orchestra of the past year stood at the head of the line among the preparatory schools, and on an equal footing with many like societies in the college world.

'83, as a memento of her greatness, leaves a tree situated midway between the academy and the laboratory. Around it are three stone posts connected by an iron chain. Thanks are due to the committee for securing so appropriate a token of the union between class and school. The class of '83 P. S. have placed a stained-glass window in the laboratory, of beautiful design and finish.

The subject of Athletics has been condensed, as the following article shows, and included in the editor's review. The record of the school during the past year in this branch of interest has been remarkable. In the fall the foot-ball team, by a series of brilliant victories, gained an enviable position.

The winter tournament exhibited a lively interest in the training at the gymnasium, and now, as the spring closes and summer is upon us, the fine record of the base-ball team is a subject of general talk. To be sure, of the many games played we have lost one or two important ones; but the defeat of the Lowells, Dearborns, Latin School and the Haverhills at our hands more than compensated for these few misfortunes.

The MIRROR goes to print too early to announce the game at Exeter, but on its appearance in public a victory probably has been attained. A rivalry has also sprung up in school between classes in this line of sports, and the "Preps" and Junior Englishmen even have teams. The Latin Commons also boast of the "Dynamites" and "Nitro-glycerines." Lacrosse has taken a boom, as the exciting game with the Harvard Freshmen proved. Bicycling is fast increasing, and, altogether, we think that Phillips Academy can justly boast of her athletics.

A report of the Tournament is here represented by the names of the winners.

Putting the shot, D. E. Knowlton, 28 ft., 10 in.
One hundred yards dash, F. B. Lund, 11 sec.
Potato race, A. D. Alderman, 1 min., 2 sec.
Two hundred and twenty yards dash, F. A. Meacham, 26 sec.
Standing high jump, 4 ft., 8 1-2 in., F. B. Lund.
Throwing Lacrosse ball, W. Bradford, 270 ft.

Standing long jump, H. L. Grant, 8 ft., 6 in.
Wheelbarrow race, A. D. Alderman.
Throwing base ball, T. W. Olney, 337 ft.
One mile run, G. D. Pettee, 5 m., 20 sec.
Sack race, A. D. Alderman.
Slow bicycle, J. G. Hitchcock.
Three-legged race, A. Cochrane and W. Oaks.
Hurdle race, F. B. Lund.

The school will sustain a heavy loss in the departure of Mr. Coy to Europe. We understand, however, his successor will be a man able to take the important seat in the Faculty made vacant by his leaving. Those who have been fortunate enough to enjoy studying under Mr. Coy tender their thanks for his kind and careful aid, and also wish him an exceedingly pleasant journey.

May 26. The class of '81 held its reunion in Boston, and supper at Young's. About twenty of the old fellows revisited the scenes of their struggles with "trig" and the digamma.

May 15. The Means Prize speaking occurred this evening. As usual the delivery was of marked ability and showed the careful training of Prof. Churchill. The prizes went to S. T. Livingston, C. T. Sempers, and H. F. Perkins, in the order given. We print their essays.

June 5. The Seniors of both the Academy and the Fem. Sem., through the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Bancroft, enjoyed the evening at their house. This reception has become one of the recognized pleasures of the Senior year, and many pleasant memories are connected with it. The promenade, supper, and walk home are much anticipated, and on becoming things of the past form one link in memory's chain at Phillips.

We are exceedingly glad to chronicle the victory of the nine at Exeter by the glorious score of 16 to 5. May such victories be recorded in the coming years.

May 30. Memorial day was observed with its usual gravity, oration, and martial music. Contrary to expectation the weather turned out fine and all our spirits were on the rise. The Faculty saw fit to hold chapel and the first recitation, but after these exercises excuses to leave town were freely granted. Perhaps no more cheerful spirits could be found than those of the fourteen members of the bicycle club who set out on the club run to Lynn. Taking the 9.35 train they arrived in due time in Wakefield, and there the "run" proper began and ended. Having formed in line, the "mount" was sounded, and soon they were speeding over the ten miles before them, dismounting but once for breath and stragglers. Finally arriving in Lynn, they found themselves too late for the Essex Club League parade, in which nearly two hundred machines participated. However, they did come in for a very light lunch and attenuated lemonade.

Who can tell with what delight a wheelman looks forward to his dinner? Ten of the number satiated the cravings of nature by means of a bountiful repast, far too great, we fear, for the majority. After which followed a run on the Nahant road, from which a good view of Hanlan and Kennedy's course could be had. But, as too frequently happens, the race was postponed on account of the rough water, and our wheelmen were doomed to disappointment. The return was now made, and Andover was reached, tired out but in good spirits.

PERSONALS.

John Albee, '54, *littérateur* and lecturer, has published a volume of graceful poems, which have been well received by the critics.

Geo. H. Palmer, '56, has been recently promoted to a full professorship at Harvard, and will spend the next year abroad. He has in press a translation, into metrical prose, of six books of the Odyssey.

Robertson Trowbridge, L. L. B., '80, editor of the *Phillipian* '79–80, has been admitted to the bar.

Roland B. Whittridge, P. S. '80, M. D., Harvard '83, sailed last month for study abroad.

H. C. Bierwirth, P. A. '78, took a $75 prize for an essay at Harvard in March.

John H. George, '74, Dartmouth, 78, is color-sergeant of the Governor's Guards in New Hampshire.

Dr. A. C. Perkins, '55, has resigned the principalship of Phillips Exeter Academy to accept a similar place in the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, New York. Dr. Perkins entered upon his duties at Exeter the same day as Principal Bancroft at Andover, ten years ago.

In addition to the Life of O. W. Holmes, '25, by Kennedy, another one is in preparation, and will soon be published by D. Lothrop and Co.

Alex. Wheelock Thayer, '40, who has been for a long time Consul at Trieste, has written a monograph on the Hebrews and the Red Sea, for which he has made careful studies. It is published by W. F. Draper, '43.

CONDIMENTS.

" Fun and fact with scissors caught
Have oft a useful moral taught."

"Pomade, sir?" politely said the barber to a crank customer in his chair. "No," he growled; "I don't want any oleomargarine on my hair." "All right, sir," replied the cranium manipulator, "I never put butter on cabbages."

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

Lydia Pinkham, lend thine ear,
And my plaintive wailings hear.
'Though I have not seen thy face,
Yet its beauty and its grace
Beam on me where'er I go.
Zoe mou, sas agapo.

By that bland and placid smile,
Proving you devoid of guile;
By those calmly staring eyes,
Causing you to look so wise;
Hear what from my soul doth flow,
Zoe mou, sas agapo.

Lydia Pinkham, though I go
To the land of constant snow,
Though I bask 'neath southern skies,
Still I meet those staring eyes;
Through all lands your "ads." do go.
Zoe mou, sas agapo.

Greek Prof., dictating sentences: "Tell me, sir, where is the horse?" Startled middler; "It's in my room behind the book-case."

Bold Jesse James's spirit soared
Beyond this earthly plain;
He's gone to see what he can do
To stop the heavenly train.

ANDOVER ALPHABET.

A is for Andover, old, theologic and sleepy,
Where three hundred boys for college make ready.
B is for Bruce, though one of us editors,
Relies on his cheek to escape from his creditors.
C is for Cleaves, our president rare,
Who once in a while goes off on a tare.
D is for Douglass, a grumbler doth make,
Who goes in for beans and Davis House steak.
E stands for Easton, our own little "cully,"
But we fear that Chap's beer has affected him wholly.
F is for Farnham, dumpy and fat,
Whose head's too swell for a ready-made hat.
G is for Grant, a long-winded youth,
Who ran forty miles as a "hare," forsooth.
H is for Hinkle, minstrel and guitarist as well,
He mashes the Fem. Sems. and looks very swell.
I is the *Independence* his father sought
When to Old Phillips R. Newell he brought.
J's also Jumbo who comes from the West,
And carries considerable weight 'neath his vest.
K is Kennon, '83's poet laureate,
Whose appetite for poetry is really insatiate.
L stands for Lawrence, that city of sin,
Where our bad boys go to get rid of their "tin."
M stands for Murch, whose laugh diabolic
Staggers a man like too much drink alcoholic.
O stands for Oakes, who serves Philo well
In capacity of scribe, and isn't a swell.

P is Paradise, our great Boston slugger,
Who goes into the tournament and gets hit on the mugger.
Q is the question we would like to propose,—
How far from his heels are Jamie Ropes' toes?
R stands for Roby, whose ways are peculiar:
Beware of him, sirens, or else he will fool you.
S stands for Shawsheen or Young's Hotel,
Where the waiters and board are both very swell.
T stands for Tyler of very great mien,
Who oft with a fish-horn or cornet is seen.
V is for "Van," well known about town
As poet and songster and amateur clown.
W is Whitehill, who blows the base drum,
And even is known to play the hum-strum.
X is the unknown something, our Faculty said,
When the court upon "Dutchy" had put a tin head.
Y stands for "Yawcob," Churchill's own son,
Who died in the attempt to get off a pun.
Z is our alphabet, whose mission is completed,
If school wrongs and abuses are hereafter defeated.

A New York dude recently fell under an omnibus and was completely subdued.

Young wheelman, don't be discouraged
  When first you mount your saddle,
Because the first day you straddle your tire
  You are likely to tire your straddle.

A tail end, bit

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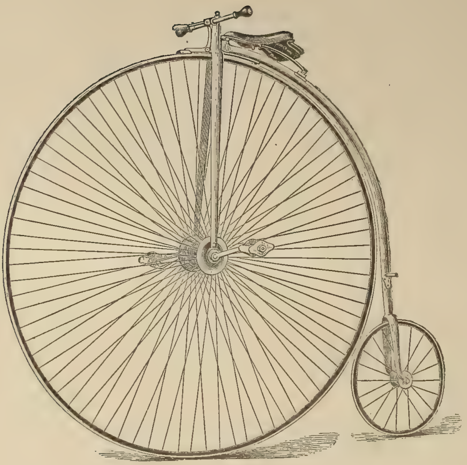

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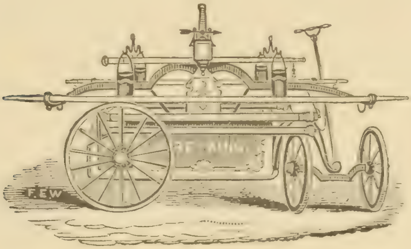

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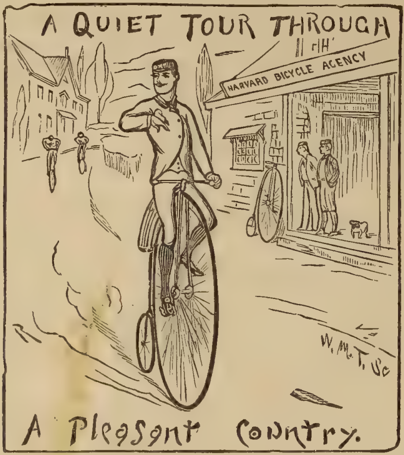

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